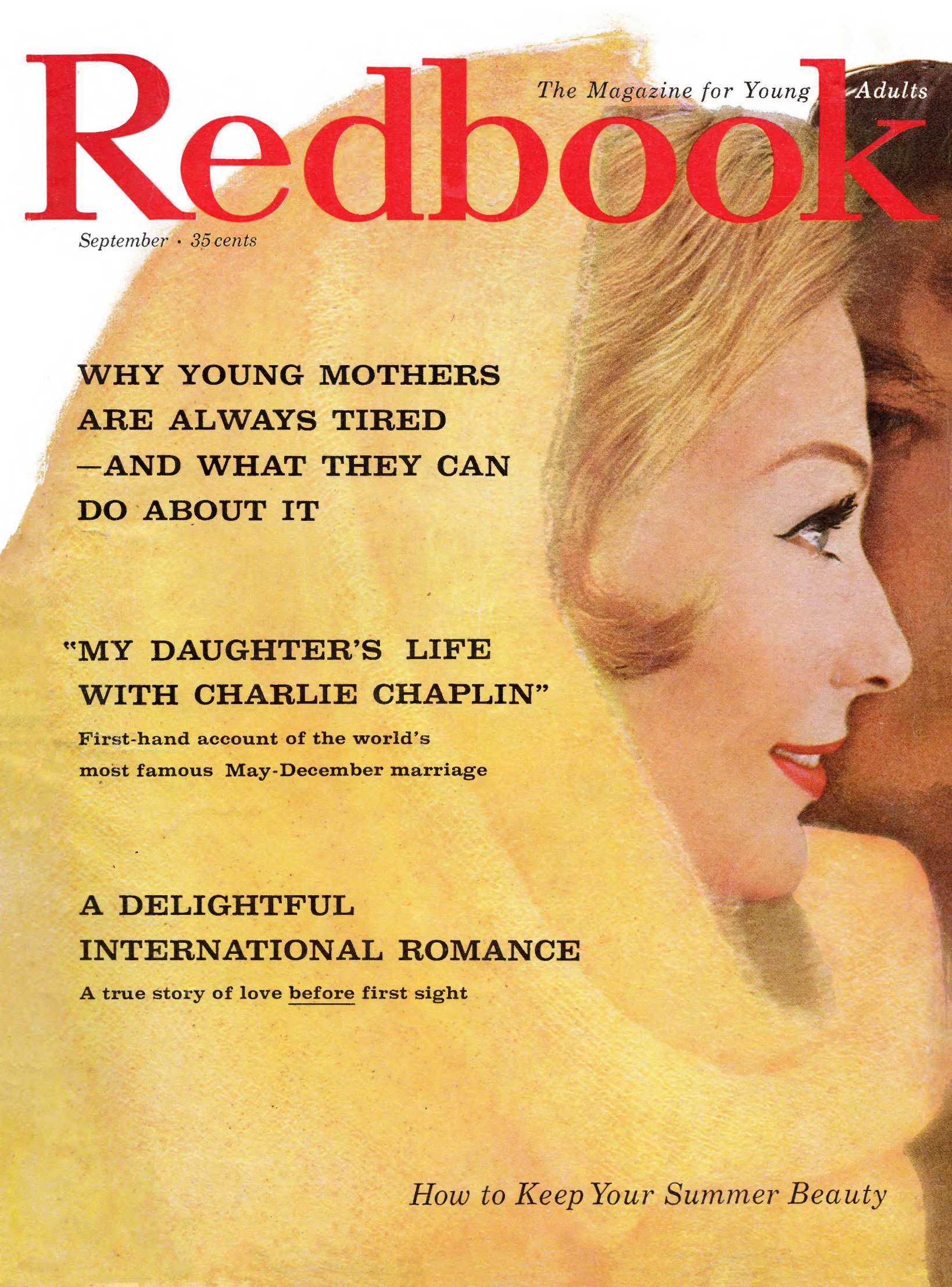
Redbook

The Magazine for Young Adults

September · 35 cents



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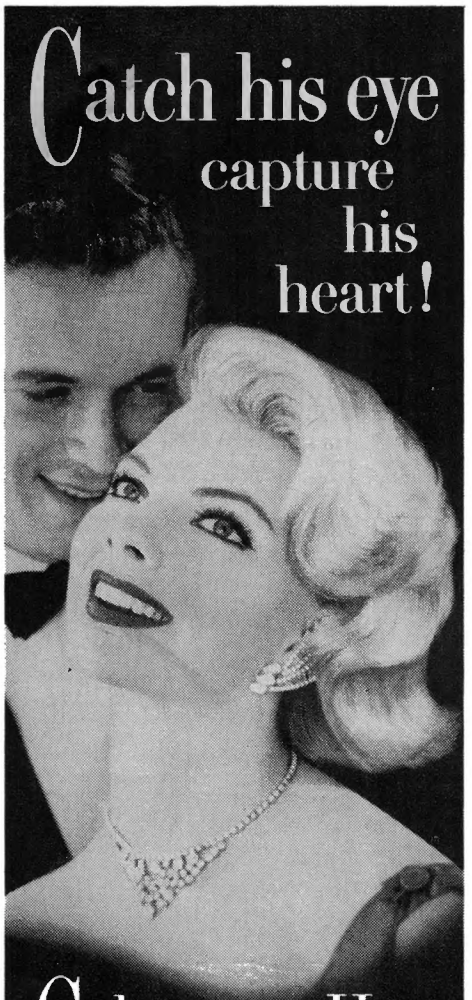

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SEPTEMBER 1959 • THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS • VOL. 113 NO. 5

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Cover Photograph by Carmen Schiavone

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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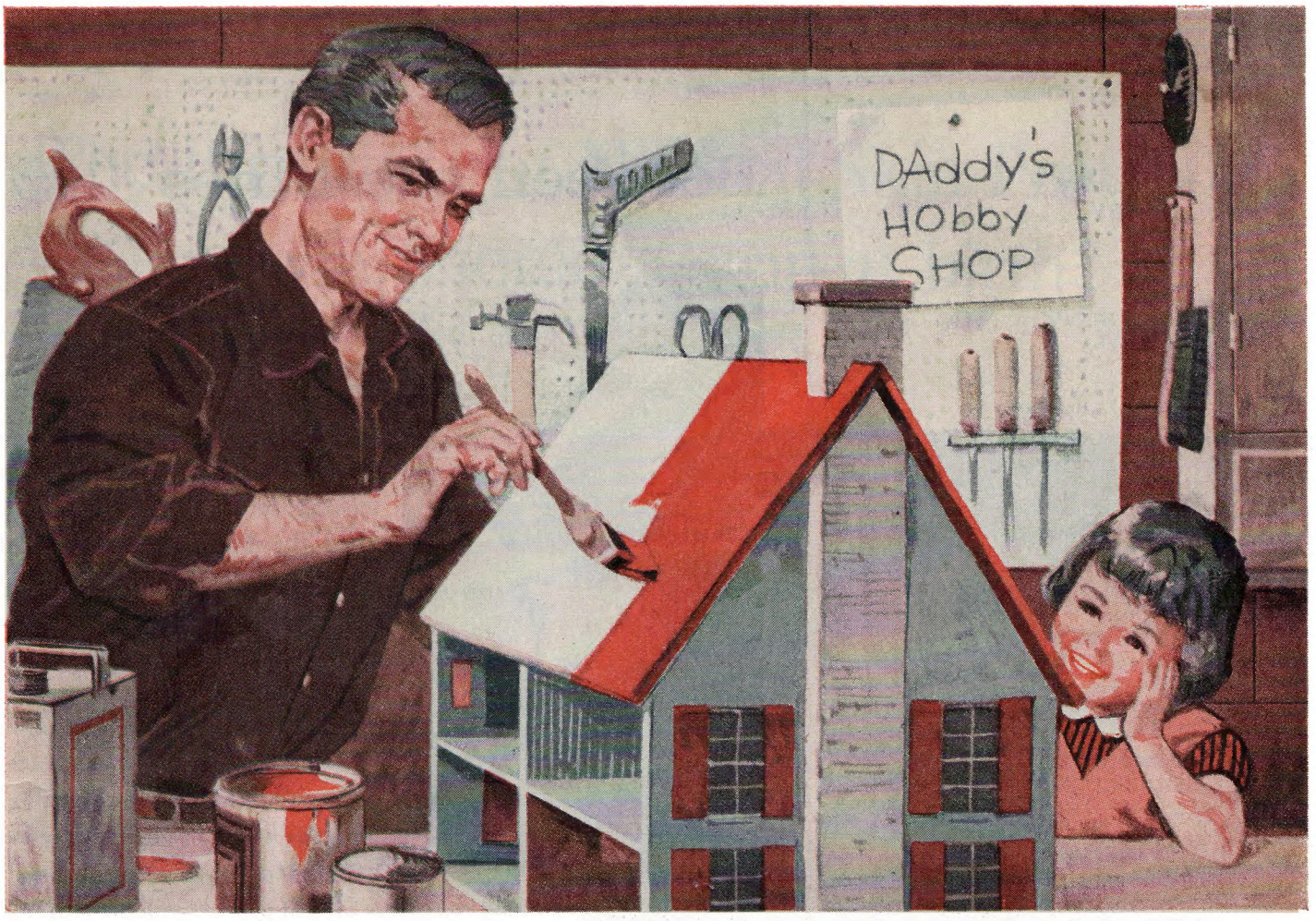

How to manage your emotions . . .

and lead a healthier, happier life

All of us have emotional upsets now and then. Fortunately, most of us—like the man above—have hobbies or other recreations that ease our tensions . . . and divert our minds from the things that cause us to be worried or tense.

Some people, however, are more or less constantly bothered by anxiety, vague fears and other disturbing feelings. They don't face their problems—big or little—openly and realistically.

Persistent, unresolved emotional conflicts keep many of us from being as happy and as healthy as we should be. That's because your mind and your body are inseparably linked. Whatever affects one affects the other.

Unless we deal with our emotional conflicts intelligently, they bear down on our spirits, drain away energy, and may cause many physical symptoms or bodily disorders. These include heart palpitations, digestive upsets, joint and muscular pains and chronic fatigue. In addition, high blood pressure, ulcers, and some allergies are often of emotional origin.

In fact, a large percentage of all the people who go to doctors have ailments brought on or made worse by prolonged or severe emotional turmoil. So doctors are more alert than ever before to the role of the emotions in all illnesses.

Treatment of illnesses which emotions play a major part takes time and skill. The doctor needs to know many details about the lives of his patients—especially their emotional responses to problems which cause little trouble for most of us.

With this knowledge, he can often help patients recognize those fears and worries which are wholly or partly responsible for their illness. And he can often help his patients learn new ways of looking at and handling problems that might keep them tense, unhappy and ill.

Should you ever become overburdened by emotional troubles, remember it's not wise to keep them "bottled up." Discuss them with your doctor. He, or a psychiatrist or clinic recommended by him, may very well get to the root of your troubles and restore you to better mental health—that wonderful feeling of being on good terms with yourself and your life.

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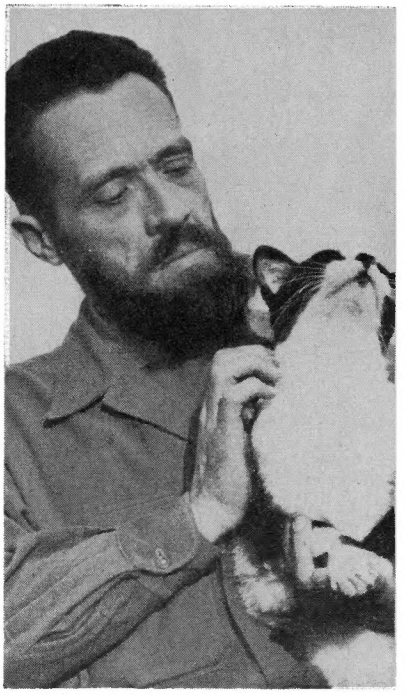
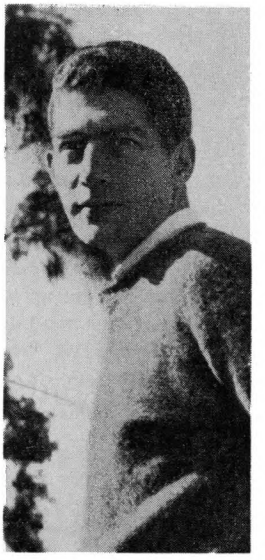
Between the Lines



In the Vermont countryside John Wallace *(left)* found what he was looking for — a peaceful silence after the night-and-day din of eight years in New York. Writing conditions being now ideal, what to write about? Perversely his thoughts reverted to the big city and its violence, and soon he was dispelling the local peace, at least in his head, by imagining an ex-city family bedeviled by country-style juvenile hoodlums. This is not a funny story; one look at page 44 will prove it. . . . And it has nothing to do with the quiet countryside near Brattleboro, where the author lives with wife Elizabeth and daughter Kate, 8. But the only way to write stories, he found, was to get himself a cabin in the woods. "This I've done," he says, "after first trying to write in the house, then in the back seat of my car, then in a motel room, and finally in a rented trailer in a trailer park." But even with cabin, he doesn't write as much as we could wish for. Incidentally, the cat in the picture is named Arch and he's pushing thirteen.



M. J. Arlen *(right)*, author of "Invisible Wall," page 38, once waved at Stanley Baldwin as the British Prime Minister was boarding a train in Victoria Station. This, he recalls, was sometime between 1930 and 1940, a memorable decade. When the decade ended, young Arlen was dispatched to the United States to be out of the path of war. He has been here since. At Harvard he edited the humor magazine, the *Lampoon*, and went to work as a reporter on *Life* after college. Now he lives with his wife and daughter on a hillside near Berkeley, California, and works as a free lance. His father, Michael Arlen, was the favorite author of another generation. W.B.H.

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Redbook's Picture of the Month • Selected by Florence Somers

Finding his double in John Barrett (Alec Guinness, left), Jacques de Gué (Alec Guinness, right) uses him as scapegoat.

THE SCAPEGOAT

Bette Davis portrays the eccentric, domineering mother of the real count.

If there's anything Alec Guinness likes better than playing the leading role, it's playing two or more leading parts, so Daphne du Maurier's story of two men who are almost identical seems custom-made for Sir Alec's award-winning talents.

In the story John Barrett *(Alec Guinness)*, a prosaic Englishman who teaches French in a provincial college, is touring France when he meets Jacques de Gué *(again Sir Alec)*, his exact double. Over drinks, when Barrett confesses that he has no family ties and is bored with life, De Gué, who has a respectable title but no money, sees a chance to escape his many responsibilities. He invites Barrett to share his room at the local inn. While Barrett sleeps De Gué flees, taking all Barrett's effects and leaving his. Even De Gué's chauffeur refuses to believe Barrett is not De Gué and tricks him into going to the chateau. He is accepted as the count and believed to be suffering a nervous upset.

Barrett accepts his new position, and suspense develops as he learns to live another man's life. He finds he has a precocious daughter, a mother who is a dope addict, a neurotic wife and a charming mistress. He falls into many difficult situations, but handles them so successfully that when the real count returns and wants to resume his own life, Barrett refuses to retire and brings the story to a rather abrupt surprise ending.

"The Scapegoat" is a very pleasant mystery, a much tighter story than the novel. Sir Alec masterfully underplays the leads and is given excellent support by a cast including Bette Davis and Nicole Maurey. *(MGM)*

THE NEW LOOK OF CONFIDENCE

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Other New Films

THAT KIND OF WOMAN. Summer a year ago New Yorkers found their town the location for this film featuring Sophia Loren, Tab Hunter, George Sanders and Keenan Wynn. Already-crowded train platforms were further jammed with cameras, lights and production crews. The quiet Sutton Place area of the city also was the background for many shots. Sophia Loren, whose type of beauty is unique, plays Kay, who is quite satisfied to be the very well kept friend of an important man until she meets Red, a young paratrooper *(Tab Hunter)*, on a train. She tries not to become involved with him but he refuses to let her out of his life even after she has told him of her other relationship. He spends his furlough and his money pursuing her, and for the first time Kay begins to wonder about her way of life. The wealthy man *(George Sanders)* does not give in easily either, leaving Kay with quite a few problems to solve in this drama. *(Paramount)*

FOR THE FIRST TIME. In this film both Mario Lanza and Zsa Zsa Gabor play roles very similar to the ones they are reputed to lead in real life. Mario is Tonio Costa, an opera singer with a glorious voice but a difficult temperament, and Zsa Zsa is an international beauty who flits from one fashionable spot to another with a trail of men in her wake. When Tony gets into such trouble that his manager advises him to hide out in Capri, Gloria *(Miss Gabor)* is naturally there. So is Christa *(Johanna Von Koszian)*, who interests Tony because she pays no attention to his singing. He learns she has been deafened from bombings during the war, and having fallen in love with her, determines to find a doctor who can cure her. He goes on a concert tour to cities where there are specialists, and all ends happily after much music and lovely color shots of Naples, Rome, Capri, Salzburg and Vienna. *(MGM)*

"NORTH BY NORTHWEST" *(MGM)* and **"ANATOMY OF A MURDER"** *(Col.)* are both excellent pictures which were released too soon for national magazines to review them. "North by Northwest" is one of Alfred Hitchcock's best thrillers, with a climax in which Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint are chased across the faces of Mt. Rushmore. Otto Preminger's fine production of "Anatomy of a Murder" has the noted lawyer Joseph Welch as the judge at the trial.

BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE—A Walt Disney fantasy with live actors appearing as tiny leprechauns. Albert Sharpe. * *August*

THE FIVE PENNIES—Danny Kaye and Louis Armstrong whoop it up in the film version of the unusual life story of band leader Red Nichols. **August*

HERCULES—Big spectacle of the legend of Hercules, strong man of the world, who found the Golden Fleece.

A HOLE IN THE HEAD—Miami Beach is handsome, Frank Sinatra is very wary of his matchmaking relatives.

JOHN PAUL JONES—An exciting sea battle livens this story of the hero of our first navy. Robert Stack. **August*

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL—A handsome Western with a startling opening. Kirk Douglas, Carolyn Jones and Anthony Quinn.

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT—Fredric March is excellent as an older man in love with a young girl. Kim Novak, Glenda Farrell. * *August*

THE NUN'S STORY—Audrey Hepburn is most convincing as the nun who decides to renounce her vows. * *July*

PORGY AND BESS—Colorful presentation of Gershwin's folk opera. Sidney Poitier, Dorothy Dandridge, Pearl Bailey, Sammy Davis, Jr. * *July*

SAY ONE FOR ME—Bing Crosby is a priest among show people, protecting Debbie Reynolds from Robert Wagner, song-and-dance man. * *July*

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL—James Cagney in a suspenseful story of the Irish Rebellion. Don Murray, Dana Wynter, Glynis Johns. * *July*

THIS EARTH IS MINE—Rock Hudson and Jean Simmons in a saga of a family that started a California winery.

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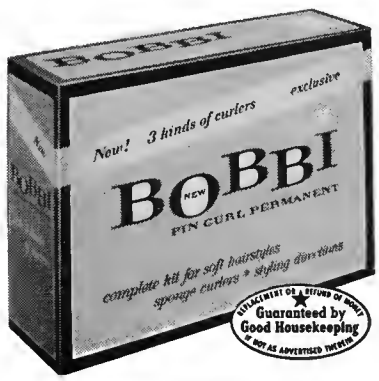

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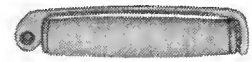
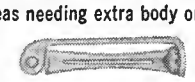


6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

Showing off can be a valuable part of childhood

Most little children love to show off. Boys are proud of showing how big and strong they are, like daddy; and what little girl doesn't like to show off her new party dress? Wanting an audience is part of the self-confidence and joyful spontaneity which comes from being appreciated for what you are. It is a feeling reflected from others feeling towards us which assures us we have something valuable to offer.

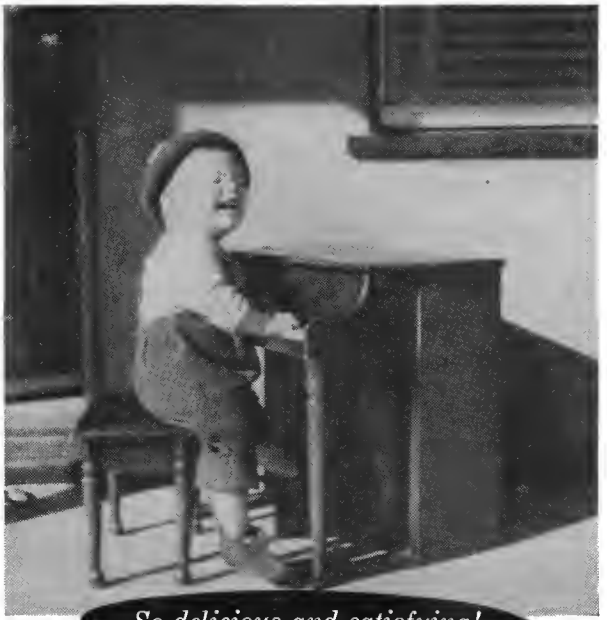
There is a dividing line between spontaneous, outgoing behavior and undesirable showing off. Especially when guests are visiting, children can drive their parents (to say nothing of the guests) out of their minds with their wild behavior. This, incidentally, can be a clever device to distract the parents from the guests or visa versa, if the child feels excluded.

The thing to do is to suggest legitimate ways of entertaining the guests. This does not mean forcing the reluctant child to recite "Mary Had a Little Lamb"; but he can be encouraged to show the guests a picture he has painted or his new-found ability to turn somersaults or one of his other *real* accomplishments. You can help him feel included by allowing him to pass refreshments or help in some other way he would enjoy and could easily do.

A child who is helped to show off in ways acceptable to others is more likely to become well-liked, popular with friends and generally better adjusted.

NEW HORIZONS
a suggestion we hope proves helpful

by Roberta Collard
Child Psychologist



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Introducing!
Our latest model
"THERESE HELEN"
Patented: 3-21-59
Size: 8 lbs. 11½ ozs.

Peeler Specialties, Inc.
Designers:
Cindy & George Peeler

When that fourth baby arrives it seems "old stuff" to send a lot of announcements, so we decided to give our close out-of-town friends a little gift instead. Since we've answered several times with "Yes, another little Peeler," we thought the announcement should say just that in a practical way.

Mrs. George C. Peeler
Miami, Florida

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used. Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. All published announcements become the property of the McCall Corporation, the publishers of REDBOOK.

HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF 5

bringing up baby®

At 3 months a baby really "comes of age" as a personality. The dormant stage has passed and your little one is suddenly aware of the world around him . . . rewarding you with his responsiveness. Little eyes see things, recognize and rejoice in you. Ears listen and respond to a whole symphony of sounds. Fists unfold and hands dare to touch, grab and reach. A little extra stimulation from you now, will pay big dividends in baby's development. Like providing bright objects to look at . . . music and sweet-mother talk to listen to . . . plenty of grasp toys and a spot of two-way play each day.

Good Dietary Measures for Baby

Whatever baby's age, Gerber Cereals are sure to delight him and pay big dividends in nourishment. These specially prepared baby cereals have pleasantly bland flavors and the creamiest texture ever. For baby's nutritional well-being, they're fortified with a selected form of easily-absorbed iron, plus calcium and B-vitamins. Thorough cooking insures digestibility, so baby can reap full nutritional rewards from them. 5 varieties—all ready to serve with milk or formula.

Foot-Happy Tips for Tired Mothers

A few "foot-notes" that cut down mother fatigue: (1) It's wise to avoid high heels during baby-tending hours. They put a strain on your back when you lift your cherub. (2) A change from one pair of shoes to another, at some point in the day, is restful. (3) After a tub, rub a splash of cologne on your feet to tingle and tone 'em up. (4) You can also spare your feet by alternating standing and sit-down chores. Really helps!

Nutrition Note from Dan Gerber

"One would think apple juices are pretty much the same. Not so! Gerber Apple Juice, with added vitamin C, is prepared with extra care to meet the special needs of infants. Before this product was put on the market, our Research Department tested 17 different varieties of apple juice for sugar and acid content, to find the variety best suited to a baby's delicate palate. Then, several processing methods were tested until we found one which would produce a clear, flavorful juice. The nutritional assets: a favorable proportion of sugar in relation to acid . . . a high vitamin C content . . . excellent toleration by most babies."

Sandman Story

Not so long ago, I read an interesting article on why babies balk at bedtime. Seems as though "bedtime blues" often stem from the fact that baby just doesn't like losing you. After 5 or 6 months, babies really dote on mommy and parting is not "such sweet sorrow." What better reason for a little pre-sleep loitering on your part?

Strengthening Influence

Easiest way in the world to strengthen your little star boarder. Just give him a daily serving of any one of the 8 Gerber Strained Meats . . . all rich in the complete proteins needed for strength and growth. Only selected, inspected Armour cuts are used. After trimming, they're carefully processed to remove most of the fat and coarse tissue and preserve the utmost in precious food values. Smoothest eating ever, too! ARMOUR

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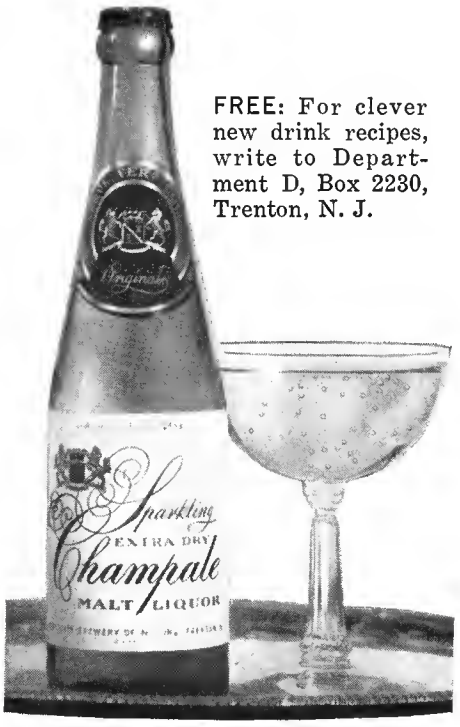
Have you discovered the new party favorite . . . Champale . . . the malt liquor you serve like champagne. It's an excitingly different drink that will enchant you with its unique flavor and put life into any party with its bubbly gaiety and tangy zestful taste. Best of all Champale costs only a trifle more than beer, yet one elegant green bottle fills four stem glasses. Serve Champale the next time friends drop in . . . you can get it wherever beer is sold.

FREE: For clever new drink recipes, write to Department D, Box 2230, Trenton, N. J.



CHAMPALE

THE MALT LIQUOR YOU SERVE LIKE CHAMPAGNE

A malt beverage specialty served in a wide, shallow or sherbet glass. Metropolis Brewery of N.J., Inc., Trenton, N.J.

Your Child
by Shirley Camper

Children Need to Be "Lazy"!

"You always have so many good things for me to do, I never have time for *anything!*" one child wailed to her bewildered parents. "Anything" turned out to be "just thinking or looking at things"—nothing much, in their opinion. For like many parents, they believed that a planned program is good for children: it's fun, educational, and besides, busy youngsters are unlikely to get into difficulties. How true is this?

Certainly lots of planned activity is good for some children. But others may get into trouble simply because they have *too much* to do. Children kept under pressure never learn how to cope with free time. When confronted with it at a later age, they often resort to an avid search for sensation—*any* sensation; or else, conversely, they may suddenly resist doing anything at all.

Every child needs a certain amount of unassigned, unplanned, nonuseful, totally *free, alone, lazy* time—to feel himself as himself. In this world of highly geared living, nothing is more valuable than the ability to be relaxed with yourself—stripped of all outside activities, functions, roles and strivings and of the presence and the demands of other people.

Left alone a small boy may fiddle idly and endlessly with some old bottle caps. A useless waste of time? Not at all. "How do they get words on bottle caps? Why are they all the same size? How do they make the edges crooked? I'll start saving them and then I'll be able to make a bottle-cap city," may be the way the child is thinking, if his thoughts are put into any words at all.

Not every boy with free time will become another Thomas Edison. Only a few can turn childhood's idle watching and questioning into grand inventions in later life. But the freedom to sit and look and dream does help a child to develop an inquiring mind and a sense of wonder about the simple marvels of the world. More important, enough time to be lazy gives him a chance to absorb life's many bewildering experiences and then to go on and learn something new; to find adventure and beauty in the insignificant—in bottle caps or a dirty stick or a cloud—through his own effort and his own imagination.

How can you tell if your child doesn't have enough free time? What *is* a good balance between planned activities and unplanned periods? Usually, in one way or another, your child will let you know if he feels too pressured.

"Enter At Your Own Riske—I'm Doing NOTHING at alll!" . . . "Allways put off til Tomorrow What you can do Today" . . . "Quiet! Genuis is NOT Thinking" were some of the signs that blossomed forth on the door of one nine-year-old's room. All with an obvious theme, these misspelled signs spelled out clearly the need for some time to do "nothing at all."

When a boy or girl is often rushed, irritable, complains a lot about being too busy, consistently avoids practicing for after-school lessons, or lets homework slide in favor of other things, it's time to call a halt to some activities. And the child who complains bitterly that he has "nothing to do" when he does have some spare time may need *fewer*, not more, outside amusements. This youngster may need to learn the thousand and one fascinating things a child can do by himself—rather than have his initiative and inner resources smothered by other people's plans to keep him busy.

Children need special interests, of course. But in general, one lesson or one group activity, for a total of two or three hours a week, is sufficient for most young children. During vacation it's often good to abandon even these organized activities, particularly for the child who spends part of his summer away at camp.

If you limit your child's activities wisely, he is likely to get more pleasure and knowledge through close acquaintance with a few interests than through a surface glimpse of many.

Mrs. Camper is Family Life Consultant for the Family Service Association of America.

A promise from Mennen to every woman about to have a baby

The Birthright of Natural Skin Protection: why should it stop at birth?

When your baby is born, he'll be covered with a rich, natural protective "lotion"—(every baby's birthright).

Because babies are protected before birth, they are rarely born with a skin rash or skin infection.

So perfect is this natural protection, that many hospitals only remove the excess—or even let it wear off.

And now . . . when this natural "lotion" is gone . . . Mennen provides a new kind of natural protection to take its place . . . for use at the hospital and when you take your baby home.

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Mennen Baby Magic

When you're a mother, you'll use Mennen Baby Magic to *stop diaper rash*, diaper odor, cradle cap, chafing, chapping and prickly heat. Mennen Baby Magic comes in pink, yellow and blue squeeze bottles. 60¢ and $1.00, tax free.

Have you tried the catsup with the one extra spice?

Grandma Snider used to cook up small batches of Snider's catsup in her sunny country kitchen. She'd simmer fat tomatoes in her copper kettle. When the thick red broth had cooled she strained it carefully through fine cheesecloth.

Then she put in precise pinches of onion and garlic, dark cloves, crisp celery bits and pimento berry spice. She laced this work of art lightly with apple cider vinegar and sweet syrup. Now she added one extra spice: A whisper of Capsicum, the red and yellow chili pepper with the bright skin.

We follow Grandma's recipe with a strict conscience today. Sometimes we think we make Snider's too carefully when you tell us your grocer runs out of it too fast. But we won't change the recipe or hurry the cooking. You wouldn't want us to. Neither would Grandma.

Snider's

the chili pepper catsup

What's New in Records

by Carlton Brown

MUSIC FOR EARS AND TOES

A superb new talent has emerged upon the popular-music scene during the last two years. His name is Ray Conniff, and the LPs he has done for Columbia, in the order of their appearance, are: "'S Wonderful!," "'S Marvelous," "'S Awful Nice," "Concert in Rhythm," "Broadway in Rhythm," "Hollywood in Rhythm," and an as-yet-untitled one.

Conniff's distinction as an arranger and conductor of big-band dance music in the swing-band tradition was evident in the first of his collections of the best of our great heritage of show songs. His work is a brilliant evolution and updating of the "books" and styles of bands such as Glenn Miller's, Bunny Berigan's, Bob Crosby's, Artie Shaw's, Glen Gray's and Harry James's—a natural development, since Conniff served each of those bands but Miller's as trombonist-arranger.

Naturally Ray has a special partiality for trombones, which are heard both massed and solo in their most majestic sonorities on his records. The other brasses and the saxes are used to like effect. Blended into each rendition are the interesting contributions of a vocal choir which sings wordlessly without resorting to any of the dreary clichés of bop. These parts leave a dandy opening for serenading a partner by singing quietly in his or her ear while dancing.

Ray, himself a young married man with three children, may have had something like that in mind when he decided to leave out the lyrics of all 70-some songs on his first six records, and there's hardly one that you're not likely to know.

His music sounds about the way he looks—bursting with health and vigor, clean-cut, muscular but gentle. On a few of the numbers the piano does a "stride" effect out of Jan Savitt's "Top Hatters," but more often there is just a straight, steady, rocking rhythm that is to these ears the best around today for dancing, and mighty tranquilizing for listening to in the background. There is a uniformity to the treatment of all the tunes that amounts to an instantly recognizable "voice," in the way of, though on a very different kick from, the old, inimitable and not-since-paralleled Ellington band of the late twenties to the late forties.

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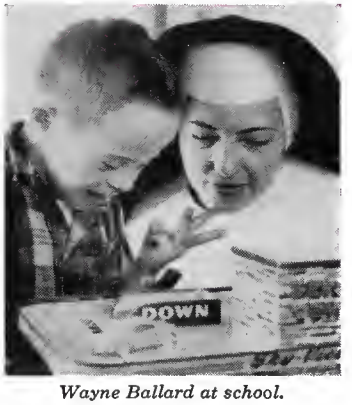
Letters to the Editor

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT



Wayne Ballard at school.

I have just finished reading Phoebe Ballard's article about her Mongoloid son, "The Child We Weren't Supposed to Love" (June), and must say that I fully enjoyed it. . . . I wish someone would print a story about brain-damaged children. I am the mother of a six-year-old girl who is brain-damaged, and I must say that the parents of Wayne should thank God that their son acts so well and that they have found a place for him. My child has smashed our furniture, torn the drapes from the wall and upset the television set, and when we asked for help to institutionalize her, they just put our name on waiting lists and never called us. I think the American people and readers of your magazine should know just how badly we need institutions for children like Wayne and my daughter, Mary Beth.

MRS. KATHRYN MARCOTT
Woodrow, Pa.

Mrs. Ballard has told a tender and compassionate story on a subject usually veiled in secrecy. As an average person who has never been in contact with a Mongoloid child, I had all sorts of misconceptions, fears and judgments about such children—and even felt a definite aversion to them when passing one in my normal course of living. But as the saying goes, "my eyes are open now." . . . May God bless the Ballards for their wisdom and faith. And above all for their love for Wayne.

MRS. SHIRLEY SHEPPARD
Houston, Tex.

ON WEDDINGS

I was really surprised at some of the ideas expressed in Norman Lobsenz's article "What's Wrong With Weddings" (June). It seemed to be the general opinion that plans for the "big day" take so much time that the man and woman involved have little or no time to get to know each other. . . . It seems to me that the solution is not to throw tradition to the winds and give up the wedding and parties that are treasured as memories long after. Rather, a young couple should get to know each other long before a wedding is planned.

J. G.
Address Withheld

At last an author tells "what's wrong with weddings!" Mr. Lobsenz is so right! My girl friend was married in May. On the day of her wedding she was exhausted, upset, tense and she cried about everything, and finally she ran and jumped into her father's lap (with both of them dressed in their beautiful formal wedding attire) and cried, "Oh, Daddy, I wish I had eloped!" and he, being exhausted, sighed thoughtlessly, "Me, too," and she started crying again.

Yes, Mr. Lobsenz, why don't people be calm and collected, and leave the bride and groom alone until they become man and wife?

VERLA JEAN DAVIS
Bald Knob, Ark.

AVA

I have at last found an article about a star that wasn't glamorized or "sugar-coated" to impress the fans. "The Strange Exile of Ava Gardner" (June) was entirely believable, interesting and down to earth. . . . It gave a clear description of the important incidents in Miss Gardner's life without being a "hard-luck" story.

JUDY LATIFF
Jacksonville, Fla.

Poor little Ava Gardner. My heart just bleeds for her. So she has problems. Well, who doesn't?

MRS. DONA BARNES
Boise, Idaho

UNSEEN CENSORS

In your June article "Who Chooses the People You Know?" the statement was made that the man resented being told who to and who not to associate with. I agree, and that is exactly what integration is—a few people not just telling but actually forcing everyone to associate with Negroes.

BARBARA GIBSON
Alexandria, La.

Three cheers for "Who Chooses the People You Know?" Isn't it deplorable that though we apparently value our American heritage some of us aren't very good examples of what it is supposed to stand for? After all, who can take credit for the accident of birth that makes him of a certain race or religion? . . .

MRS. JOAN AKYNZ
Syracuse, N. Y.

Address: Letters to the Editor, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York

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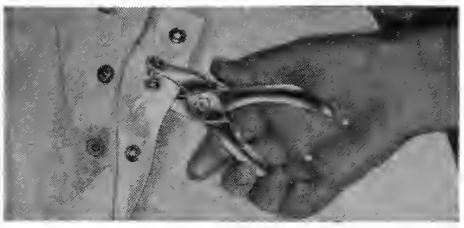

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Animals in Egypt were believed to be the incarnations of deities. The sacred cat (600-300 B.C.) represented Bastet, goddess of joy, and this expert reproduction in artstone, 9½" high, is an exact copy of the original. $9.98 plus $1.75 post., insurance. Wynne's Fine Arts Warehouse, 239-R Great Neck Rd., Great Neck, N.Y.

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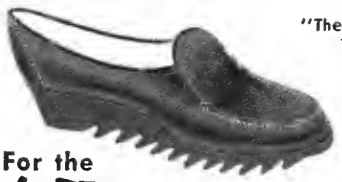
We've had fun shopping for you! Order directly from stores, enclosing check or money



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Carolyn Kelly • Shopping Editor

Everybody's favorites, coffee and the Moss Rose design, are happily blended in this 8-cup electric percolator for only $6.98. Matching creamer and sugar bowl, $1; 8-pc. snack set (4 recessed plates, 4 cups), $3.49: 12-pc. lunch set (4 cups, 4 saucers, 4 sandwich plates), $4.50. Ppd. Lee Wayne, 5606-RB Lansdowne Ave., Phila. 31, Pa.

Pot luck suppers are fun! And these marvelous "hot pads" eliminate the worry and fuss. Satin-polished steel is lithographed with the beloved Blue Willow design; and the asbestos backing protects tables from hot casseroles and coffeepots. Set of 4 6" pads is just $1 ppd. Spencer Gifts, Dept 355, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

The history of air mail is the theme of this exciting new stamp offer that brings you stamps from more than 30 countries, all depicting man's conquest of the air. Including Denmark's 1906 first flight, the "Flying Doctor" issue, scarce air mails, etc., this introductory offer is 10¢ ppd. H. E. Harris & Co., Dept. H-25, Boston 17, Mass.

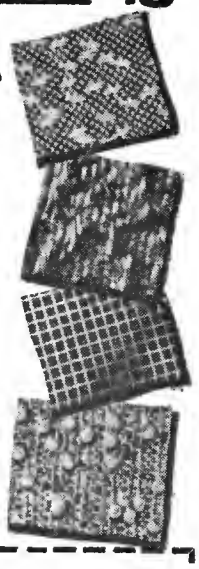
order. (No C.O.D.s, please.) Unless personalized, all merchandise may be returned for refund.

Need New Drapes or Curtains?

SAVE UP TO 1/3

NO-IRON **Fiberglas**

YARD GOODS



Tremendous savings on *Fiberglas* curtain and drapery yard goods that you can wash and hang in just 7 minutes! Never needs ironing or dry cleaning — the perfect decorator fabric. Choose from the world's largest assortment of styles, colors and textures in prints and solids that add new beauty and luxury to your home. Bargain, priced as low as .89¢ a yard! Satisfaction guaranteed.

FREE SAMPLES

Send now for actual color swatches and "How to Sew Fiberglas" booklet plus complete Sample Curtain & Drapery Kit. No obligation.

RONNIE, 15B-2 Ronnie Bldg,
145 Brood Avenue, Fairview, N. J.

Please rush me, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the new Ronnie Drapery Sample Kit, including actual swatches, color brochure, how to measure information plus everything I need to order the Superwide Draperies I want. I am not obligated in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone.... State.....

HEIRLOOM BRACELETS

FOR PROUD MOTHERS and GRANDMOTHERS

She'll wear her heart on her wrist, and proudly proclaim the beloved children or grandchilden, when she encircles it with a bracelet of our SOLID STERLING SILVER or 12K GOLD-FILLED Baby Shoes or Silhouettes. Each ¾", adorably crafted charm is engraved with a child's first name and birthdate. Of excellent weight and quality, they make treasured heirloom gifts.

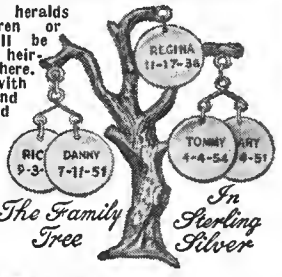
Silhouettes, each $1.10 **Baby Shoes, each $1.95**
7¼" Bracelet $1.10 **7¼" Bracelet $1.95**

Prices include postage, 25c for engraving, and tax.
Sold By Mail Order Only At These Special Prices
WRITE FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG

NANCY NORMAN 84 P.O. Bldg. Brighton 35, Mass.

FOR PROUD MOTHERS and GRANDMOTHERS

Family Tree Brooch heralds the beloved children or grandchildren. She'll be proud to wear this heirloom pin everywhere. Each disc engraved with child's name and birthdate. Sculptured Tree, 2¼" holds 1 to 12 discs of Sterling Silver. Up to 9 letters and spaces a line. Add more as family branches out!



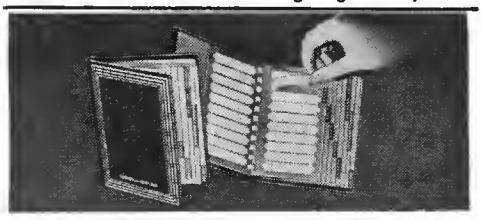
FAMILY TREE $2.00
DISCS $1.00 each

Prices include postage, 25¢ for engraving, and tax.
Sold By Mail Order Only At These Special Prices
WRITE FOR FREE GIFT CATALOG.

ZENITH GIFTS 827 Post Office Bldg. Brighton 35, Mass.

LET'S PLAY BRIDGE!

Enliven your leisure for a lifetime with this informal correspondence course in simplified point-count. Complete at your convenience; friendly, able instructors will guide your progress. ASCB *Caddy* simulates actual bridge table play; practice hands supplied. Ten lessons include bidding and play units, Caddy, and quick reference cards. Tuition $10. American SCHOOL OF CONTRACT BRIDGE, P. O. Box 2395, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.



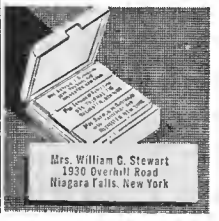
LIFETIME ADDRESS BOOK — $1

New TAB ADDRESS BOOK can't get out of date . . . ever! Revisions can be made *lightning fast!* Name tabs slip in and out for quick changes. Contains a 12-page address file, plus extra pages for services, birthdays and anniversaries. PLUS pages for gift and Christmas card list . . . *30 pages in all!* PLUS 50 extra tabs for changes. Spiral-bound in beautiful leather-like binding with handsome gold stamped decoration. *Money back guarantee!* Only $1, postage paid. Order TAB ADDRESS BOOK from **Sunset House, 2855 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.**

PLAY RIGHT AWAY!

Even If You Don't Know a Note of Music Now

Now it's EASY to learn ANY instrument. No boring exercises. Start playing real pieces by notes right away. Amazing progress at home, in spare time. No teacher. Few cents per lesson. 1,000,000 students! Write for FREE BOOK. **U. S. School of Music, Studio A909, Port Washington, N. Y.** No salesman will call. *(Our 61st successful year)*



1000 Name & Address Labels $1
ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2 PPD

Sensational bargain! Your name and address printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded! Packed with FREE Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. *1000 only $1*, ppd. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. *Satisfaction guaranteed!* Handy Labels, 920 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City 1, California.

TALL GALS

SEND A POSTCARD TODAY FOR **FREE** 28 PAGE **SHOE BOOKLET**

IT'S EASY TO BE FITTED DIRECT VIA MAIL! NO RISK TO YOU! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

Tall Gals of all ages buy these fine Shoecraft 5th Ave. shoes with confidence. New York is the mecca of fashion and we're famous for prompt, careful attention to your orders. Young-marrieds and career girls save money on our exciting, advance styles. NO EXTRA CHARGE on all sizes 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12, 12½, 13; widths AAAAA to C.

SURREY $19.95

Fringed detail on a sleek pump. In black, brown or olive green grained calfskin.

SHOECRAFT 603 FIFTH AV., NEW YORK 17

Just Supply Friends and Neighbors with World-Famous Wallace Brown CHRISTMAS CARDS... We'll Send You This Assortment On Approval Plus Everything Else... Free!

"Feature" $1.00 Christmas Ass't This spectacular new Christmas Ass't on approval. A $2.50 Value!

Thousands who never earned extra money before now enjoy $50.00 to $500.00 cash. So can you! Everyone you know will buy their Christmas Cards from someone. Why not from you? With exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low priced, they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes. You make up to 50c on each one. It's easy! "Feature" Assortment we send you does the selling for you. It's fun! Mail coupon below TODAY! You'll be glad you did!

Samples of Our Popular-Priced Name-Imprinted

FREE PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make even MORE MONEY with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards. Exclusive, original cards are finest quality at prices everyone can afford. Send coupon for FREE samples!

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. W-18
11 East 26th Street - New York 10, N. Y.

WALLACE BROWN, Inc., Dept. W-18
11 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.
Please rush 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Ass't on approval—plus FREE samples of Personal Christmas Cards, FREE Catalog and money-making plans.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

WOW! CUTIE ICE CUBES—$1

These cool cuties give a real frosty tang to drinks. Specially designed ice cube tray turns out a bevy of four beautifully proportioned beauties. These lovely lassies guarantee to cause conversation as well as frosty delight. Real cute . . . a sensational new party idea! *You must be pleased or your money back!* Only $1 each or 3 Trays for $2.79, postage paid. Order NUDIE CUBES TRAY from **Sunset House, 2855 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.**

Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker $1.95

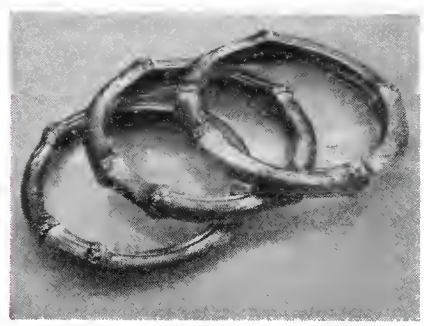
Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker—in permanent raised letters that shine bright at night! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rustproof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid from Spear Engineering Company, 266 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Tops in the Shops

An original oil is a lifetime purchase. These, signed by the artists, are on canvas, and all are the works of accomplished Italian, Belgian and Dutch painters. Choose landscape, seascape, floral or fruit still life. They are 12" x 16", unframed, and only $5 each. Limit 4 per customer, postpaid. European Art, 50 Delancey St., New York 2.

Are you a collector? Or do you know one? These marvelous little white-and-gold-porcelain elephants would satisfy the most whimsical teen-ager or ardent hobbyist. Ranging from 1½" to 3" high, the 4 elephants and ebony lacquered display base are $1.95 plus 25¢ post. Artisan Galleries, 2100 No. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Texas.

A shopping spree can be easy! Look at the collapsible bag we found! It fits into pocket or purse, opens to hold a gigantic load of groceries and bundles, is colorful, sturdy nylon, comes folded in a handy compact with your 2- or 3-letter monogram. Only $1 postpaid. Brewster House. P.O. Box 284. Dept. R, Hartsdale, New York.



Go around in circles that are among the handsomest we've seen! Bracelets, excitingly designed to resemble bamboo, with a fine Florentine finish, are 18k. gold-plated and ⅞" wide. Wear one or an armful! $1.50 each, or 3 for $3.95, including tax, postage. Lillian Vernon, Dept. R, 276 E. Third St., Mount Vernon, New York.

$22.95 **YOUR OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE!**

I. R. Fox, fur specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat regardless of condition, into a glamorous new cape or stole. Special price, $22.95 complete, includes new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing.

SEND FOR FREE STYLE BOOK

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Bonded Fur Specialists

SEND NO MONEY! Wrap up your old fur coat, mail it to us now. Send your dress size and height on postcard. Pay postman $22.95 plus postage when new cape arrives. Or send for FREE Style Book now! Many styles to choose from.

Write: **I. R. FOX • 146 W. 29th Street, Dept. S-19, N. Y. 1**

Gift Ideas! . . .

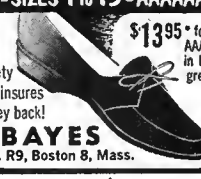
Send for Free New 196-page Catalog with thousands of Exciting Gifts, Imports, Toys and Housewares! All merchandise delivered postpaid!

Miles Kimball

119 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin

FREE CATALOG - SIZES 1 to 13 - AAAAAA to EEEEE

Enjoy buying good shoes by mail— our enormous style variety and vast size range insures perfect fit—or money back!



$13.95* for sizes 3 to 12 AAAA to C widths in black, red, tan, grey, desert sand or white calf

10½ to 12 $14.95*

*please add 35c postage

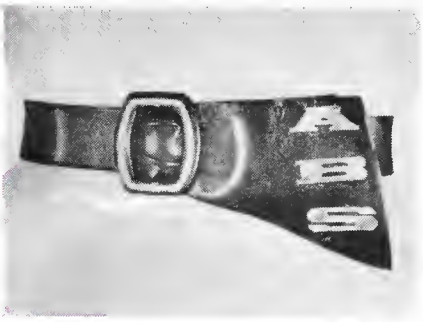
SOLBY BAYES
45 Winter St., Dept. R9, Boston 8, Mass.

500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

500 Gummed Labels printed with ANY name and address, 25c per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Padded, Two-tone jewel-type plastic gift boxes only 10c extra, 4 for 25c. Order as many or as few sets and boxes as you want. Only 25c per set. Money-back guarantee!

WESTERN STATIONERY, Dept. 870, Topeka, Kan.

What is a clown? A clown is a funny man who causes a lump in your throat; he is joy compounded of pathos and tattered trousers; he can make you laugh when you think you've forgotten how. Willie, 14" high, is unbreakable plastic, with colorful suit and the saddest of faces. $3 ppd. 21" high, $6.95. Judith's, Evanston 32, Illinois.



Give her a good belt—a fashion "first" this season. We show you the "Monaco." Custom-made in butter-soft leather, it's 1¾" wide, with hidden hook closing under the leather buckle. Solid gold-brass initials are the final touch. Sizes 24 through 30. black only. $3.95 ppd. Western Classics, Box 4035, Dept. RBM, Tucson, Arizona.

No butts about it, this is the snazziest ashtray we've come across in some time! A very plush 7" French poodle stands ready to serve you; or he can sit on the arm of your chair, since his legs are adjustable! The gleaming ashtray in his back is easily cleaned. $1.25 ppd. Mother Hubbard. Dept. R-108, 10 Melcher St., Boston 10.

GIFT ENLARGEMENT OFFER!

Lifetime photographs made from YOUR CHOICE PHOTO, snapshot or negative. Black & white 5x7 in photo case. Easel stands vertically or horizontally. Original returned unharmed

Send for FREE MAILER!

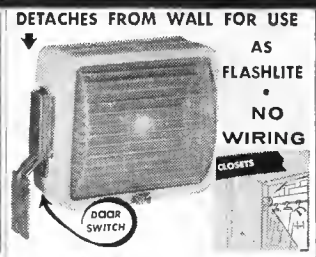
5 x 7 enlargement

2 for $1.08
5 for $1.98
(from 1 pose)
plus 27c for mailing and handling

LEE PHOTO
Brooklyn 20, N. Y.
BOX 136 Dept. 60

Bancroft's SHOPPERS' SPOTLIGHT

CAN YOU BLOW 'EM OUT?
Try to blow out magic candles and they'll relight automatically! A riot at birthday parties when birthday boy or gal blows out candles on the cake and they suddenly start burning. A secret: to put them out, merely pinch wick.
TT3173 Set of 12 ..... **$1.00**
TT3174 Set of 24 ..... **$1.89**



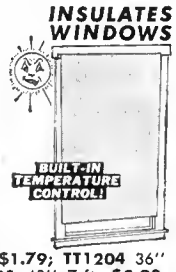
PORTABLE CLOSET LIGHT
. . . goes on when door opens. Gives wide-area illumination to any closet—without complicated wiring. Lifts off for instant use as flashlight. Sleek ivory finish and diffuser lens. With wall mount and double switches. Uses ordinary batteries.
TT3302 Closet-Lite **$1.00**

INSTANT BREWMAKER
Make instant coffee really "instantly." Electric brewmaker in Moss Rose design, makes it in 2½ minutes . . . reboils water in seconds. Swell for coffee, tea, cocoa, etc. White porcelain finish . . . the secret for keeping it hot! Four cup capacity. With cord.
TT321S **$2.98**

PERSONAL DRESS LABELS
Every creation is "exclusively yours"! We print your name on silky satin labels to sew in any dress, blouse, etc. Distinctively identifies clothes. Ideal for "Hand made" gifts. Give name.
TT2640-D 15 labels for **$1.00**
TT2641-D 40 labels for **$2.00**
TT2642-D 60 labels for **$3.00**

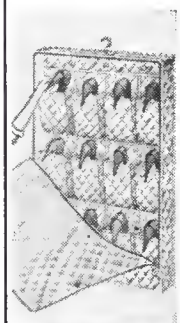
"MIDNIGHT COACH" SIGN
Family name, house number can be seen DAY or NIGHT! Hand-lettered "Coach Sign" Glows in Dark on lawn, house, mailbox or tree. Weatherproof metyl-methacrylate with black crinkle finish. 15" long, 5¾" high. Give name and house number.
TTS1S-P Coach Sign **$1.25**

EXCLUSIVE SILVER LINED SHADE
Completely shuts out light . . . keeps homes warmer in winter—cooler in summer. Conserves furnace heat. Keeps hot sun from fading furniture.



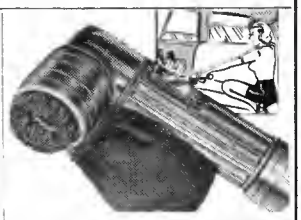
They're Washable
White plastic over aluminum insulation. Easy to cut for add sizes. On rollers.
TT1203 36"x6-ft. **$1.79**; **TT1204** 36" 7-ft. **$1.99**; **TT120S** 48"x7-ft. **$2.98.**

PORTABLE COVERED SHOE CLOSET

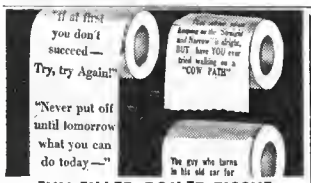


Keeps 6 pairs clean, scuff-free and off floor. Zips shoes in . . . dust out. Keeps them from brushing against clothes. Ideal for travel. Eliminates suitcase stuffing. Quilted plastic with grommets for door mounting, metal hook for car or rod hanging. 31½" x 18" overall with 12 pockets. **TT3457** Wine; **TT3458** Blue; **TT3459** Green. Each **$2.69**

PERFECT WINTER FRIEND!
"Hugging" hot water bottle will make men welcome aches, pains and cold winter nights. Duplicate of the curvacious movie queen is the greatest discovery since fire! Guaranteed to bring a smile. BIG 22" high in "blushing" pink vinyl.
TT1080-S Jayne Mansfield **$4.98**



ELECTRIC CAR VACUUM
At last—a completely portable car vacuum. A flick of your finger and it sucks up dust, dirt and lint into a removable collecting bag. Will not scatter dust. Keeps car neat—stores in glove compartment. Operates on flashlight batteries.
TT7899 Car Vacuum **$2.95**



FUN-FILLED TOILET TISSUE
NOW in white and colors! Rib-tickling Toilet Rolls spin out riotous sayings, so funny you have to see 'em to believe 'em. Full of silly cartoons. **TT7777** White; **TT9442** Giggly Green; **TT9443** Tickle Pink; **TT9444** Crazy Yellow. 3 rolls (all same color) **$1.00**

HOW TO ORDER:
- Order by number, give quantity desired.
- Add only 15c to each item ordered for postage and handling.
- Send payment (check, money order or cash) with order. No C.O.D.'s.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back
SEND ALL ORDERS TO
Bancroft's
2170 So. Canalport Ave., Dept. RB-S97, Chicago 8, Ill.

WORLD'S TINIEST PORTABLE RADIO
No tubes! No batteries! Needs no outlet! Lowest Price Ever! Self-powered Portable works on Germanium diode—fits pocket, purse. Ground to metal—listen in bed, at work, etc. **TT397-J** **$2.00**
Deluxe Model
Needs no ground. Has extra long antenna. Works anywhere; outdoors or indoors, in cars, on bike, in boats.
TT398-J **$4.95**

NEW! WALL SCISSOR LAMP $7.98 value astonishingly priced at **$3.98** (we pay postage)

OVER DESK • CHAIR • TABLE • BED
This stunning lamp will give you untold bright moments. Fits everywhere, **extends a full 26" from the wall,** folds up completely. Lovely star-perforated bullet swivels flexibly, accordion arm moves left and right—in and out.

Choose BLACK, WHITE, or MOCHA, each with gleaming brass accents. Choose several. Enjoy new lighting comfort and beauty! **Quick delivery. Send check or money order. Your money back if not delighted.**

JANS LIGHTING CO., 230 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. R99, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

FROM CAPE COD'S *FABULOUS* GIFT SHOP

COLORFUL—24 PAGE GIFT CATALOG

CHOCK FULL OF UNUSUAL Gifts, Food Delicacies, Sportswear and Accessories collected from the wide, wide world. Many wonderful things to give or use personally shown in full color. Write for **FREE** copy today!

BAREFOOT TRADER
West Yarmouth 18, CAPE COD, Mass.

PERSONALIZED SWITCH PLATES
$1.75 each ppd.

Gay, sparkling white enamel switchplates with cheery boy or girl design. Child's name handpainted. Keeps walls smudge free; fits any standard toggle.
write for free catalogue
WALES Box 241, Hartsdale, New York, Dept. R9

If Your Child is a Poor Reader

See how **The Sound Way To Easy Reading** can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course *drills* your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price. **Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. N-18, Wilmette, Illinois.**

New Ice Cubes

Streamlined 3" Tall "Ice-Cuties"

Now... ice your drinks with these shapely 3" tall "glamour girls". Tiny, completely feminine "Ice-Cuties" do a beautiful job of cooling drinks and starting conversations. Special ice cube tray creates 8 "Ice-Cuties" in about 2 hours in freezer unit. Order by mail now. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Gift-boxed set only **$1.95 ppd.**

Available By Mail Only!

SPENCER GIFTS CP-3 Spencer Bldg. Atlantic City, N. J.

FREE!

GIFT CATALOG

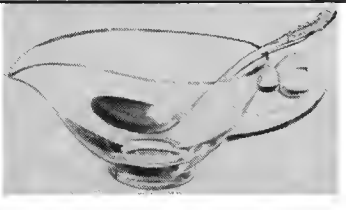
FROM THE WORLD OVER **over 1,000 ITEMS**

- Gifts Galore
- Housewares
- Kitchen Aids
- Party Ideas
- Unusual Toys
- Rare Imports

Page upon Page, Jam-packed with The World's Most Unusual Gifts. ORDER YOUR FREE COPY NOW

BANCROFT'S 2170 South Canalport Avenue Dept. R8-806, Chicago 8, Ill.

DREAM BOAT



Elegant, heavy hand-made crystal gravy or souce boat. With exquisite silver-plated ladle. Buy it now for holiday entertaining, for very special gifts. 7½" wide.

$2.98 ppd., 2 for $5.50 ppd. *No C.O.D.'s. Write for catalog.*

Lee Wayne Dept. R9, 5606 Landsdowne Ave. Philadelphia 31, Pa.

WALK ON AIR MOCCASINS! For women of all ages! Light, bouncy foam crepe soles, choice leather. Over 223 sizes in stock. Guaranteed! Purchases can be exchanged. Red, White, Smoke, Taffytan. Full & half sizes 3 to 13, AAAAAA to EEE. Factory-to-you $5.95 plus 50c post. COD's accepted.

MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 65-RP Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.

500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS - 25¢

500 gummed labels printed with ANY name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (with same name and address or all different) $1.00! With two-tone plastic gift box, 35¢ per set. Order as many or as few sets as you want. Postpaid.

Walter Drake & Sons
809 DRAKE BLDG.
Colorado Springs 10, Colo.

Tops in the shops

Framing youth for mothers and grandmothers! A sterling silver bracelet ($1.50) has ¾" sterling lockets for children's pictures. Back of each is engraved with first name and birth date. $1.50 each. Matching key chain for men (without lockets). $1.25. Tax, post., engraving incl. Zenith Gifts, 1803 P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.

A lady of letters copies her husband's monogrammed shirt, and looks strictly feminine. This cotton poplin favorite (a no-iron fabric) has a convertible collar, rolled-up sleeves, pearl buttons and 3 scrolled initials. Sizes 32 through 38, in white, beige or blue. $2.95 plus 25¢ post. Mercury Products, 1265 Broadway, N.Y. 1.

Easy comb, easy go! Here is every well-groomed girl's beauty secret. A brush and comb combination for last-minute repair jobs on a wind-blown hairdo. This 5½" golden metal brush with a 2- or 3-letter monogram (or first name) has a comb that slides in its handle. $1.50 ppd. Nancy Norman, 2150 P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.

FREE STARLIGHT CASE 'N FRAME with every order of Shadowbox

Friendship photos

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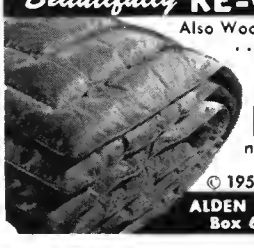

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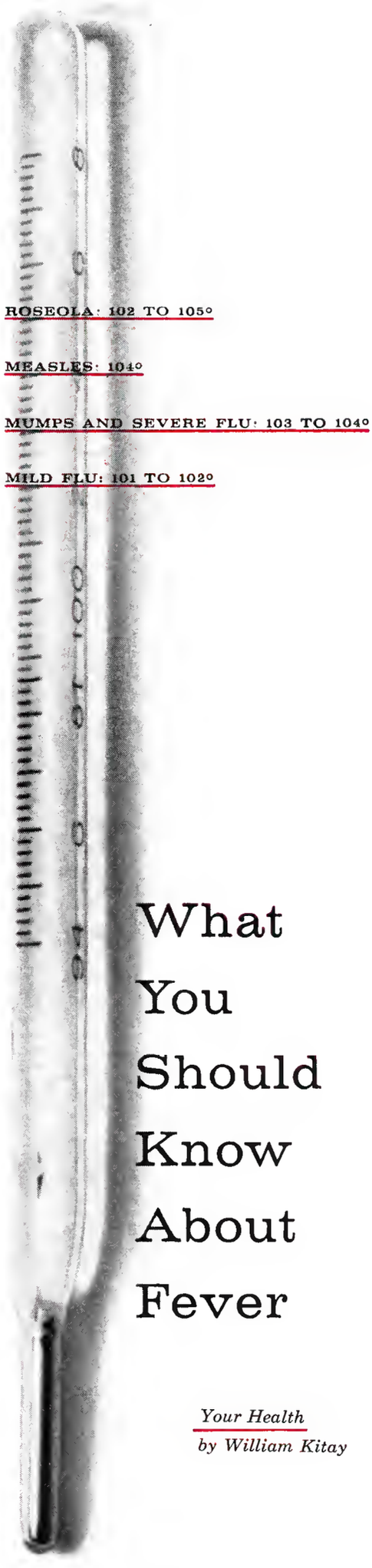

What You Should Know About Fever

Your Health
by William Kitay

Fever is a danger signal, and as such should never be ignored. But not all high temperatures are actually fevers—and even fevers do not always mean that something is seriously wrong. How, then, can you tell when to call a doctor? And what must you do—or not do—until he arrives?

"Normal" temperature: Generally speaking, 98.6 degrees F., taken by oral thermometer, is considered normal for a great many people—so normal that clinical thermometers usually print 98.6 in bold numbers or pinpoint it with a small dot or arrow. But this can be a misleading guide. There are many healthy individuals, for instance, whose normal temperature is as high as 99.5 degrees, or as low as 96.5 degrees.

Furthermore, everyone's temperature varies from 0.5 to 2.0 degrees every 24 hours. The low occurs during the early-morning hours of sleep; the high usually occurs in late afternoon. In women there is even more variation. Their temperature rises about 0.8 degree above normal during ovulation.

In addition to these regular variations there are many special circumstances, besides illness, which cause temperatures to go up. Emotional stress is one. Some people develop a fever when they are admitted to the hospital; so do many men when they are being examined for the military draft.

External conditions, such as heat or exercise, also affect temperature. A hot bath or a tennis game may add three degrees; hot weather can boost it one degree. Children after hard play frequently have an elevated temperature.

Mouth temperatures can be raised or lowered by hot or cold food. For this reason many doctors prefer rectal temperatures when accuracy is important. Rectal temperatures are usually 0.5 to 1.0 degree higher than oral ones.

Fever: Although it is not always easy to distinguish normal temperature variations from those caused by illness, any elevation of 1.5 degrees or more should be viewed with suspicion, particularly if there are other signs of illness.

True fever is a defensive response to illness. It occurs when, in some little-understood way, foreign protein substances (either bacteria or waste products of disease) disturb the body's thermostatic control.

Most fevers are caused by infectious diseases, but the body's heat balance is also upset by surgery, brain damage, allergic reactions, dehydration and sunstroke, as well as by debilitating diseases like cancer and rheumatic fever.

The most common fevers are those of *short* duration. They last from a day or two to two weeks and are followed by complete recovery. The illnesses which cause them are often difficult or impossible to diagnose accurately. In children, however, contagious diseases, like measles, are usually responsible.

Fever of *long* duration is often difficult to diagnose, even when it is accompanied by other symptoms. A prolonged fever may be caused by such infectious diseases as typhoid, Rocky Mountain spotted fever or endocarditis (an inflammation of the heart lining). Or it may be one of the signs of serious disease like leukemia, rheumatoid arthritis or inflamed blood vessels.

The most puzzling fevers are prolonged, low-grade ones, with few or no signs of illness. They may be due to serious diseases such as tuberculosis and rheumatic fever or, as is often the case with children, they may be of no real consequence. Until about the age of 12, the mechanism that regulates body temperature is not very efficient. If a child with a sustained low fever has no apparent abnormality, and if he is gaining weight and has a good appetite, the doctor will probably advise that the fever be ignored.

Treatment for fever: When temperature is only slightly elevated, you may want to watch it for several hours or overnight before calling a doctor. During that time keep an accurate record and make a note of all other symptoms of ill health. However, a doctor should be called immediately if there is unusual distress or a high temperature.

Often the doctor will do nothing to reduce a fever. Not only is it an important aid in diagnosis, but it helps too in evaluating the effectiveness of medicines which are treating its cause. Furthermore, fever itself is frequently a kind of medicine. Many germs are weakened or destroyed by increases in temperature. Indeed, because of their curative powers fevers are sometimes artificially induced. For these reasons you should never, except in an emergency, try to lower a fever without consulting your doctor. To reduce fever quickly, he may prescribe aspirin or a similar medicine. Or he may suggest cold compresses on the forehead and chest, an ice pack over the heart or a cold-water enema. Sponging a fever victim with alcohol or tepid water also may help, and will be soothing.

During fever the sweat glands, part of the body's heat-regulating mechanism, increase their activity in an effort to lower the temperature. As a result there is a loss of fluids and body salts necessary for the delicate chemical balance in tissues and cells and for proper functioning of the heart, circulatory system and kidneys.

Persons with fever should drink water or other liquids at least every hour. For fever of long duration the doctor may suggest salt tablets to replace sodium loss. Good nutrition should be maintained. An adequate, light, high-protein diet in frequent small feedings provides quick nourishment without overtaxing digestion—a prime source of body heat.

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Redbook · September 1959

This is the girl whose photograph inspired a young man to cross a continent and search a foreign city for her.

A Love Story

by Jhan and June Robbins
Photographs by Carroll Seghers II

Tall, dark-haired Michael Wahlder, aged 24, sailed for London early last fall, intending to tour Europe and relax. He had earned a vacation. In his teens Mike had been injured in an auto accident and invalided for two years with a broken neck. He completed four years of college undergraduate work in 20 months. When he was graduated from the law school

Mike fell instantly in love with the girl on the poster,

of Tulane University his parents, in Alexandria, Louisiana, felt that Mike deserved a special treat. They encouraged him to take a trip and enjoy himself before settling down in his father's law office.

Mike's itinerary included Copenhagen, Stockholm, Brussels, Paris, Vienna and Rome. His objectives: to hear grand opera and listen to good jazz.

He heard very little of either. Instead, within a few days after his arrival he found himself playing a leading role in a storybook romance that charmed and delighted a strife-weary world.

While in London he received a letter from his mother, asking him to drop over to Amsterdam to pay his respects to an elderly family friend. Mike decided that he could sandwich in a stopover in Amsterdam on his way from Brussels to Paris. He turned up dutifully on the woman's doorstep a few weeks later, his arms loaded with red roses.

"She was a very sweet lady," he recalled. "The roses really bowled her over. I was very glad that I had come. I didn't know as I told her goodby how much I really had to thank her for. I didn't know that all the time fate was pulling strings to get me to Amsterdam.

"A few hours later I went to a travel agency to make reservations for my trip to Paris. I opened the door, walked up to the desk, glanced at a pile of travel folders—and then I saw her.

"It was only her picture, of course, on the cover of a brochure advertising travel to Israel. But no kidding, bells began to ring. Here was the

went 3,000 miles to find *and marry her*

gayest, most beautiful, most compelling girl I'd ever seen. The picture was in color. She had reddish-blonde hair, green eyes, a fair skin. Her figure was concealed by a big, flowing red dress, but I was willing to take a bet on it. And what a smile! It warmed me as I stood there. What fun it would be to stroll along the shore of that beautiful blue sea in the poster background, hand in hand with that girl!"

The travel agent's polite voice awoke Mike from his daydreams. He stammered his request for air reservations to Paris and went there the following day.

The magic city of Paris has probably never palled on a young visiting male as quickly as it did on Mike Wahlder.

"I walked on the Champs Elysées and through the Bois de Boulogne but I couldn't feel any special magic," he says regretfully. "I went over to the Boulevard St. Germain and tried to pretend I was a Bohemian or a beatnik, but that was no good either. I sat at outdoor cafés and sipped coffee. I saw hundreds of beautiful, well-dressed girls but they didn't strike any spark."

Mike Wahlder's handsome, auburn-haired mother, Bernice Mansberg Wahlder, a third generation Louisianian, told us firmly, "Mike was never girl-crazy. The girls liked him, certainly. A number of mothers in town let me understand that they thought Mike was a nice catch. And why not? He is nice-looking, healthy, well-educated and well-mannered. A respectable and prosperous family stands behind him. A position was waiting for him in his father's law office. But Mike was never serious about any girl, although he dated a lot of them."

There were a number of Mike's college friends abroad that month.

"I had a lot of addresses," he said. "I could have looked up a couple of guys. But I didn't feel like it. I felt happy and miserable at the same time. Somebody or something seemed to be missing, but I couldn't figure out what was wrong."

Mike was far away, for the first time in his life, from his conventional home and his affectionate but firm-minded parents. He was at the peak of his young manhood, and had just completed a difficult course of college studies. Ahead loomed the responsibilities of maturity.

"I guess you might say I was ready to fall in love," Mike acknowledges. "But who with? I knew I wasn't going to be satisfied with somebody I could just pick up. I'm not that kind of person, and besides, I knew that sort of thing could lead to trouble. I had to consider my parents—they had been nice to give me this trip. The least I could do was behave decently.

"I knew that Alexandria, Louisiana, was full of nice, pretty girls. There *(Continued on page 80)*

"Oh, you know those Americans," her friends said. "They always talk marriage. He'll never come back." But Nurith knew that with Mike it would be different.

ROOTS OF LOVE

She had a loving husband, a good marriage. Yet she still could not forget the man she had met too late

by Eileen Jensen
Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

Jennifer stepped out onto the terrace of flagstone, letting the screen door slam behind her. It made a loud bang in the stillness of the summer afternoon, but it didn't matter because there was no one to hear. She leaned the broom against the house, brushed her forehead with the back of her hand and sank into a chair, wincing as the hot metal touched the bare skin below the hem of her skirt. From the terrace the lake below the house looked like a dark green mirror, and the graceful fronds of the weeping willow at the water's edge hung motionless in the afternoon heat. She counted four small turtles *(Continued on page 90)*

"Stop fencing with me; stop holding me off," he said.

The May-December Marriage of Charlie Chaplin

After stormy failures with many women, an aging genius has found happiness with a wife half his age. This is their remarkable story

by Thomas B. Morgan

On June 16, 1943, in Carpinteria, California, Justice of the Peace Linton P. Moore, 78, presided over what was then thought to be one of Hollywood's most farfetched marriages: the union of Charlie Chaplin, 54, and Oona O'Neill, 18. Here were elements of a Chaplin comedy, with undertones of a tragedy by the father of the bride, Eugene O'Neill. Charlie was acquiring a father-in-law only a year older than himself and Oona was becoming the stepmother of two boys aged 17 and 18. During the ceremony Charlie fumbled the ring like a man at his first, rather than his fourth, wedding, and Judge Moore was so nervous that he wrote "Chapman" on the marriage certificate instead of "Chaplin." Meanwhile, back in the movie capital, starlet Joan Barry, who had accused Chaplin of being the father of her unborn baby, collapsed. And in San Francisco, Oona's father, whose dramas had won three Pulitzer Prizes and the 1936 Nobel Prize for literature, was so incensed by the May-December marriage that in effect he disowned her. He wrote Oona a last angry letter and did not speak

Oona Chaplin, shown with two of her six children, fulfills prophecy of Chaplin's first wife. "If ever a woman holds Charlie, she will have to be as much a genius in her way as he is in his."

In movies and in life Chaplin grew older but the

1917: *Edna Purviance, his protégée, starred in "The Immigrants."*

1918: *His marriage to Mildred Harris, 16, lasted two years.*

1931: *Unknown Virginia Cherrill starred in "City Lights."*

1936: *Paulette Goddard won Chaplin in "Modern Times."*

1947: *He loved and killed ladies in "Monsieur Verdoux."*

1952: *He played aging clown with Claire Bloom in "Limelight."*

women remained young

1924: *Lita Grey, also 16, quit "The Gold Rush" to marry Chaplin.*

1944: *Joan Barry fought him in a sensational paternity suit.*

1958: *He and Dawn Addams mocked U.S. in "A King in New York."*

to her again in the remaining ten years of his life.

All in all, the marriage seemed a strange event and few people believed it would last. The newspapers were at pains to refer to Mrs. Chaplin as Charlie's "present" wife.

Today, in a $350,000 mansion in the Swiss village of Corsier, near Vevey, on Lake Geneva, Charlie at 70 and Oona at 34 live with their six children—four daughters and two sons. The 16-year marriage has turned out to be neither a comedy nor a tragedy but rather a romance, as Oona's mother, Agnes Boulton Kaufman, reports in the accompanying article. Perhaps the best evidence of this is the fact that the Chaplins are expecting their seventh child in November. They continue to live out as best they can Charlie's latter-day philosophy of life which was expressed in his last great film, *Limelight:*

"Life can be wonderful if you're not afraid of it," says Calvero, the aging clown. "All you need is courage, imagination—and a little dough."

Charlie had lived most of his life and had made 79 films before he wrote a line as mature as that. Oona has never written or expressed her philosophy, but she must have come to accept something close to it very early in life; it is not hard to believe, because she is one of those rare women who are born mature. Thus, this combination of a young old man and an old young woman has worked. What the Chaplins have is a marriage that was, in the best O'Neill tradition, predestined for compatibility.

Forty years ago Mildred Harris, the actress who at 16 was briefly married to 29-year-old Charlie, said:

"If ever a woman holds Charlie, she will have to be as much a genius in her way as he is in his. She will have to be a dozen women in one: she will have to demand nothing of him, expect nothing, give all, praise him, love him, and forget herself. He is a great man, a brilliant man, but not a man to marry." When Chaplin was five his father, a hard-drinking vaudeville baritone, died; a few years later his mother was taken to a mental institution. Until age nine he lived à la Dickens in London's Kennington slum, sleeping on park benches and feeding himself by dancing for coins in the marketplace. By age ten he was getting along as a child actor; by 21, a popular comedian in England and America; and by 25, a Hollywood phenomenon. He wrote, directed, staged, produced, scored, designed and played in a succession of films that made him world-famous—*The Tramp* (1915), *Shoulder Arms* (1918), *The Kid* (1921), *The Gold Rush* (1925), *City Lights* (1931), *Modern Times* (1936), and *The Great Dictator* (1940). The love theme repeated over and over in his films was the ancient story of *(Continued on page 54)*

For a firsthand account of the Chaplins' family life turn the page

The May-December Marriage of Charlie Chaplin

The last, grim years (1925-28) of Agnes Boulton's marriage to Eugene O'Neill were all Oona (right) knew of family life.

"My Daughter's Life With Charlie

I felt both excited and a little apprehensive as our plane glanced through the clouds over the Geneva airport. I had not seen my daughter Oona for more than five years. She and her husband, Charlie Chaplin, had six children now, two born since our last meeting. I wondered how much their new life in Switzerland had changed her.

It had been 17 years since Oona, then only 18, had told me she was going to marry Charlie, aged 54. But I could still remember the steadfast way she had looked at me when I questioned her about him.

"Mother," she had said firmly, "I will never love any other man." . . .

After my husband, Mac Kaufman, and I had been checked through customs, a pleasant young chauffeur appeared and told us that Mrs. Chaplin was waiting outside. I turned—and there was Oona, smiling and waving behind a glass partition. She looked as lovely as ever—the same childlike expression of innocence and love in her eyes, the same strange beauty—not only of features and skin, but of some indefinable spirit as well.

Oona greeted me with a long embrace.

"I just phoned Charlie that the plane was late—not to worry!" she said.

Geraldine and Michael, the two older children, would not be home from boarding school until the

Chaplin children (Jane, Tadpole, Vickie, Josie, Michael and Geraldine) enjoy the kind of home Charlie and Oona never knew.

Chaplin"

by Agnes Boulton
with Si Liberman

weekend, she told us, but Josie, Vickie and Tadpole had been talking about our arrival all day.

Charlie and the children were already at the door to meet us as we drove down the long, tree-lined entrance of their beautiful estate on Lake Geneva. Behind them stood Miss MacKensie ("Kay Kay"), the family's Scottish nurse, holding the baby, Jane-Cecile, in her arms.

Charlie gave me a great hug, shook hands with Mac and put his arm around Oona's shoulder. The two little girls stood watching us with eager shyness.

"What do you think of the old lady and her brood!" Charlie exclaimed, looking at Oona quizzically. He was a little heavier, but the most noticeable change in him was his relaxed, serene manner.

Suddenly five-year-old Eugene (named for Oona's father, Eugene O'Neill) stuck out his hand for Mac to shake.

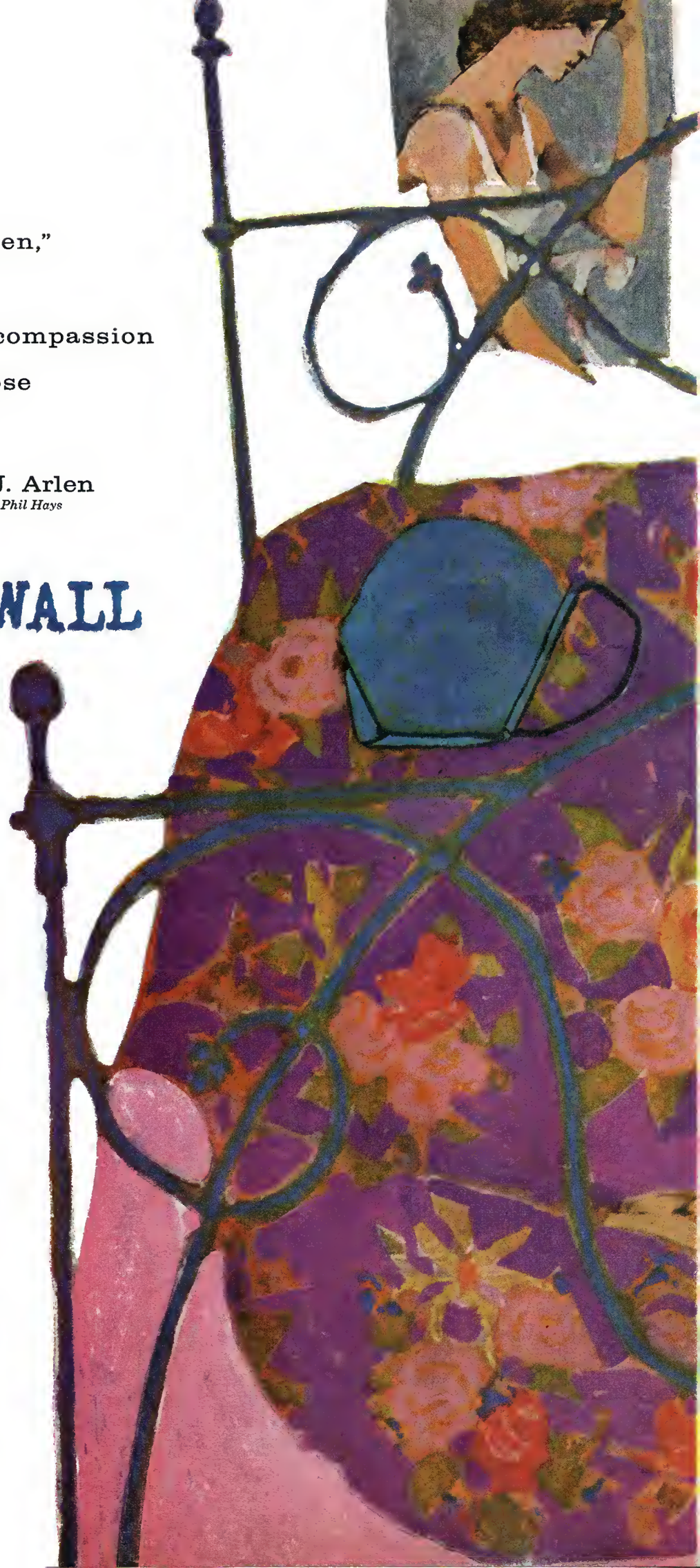
"I'm Tadpole," he declared. "Don't call me Eugene."

Charlie and Oona both came up with us to the guest suite—a bedroom and a sitting room furnished with beautiful antiques and connected by a large bath–dressing room. Oona had laid out everything we could possibly need—creams, cologne, toilet powder, face powder (in my favorite shade), shaving lotion, hair tonic. Two white terry-cloth robes hung on the bathroom *(Continued on page 55)*

"I don't want children,"
she said. "Ever."
And with sudden compassion
he caught a glimpse
of her secret world

by M. J. Arlen
Illustrated by Phil Hays

INVISIBLE WALL



Paul Morrow rode back home from the party with his wife Mary beside him in the taxicab. It was not really late —not, indeed, as late as he would have liked it to be—and the traffic along Park Avenue had not yet thinned out enough for the driver to take the lights in ten- or twelve-block rushes. Earlier in the week, when thinking about this evening. he had rather hoped that they both would want to stay out until at least three or four in the morning. They went to dress-up parties so rarely these days that it seemed a pity not to enjoy them to the limit. Paul, in fact, was almost embarrassed at how much he had thought about it beforehand. fussing like a teen-ager with his tuxedo, which had to be brought up from a trunk in the basement, cleaned and pressed and inspected for moth holes.

He badly wanted them to have a good time, but it simply had not worked out that way. There had been no scene or quarrel between them—nothing quite so explicit. But from the moment he walked into the apartment after work he had felt the coolness and edge of disagreement in the air, had sensed her remoteness; and despite *(Continued on page 77)*

The Man Who Wanted Too Much

What strange ambition drove 35-year-old George Humphrey to risk his peace of mind and his family's happiness in an experiment that could end only in disgrace?

by James Seaborn

Photograph by Ed Feingersh—Pix

At eight o'clock one autumn morning not so long ago, on the outskirts of a little Massachusetts village called Worthington, two state police cars drew up on the crest of a hill, engines idling. A squad of Secret Service men and state troopers seated in the cars fixed their eyes on a freshly painted old colonial mansion a hundred yards down the road. At 8:03 three children emerged from the house and boarded a school bus.

The police cars waited for the bus to pass them on its way to the village, then cruised down the hill and swung into the driveway of the old house. Swiftly Secret Service men deployed about the building. One of them knocked. A slim, dark-eyed young woman answered, a squirming baby boy in her arms.

"Sorry, ma'am," the Secret Service agent said, tipping his hat. "We've got a warrant to search this place." The young woman, whose name was Jean Humphrey, appeared bewildered. "Are you sure you've come to the right house?" she asked. "What would you want here?"

"There's no mistake, ma'am," the agent replied firmly.

He was right.

Late the night before, George Humphrey, Jean's husband, had been arrested in Boston and was now in jail awaiting a grand-jury indictment. The charge: counterfeiting United States currency.

In the 18th-century mansion the Secret Service men found what they were looking for. Down in the cellar, which George always kept locked, they discovered a great deal of expensive printing equipment, including an offset camera and a printing press. On upper shelves, tucked away in drawers, slipped between the pages of books, even stuffed in the pockets of an old pair of coveralls, were bogus $10 and $20 bills in such profusion that even the case-hardened Secret Service men were surprised.

In a shack on the 120-acre property they found torn and half-burned bills as well as a dozen or so aluminum plates from which the bills had been pressed.

Who are George and Jean Humphrey—hardened criminals? *(Continued on page 87)*

Jean Humphrey kisses her husband good-by before he leaves for prison. "I know his weaknesses now," she says, "but I love him more than ever."

The period of life when fatigue hits a woman hardest is during the early child-rearing years, when her job as wife and mother makes more demands on her time and energy than at any other period of marriage. She has far more to do than she can ever hope to finish and is usually juggling two or three household chores at once. No sooner does she start on one or another than she has to stop and pick up a crying baby, or run after a straying toddler, or pull rabbits out of a hat when a four-year-old demands, "What can I play now, Mom?"

This doesn't happen just now and then—but seven days a week, year after year, with no vacations. If a young mother's job could be transposed to industry or business, nobody would take it. No wonder, while their children are below school age, some mothers simply resign themselves to an almost continuous state of exhaustion.

Does it really have to be this way? Can't something be done to relieve the young mother's burdens and give her more time and zest for enjoying life?

Leading authorities in psychology, psychiatry and several other branches of medicine all agree that unfortunately there are no universal panaceas. An enormous variety of factors contribute to that tired feeling, and many of them cannot be changed. But a better understanding of the nature and origins of her fatigue may help the hard-working housewife to alter some patterns of her life and to live better with those that are more or less permanent.

Long before science confirmed it, most of us knew from personal observation that there are two distinct kinds of fatigue. One comes from physical stress. It is the healthy tiredness that follows a day of hard, satisfying work or play. It disappears after a good night's sleep.

The other kind of fatigue has little to do with the amount of work a person does or the number of hours he sleeps. Victims complain that they have no pep, no ambition, feel all dragged out, just can't seem to get started. They are often sulky, irritable or frantic. Everything is an effort. They are "sick and tired" of the demands made on them by their family and friends.

This persistent fatigue sometimes comes from physical causes. Most mothers, for example, tire easily for a period of two or three months after delivery while their bodies are returning to the normal menstrual cycle. Fluctuations in body chemistry during the menstrual cycle also predispose many women to tension and fatigue. And occasionally continual weariness is a symptom of high blood pressure, anemia, underactive thyroid glands or some other physical ailment.

But in the vast majority of cases the tired young mother has nothing organically the matter with her. The special exercises, diets, vitamin supplements, hormone injections and pep pills so often prescribed to improve her health are likely to be a waste of time and money.

As Dr. Leonard Lovshin, of the Cleveland Clinic, pointed out at a recent medical conference, the average mother of young children couldn't possibly work as hard as she does if she were actually physically sick. Tired or not, she is on her feet most of her waking hours and she is constantly reaching, pushing, lifting and bending. Time-motion studies show that she uses her muscles harder than most

WHY YOUNG MOTHERS ARE ALWAYS TIRED

Her job is one of the toughest in the world, but her daily exhaustion often has nothing to do with her actual work. Here is what all young couples should know about the hidden causes of a mother's fatigue

by John Kord Lagemann
Photograph by Suzanne Szasz

men performing semiskilled jobs in industry. It's no wonder that at the end of some days she feels as if she has run out of energy the way a car runs out of gas. "I'm drained," she sometimes says, or "I can't move a muscle." Certainly the feeling is real, but actually it doesn't accurately represent her condition.

"Unless she's sick or has a weak heart, she never even comes close to using up all her physical energy," says Dr. Robert S. Schwab, Harvard Medical School neurologist. His experiments at the Brain Wave Laboratory of Massachusetts General Hospital show how physical exertion brings on fatigue. As the muscles of the body burn up energy, they dump their waste products (carbon dioxide and lactic acid) into the blood stream. As the wastes accumulate, the brain responds by calling a halt. Physical fatigue is nothing more than the brain's reaction to these chemical signals.

"It's a safety device to keep the heart and breathing muscles from running out of fuel," says Dr. Schwab. "But usually the fatigue reaction sets in long before there's any danger of that." Dr. Schwab has tested athletes and found that even the runner who collapses at the end of a grueling race still has a large reserve of untapped energy. The point at which exertion trips the fatigue reaction depends on motivation or morale. If you're running to win a medal, you'll probably collapse sooner than if you're running to escape a hungry lion.

"A wife may feel so exhausted she can't move," says Dr. Schwab, "but the sound of her baby crying sends her sprinting up the stairs at top speed. She would also tap unsuspected energy reserves if her husband came home with *(Continued on page 100)*

THE WARNING

They would do anything to protect their child, even run away. But fear would go with them unless they fought it now

It was late in the afternoon when Ed Lowery got off the subway and began angling through the maze of streets west of Sixth Avenue toward his apartment. Lowery was an illustrator who was just beginning to make a name for himself. Today he had received his first really big commission and he was in a hurry to see the happiness in his wife's face when he told her about it. A tall young man, he moved with a quick, striding energy against a raw March wind. He was into the edges of the crowd before he realized that there was one. It was an expectant crowd, *(Continued on page 83)*

by John F. Wallace
Illustrated by Austin Briggs

"Lock yourselves in," he said.
"They may want to bargain, but if not . . ."

WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING IN OUR SCHOOLS

Should gifted pupils be separated from their classmates? Is a first grader old enough to learn a foreign language? Will classroom TV help or hurt your child? Here is how parents and teachers across the nation are answering today's most controversial school questions

by Robert Bendiner

Photograph by Wayne Miller-Magnum

Every thirty years or so the American school system goes through something of an upheaval. Ideas that have been tried out here and there in the intervening years begin to catch on; debate rages among educators and laymen alike; and when the chalk dust has settled, another generation of parents can tell itself that things are pretty different from when they went to school.

We are in just such a period of change and ferment now. In a score of cities the television instructor is already as familiar as the classroom teacher. Nine-year-olds are learning Russian in Salt Lake City; and in Los Angeles, six-year-olds are studying Spanish. The walls of the old one-teacher classroom have come tumbling down in Lexington, Massachusetts, where "teaching teams" flexibly handle a hundred or more pupils in joint operations. Elementary-school teachers are taking a fresh look at mathematics and science courses, at the question of homework and the length of the school year; and everywhere, experts are arguing about how best to develop the "gifted child."

The general impression seems to be that it took a couple of artificial Russian moons to jolt the educators out of their long lethargy, but the evidence is all to the contrary. Innovations in subject matter, in teaching techniques and in the organization of classes have been multiplying since the war. This is true not only in our high schools, where it has received widest attention, but in our elementary schools as well. Sputnik the First merely served to focus public attention on the subject and to make life more than normally trying for the school men. "Thank heaven," one principal is supposed to have said when a United States satellite finally went into orbit. "That takes the heat off my sixth grade."

Confronted by a bewildering variety of possible changes, parents can best judge their value by finding out what has happened in other *(Continued on page 98)*

At last. They were alone... with plumbers, carpenters, plasterers—and a bulldozer in the bedroom

by John D. MacDonald
Illustrated by Denny Hampson

It had been, they told each other on the airplane, such a wonderful wedding. They said it many times. Too many times. A very nice wedding indeed. Really beautiful. The reception too.

He was a young man named Tom, a young man with ordinary brown hair, with eyes pleasantly weather-wrinkled at the corners, with a kind of collapsible grace. There had been, of course, a bachelor brawl the night before. His head still throbbed faintly. But that was less important than the curious anxiety.

This was his honeymoon. He wanted desperately not to look like a groom. The prize he had won sat beside him. Sara, the prize. Special. People always looked twice, and the more discerning looked at her three times. Alive. A luminescence from within. A prize—and a terrifying responsibility.

Anxiety made him alternate between a kind of heated giddiness and a heartfelt wish that his seat would open up beneath him and drop him into the Carolinas.

Wasn't it a lovely wedding, darling?

It sure was.

He felt that in some strange way he had lost her by marrying her. They had seen each other across a room at a large party and he had phoned her the next day. On their fifth date he confessed that the moment he saw her his own date had become a drab article indeed. And she told him that the same thing had happened to her with her date. A month later they had decided they *(Continued on page 95)*

As they approached, wet and bedraggled, the manager said, "Welcome! You are our very first guests!"

Honeymoon in the Off Season

Listen on

Into the Land of

Follow the ghosts of heroes and villains this fall through towns rich in folklore. There's fun too—at modern resorts and historic country inns in the Hudson and Champlain Valleys

by Thomas B. Lesure
Photograph by Garry Winogrand

"Smell the leaf fire?" Nan asked one bright September day when we were in New York last year.

"No; where's it coming from?"

Nan sniffed the air again. "From beyond a covered bridge," she reported, "up around Mount Mansfield," which gave her a sniffing range of better than 300 miles. "Or maybe near Whiteface Mountain," she added, reducing the range by 50 miles.

"Ah," I said, and got out the road map.

That's how it happened that a week later our resort canoe drifted quietly to a stop off the red-and-gold autumn shore of Lake Champlain in a late-afternoon hush that seemed to bridge the centuries. Faint on the breeze, as we sat there,

a quiet September day beside the Hudson River. You just might hear again the thundering hoofs of the Headless Horseman.

Legend

came a distant calling of geese—marking perhaps the passage of the devil's legendary sky boat, the great *Chasse Gallerie,* bringing home the most daring lumberjacks from the dark Adirondack forests, blue-hazed now across the sparkling lake. And from somewhere behind us, toward the Green Mountains, the far-off drumming of a train recalled the bodyless horse of Sharon, all blazing hoofs and eyes and nostrils, beating along a darkening country road with its spectral rider.

This is the mood that colors a fall vacation anywhere along the ancient Indian waterway that follows the Hudson up to the "Great Carrying Place," bridged later by the Champlain Canal, and over to Lake George and Lake Champlain. It's a route, abounding in folk tales now, that brought the first white men inland just 350 years ago.

It was in September 1609 that the English captain Henry Hudson sailed his Dutch ship *Half Moon* up to Albany, searching for a route to China. Just two months earlier, Huron Indian guides paddled south to a bloody landing at Ticonderoga with the French explorer Samuel de Champlain, fearfully watching the lake shore for forest demons and its waters for the beaked monster fish, the *chaousarou.*

Their hard journeys—matched later by soldiers and settlers—today can be made into a short pleasure *(Continued on page 93)*

LEAVE IT TO A WOMAN

Around midnight on a very warm summer night Donald Ware, 24 and two years married, was awakened by Jeannie Ware's murmuring, "I wonder what Zip's wife is like."

Since Zip was the temporary nickname of their first child, due to be born any day now, Don wondered whether or not he'd heard correctly. He sat up and switched on the bed lamp. "His *wife?*" he said.

"Mm. . . ." Jeannie's brown eyes had a dreamy, faraway look, as though she could see something he couldn't.

Don asked anxiously, "Do you feel all right, honey?"

"Well, I'm a little hungry." She rolled herself into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. "I think I'd like some corn flakes before I go to the hospital."

"The hospital? You mean it's *time?* Right *now?*"

She nodded and then stiffened and sat very still for a moment.

Don leaped out of bed, saying, "Take it easy now, honey. Keep calm. Relax. Everything will be all right." He ripped off his pajamas and grabbed his clothes. Somehow he got his legs into the pants and his arms into the shirt instead of the other way around. "I'll call Dr. Brown and——"

"Not yet, Don. I want my corn flakes first. Will you fix them for me while I dress?"

"Jeannie, there isn't time!"

"Yes, there is."

I've got to humor her, he thought. It might be the last thing I ever— He cut off that thought and said, "Sure, honey. Anything."

A few minutes later she was sitting at the kitchen table, eating with slow, calm enjoyment while Don sat across from her, chewing up cigarettes. "Shouldn't I call the doctor now?" he asked.

"There's time." Her eyes still had that faraway look.

"How do you know?"

"After all those mother-to-be classes I went to?"

"Oh." *Crunch, crunch* went the cereal. His nerves couldn't stand it. "Say!" he burst out jovially, wanting to keep things cheerful and also to drown out the crunching. "You know what you said when you woke up? You must have been dreaming. You were wondering what Zip's wife is like."

"I wasn't dreaming. I'm still wondering."

It's gone to her head, he thought, and hoped Dr. Brown had studied psychiatry as well as obstetrics.

"Marriages are made in heaven, you know," she said. "So it's already written in the stars who Zip's wife will be."

This was no time to argue with her. Don said conversationally, "Is that right?"

"You don't believe me, do you?"

"Sure, honey."

"No, you don't."

"I do. I swear I do. Hadn't we better go now?"

"I'm not through eating yet." She consumed a few more spoonfuls of cereal in thoughtful silence and then asked, "When do you think it was decided you would marry me, Don?"

"Huh? Why, it was—let's see—I proposed to you in 1957. In July."

She shook her head.

"No?" He remembered it quite distinctly. It had been a Sunday evening and they'd had a picnic on the beach. But he wasn't going to make an issue of it—not now.

"It was before that," she said. "What about the night we met? What if something had told you to go somewhere else instead of to Alice's party that night? Our paths might never have crossed."

"You have a point there," he agreed. "And since I did go to Alice's party and our paths did cross, that must have been when it was decided. Now, let's——"

"No, it was before that too. How about when you happened to come here to Los Angeles to get a job instead of going to San Francisco or Chicago, or even New York? You wouldn't have met me in any of those places."

"You're absolutely right, Jeannie. That's when it happened, when I came to Los Angeles. Now—ready to go?"

"Pretty soon." Suddenly she gripped the table edge with both hands. He was on his feet instantly, but she motioned him back to his chair. He sank down, weak and sweating.

In a moment she was eating again, and saying, "Now, what if you hadn't studied electrical engineering in school? Maybe you'd have been a farmer like your dad. Then you wouldn't have left home at all, would you?"

"No, I guess not." He lighted another cigarette. It took three matches. "So that means it happened when I took up electrical engineering, right?"

"Not exactly. What about the girl friends you had before me? Did you ever think of marrying any of them?"

Illustrated by Maribeth Olson

"Shouldn't I call the

"Oh, now, Jeannie, this is no time to be——"

"Did you?"

She seemed to *want* him to have thought of marrying someone else. "Uh . . . there was one . . ."

"Only one?"

"Well, two . . ."

"But something kept you from marrying them, didn't it?"

"Okay. That's when it was decided. when I *didn't* marry them. Now, let's——"

"No, wait a minute. What if you'd been born into a family in Russia or——"

"Jeannie, for Pete's sake!"

"Or Peru or China?"

"All right, all right! I wasn't born in Russia or Peru or China. I landed in the good old U.S.A., so that's when it happened. Now, please. let's—"

She shook her head. Her eyes were shining with a luminous glow, as though she still saw something he couldn't see. Shoving the cereal bowl aside, she reached across the table with both hands. She held his clammy hands in hers and said. "What if—think, now—what if you hadn't been a *boy?*"

He looked at her—her tumbled fair hair, those shining eyes, the dear, familiar face—and for a fleeting moment he had a glimpse of what it was she saw. What if he *hadn't* been a boy and born in the U.S.A.? What if he hadn't left the farm—and studied electrical engineering—and skipped those other girls—and come to Los Angeles—and gone to Alice's party? It scared him even to think of all those ifs. He could so easily never have found her.

But written in the stars? Wasn't she stretching things a little too——

"Don, you can call Dr. Brown now."

He jumped up and ran to the phone, berating himself for not insisting on calling Brown before. Sitting here all this time, letting poor Jeannie ramble on like that . . .

As they walked out of the house, she paused a moment and drew in a deep breath of the soft summer air. "I hope Zip comes before morning," she said. "It's such a beautiful night to be born."

"Yeah," he agreed. He put his arm around her and glanced up at the sky. The stars had never seemed so close, so mysterious. Gazing up at them, he heard himself say, "You know, I wonder—" he was just curious, of course, and any father has a right to be curious about his son's future—"I wonder what Zip's wife *will* be like?" . . . THE END

A Short Short Story Complete On These Two Pages By Harriet Shiek

doctor now?" he asked. "There's time," she said. "I want my corn flakes first."

May-December Marriage

(Continued from page 35)

a sleeping beauty revived by a tender, and in Chaplin's case pathetic, Prince Charming. In *City Lights*, for example, the little tramp goes to jail so that the blind girl may have money for an eye operation. When he is released, he visits her and finds her sight restored. There is a surpassing moment of recognition between them before he leaves her. She is awake now, and he is headed for the horizon, an absurd, jaunty man. In essence this was always the love theme of Charlie's real life too. Therefore he was rich and celebrated and unhappy.

He never seemed able to get the girl —for long. It was part of his complicated nature that he was not only hard to live with but also prone to making incredible mistakes in his choice of women.

In 1918 he married Mildred Harris. (The same year, the budding playwright Eugene O'Neill married Agnes Boulton, the daughter of a New Jersey landscape painter.) Mildred Harris bitterly complained about living with this stormy genius: she hated Charlie's moods and the long periods he spent alone, brooding. The marriage lasted two years.

Charlie married another 16-year-old four years later. Her real name was Lolita McMurry. She had appeared in *The Kid* and was known as Lita Grey. They were married secretly on November 24, 1924, and on June 28, 1925, their first son was born. (A month earlier, in Bermuda, Agnes and Eugene O'Neill had had their second child, a girl to whom they gave an old Celtic name, Oona. By this time O'Neill had come into his own. He was to the American theater what Chaplin was to the movies.) In one of the most sensational divorce cases of the twenties, in which Lita Grey charged Chaplin with "associating with" five prominent motion-picture actresses, Chaplin's second marriage came to an end. Lita took custody of their two sons. (About this time, late 1927, O'Neill left wife, son and daughter to marry Carlotta Monterey, the leading lady of his hit play *The Hairy Ape.)*

Chaplin married again in the thirties, and for eight years it seemed that his third wife, who was *his* leading lady, Paulette Goddard, was the perfect match for him. Although he was twice her age, she was sophisticated and ebullient. She was grown up and helped Charlie grow up. But in 1942 Paulette divorced him.

Chaplin was 53 then, alone with his $25,000,000, and bitter about criticisms of his political and private life.

At a party in Hollywood late that year, he met Oona O'Neill. She was five feet four inches tall, weighed 124, and was a fine figure of a girl. She had dark eyes, dark hair and an odd, elfin, Irish beauty. Chaplin said later that their initial attraction had developed out of a mutual interest in literature. He courted her for eight months. He was no prize package at the time; he was then attempting, bluntly, to break off a relationship with another aspiring actress named Joan Barry. The prospect of losing Charlie so upset Miss Barry that one night she threatened him with a gun, and on another occasion was caught crawling through a rear window of his mansion in Beverly Hills. In June, 1943, Miss Barry filed a paternity suit against Chaplin, accusing him of fathering the child she expected in October. Charlie and Oona were married that same month, and soon afterward a federal grand jury indicted him for violating the Mann Act re Joan Barry. The charge was later dismissed. Then Miss Barry had her baby. Blood tests proved the girl-child was not Chaplin's, but an all-woman jury decided against him anyway and he still pays $100 a week for support of the child.

Throughout this mess Oona O'Neill Chaplin remained serene. She had shown where she stood: she had insisted upon marrying Charlie before, rather than after, the conclusion of the paternity case. Oona told Louella Parsons: "I insisted that we marry immediately. When a man is in trouble, the woman he loves and who loves him should be by his side." After that the new Mrs. Chaplin, aged 18, remained silent, maintaining her dignity during an affair which was so wretched it might well have disillusioned a less loving wife. After all, Chaplin had used the same general technique in courting Oona that he had used in wooing Joan, and at times simultaneously. That is, both were his protégées and both, for example, were sent to Max Reinhardt, the director, for acting lessons. Charlie was the same old clown prince, still looking for the sleeping beauty whom he could awaken with a kiss and live with happily ever after.

The difference was Oona. The daughter of one of the least humorous writers in the English language proved in that first test to be the ideal mate for the funniest man of the twentieth century. As the child of a genius she may have known instinctively how to be the wife of one. Her mother recalls that she was "serene, even at age three." But whatever Oona's natural gifts, she also knew much of the same dark side of life that Charlie knew. She knew as well as he about hard-drinking parents, broken homes, loneliness, mental illness, death and self-reliance. Her father once wrote to her: "You may have to face life with no one to count on but yourself." She was born with, and experience further developed in her, an individuality fully equal to Charlie's.

Like Charlie, Oona was a very young child when she "lost" her father. After O'Neill left his family, Oona and her brother Shane (who is five years her senior) were taken by their mother to live in a modest, cedar-shingled house in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, 69 miles south of New York. The terms of the divorce settlement were as modest as the house. Like Chaplin, O'Neill was a close man with a dollar. From 1931 to 1943 Oona saw her father only a few times, but a childhood friend recalls that she loved him very much. Oona once told an interviewer he was the only man with a mustache she liked. Croswell Bowen, who wrote *The Curse of the Misbegotten*, a recent biography of O'Neill on which Shane O'Neill collaborated, reports on several visits:

Oona called on her father once in New York. She was still a youngster, became carsick and spoiled the reunion. She made two visits to O'Neill's mountain retreat 35 miles from San Francisco. On the first, in 1939, she developed a mysterious itch and was sent home on the first plane east. On the second, in 1941, things were better; she was 16 and O'Neill showed her the manuscript of *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

Besides the visits, Oona corresponded with her father from the time she was old enough to write, and such as it was, their relationship was warm. In the usual sense, however, she did not have a father. Her mother and others have suggested that her love for a man as old as Charlie Chaplin "developed because she missed growing up with a father." Perhaps this has some truth in it; but it is by no means the whole story. For one thing, there was very little about Charlie Chaplin that could have been called fatherly in 1942. Rather, he was younger than most young men; indeed, a great part of his humor is rooted in the *child's* reaction to hulking authority. But aside from this, Chaplin was a man who said *yes* to life and much of Oona's existence had been circumscribed by *no*. Chaplin was a genius and a creator, and it was this affirmation, some of her friends suggest, that she needed and wanted.

In the thirties, as Oona quietly grew up in a turbulent household, there was enough money for everything but no luxury. She attended a convent elementary school in Key West for two winters and finished the grades in public school in Point Pleasant. She was a serious girl and seemed sad and lonely to her friends. Often she took a typewriter into the playhouse in the back yard and wrote mystery stories. She loved jazz and movies. She kept a scrapbook of clippings from movie magazines and wrote the names of her favorite actors and actresses on the cover. With her mother she had seen Charlie Chaplin in *Modern Times*, but his name was not on the scrapbook cover. A neighbor with whom Oona once stayed recalls only that "she liked being in a house with a whole family in it."

In the summertime the young people of Point Pleasant spent almost every day on the beach near Jenkinson's Pavilion. One of the beach boys, David Zingg, now a writer-photographer, recalls the Oona O'Neill of 1939: "She was totally voluptuous at age 14. Curiously, she did not have many boys around her because she was quite withdrawn. She just was not a teen-ager; she was a woman. Whatever was really going on in her mind, she gave the appearance of complete aloofness." But her friends thought she was, on the whole, just like anybody else and regular. The boys felt she wore too much make-up and talked rather single-mindedly about movies, but she was not a snob. "She was fine when we knew her," a girl friend has said, "but she was not exactly full of excitement at being alive."

Oona began to blossom when she left Point Pleasant. After two years at a girls' boarding school in Virginia, she entered Brearley School, a fashionable

girls' institution overlooking the East River in Manhattan, for her last two years of high school. Oona's mother took an apartment in a midtown hotel during those years to supervise her daughter's explosive entry into the social scene. At Brearley Oona's best friends were Carol Marcus, who later became the wife of William Saroyan, and Gloria Vanderbilt. The girls took the standard college preparatory course during the day and made a habit of the Stork Club at night. Even though she was only 15 Oona was welcome there because she was both a delight to the eye and O'Neill's daughter. The Stork press agent made the most of it.

She was popular with older young men and dated, among others, an aspiring writer named J. D. Salinger. In 1942 she was pronounced No. 1 Debutante of the season. Her publicity was so well managed that she began to receive job offers from movie studios, commercial propositions from department stores and letters from lonesome servicemen.

In California, her father was mortified by Oona's publicity. His letters to her came infrequently. The long silences were ominous.

When at last she was graduated from Brearley, a profile view of Oona appeared in the yearbook with this comment:

If to her share some female faults should fall
Look to her face and you'll forget them all.

Oona, however, didn't count on her beauty. As Croswell Bowen has said: "(She) knew pretty much what she was doing and where she was going." Against her mother's wishes she was not going to Vassar. Against her father's wishes she was going on the stage and, hopefully, into the movies. Sophisticated as ever, she hired an agent to get her a part in summer stock. This was not difficult, given her looks and her name. She landed a small part in a presentation of *Pal Joey*, starring Vivienne Segal, in Maplewood, New Jersey. Miss Segal recalls that Oona went around barefooted and was so excited that she forgot to bring the proper costume (an evening dress) for her entrance in the first act. She was to play the part of a society girl. Miss Segal lent her a dress, helped her with her make-up and coached her on her lines—all four of them. The play closed in a week, so Oona and her mother packed and went to Hollywood. A reporter asked her what the family thought of her career ambitions. "If it's what I want," said Oona, "it's all right."

Late that summer Oona had a small part in a Saroyan play in San Francisco. She drove out one day to visit her father, who had not been answering her letters. He refused to see her.

In Hollywood the studios fell over themselves with offers of contracts. She rejected a role in a South Sea island Technicolor extravaganza. Then her father let it be known among influential people that he did not want his daughter appearing in *any* movies. Oona obeyed, not out of fear but because she was still a minor and could not appear against his wishes. That fall she met Chaplin and the romance began. In May, after her 18th birthday, she signed to play in something called *The Girl From Leningrad*. O'Neill himself, in a last-ditch effort to block the marriage, arranged an offer for Oona to play on Broadway, 3,000 miles away from Charlie, but Oona wasn't interested. After the wedding she announced that she was giving up her career.

The giddy spinning stopped abruptly. At once Oona took over the management of Chaplin's domestic life, his Beverly Hills home and its seven servants. She became, as Gloria Vanderbilt has said, "the perfect Arab wife"—one who was happiest running a house, raising a new baby and living with a masterful husband. Over the next nine years Oona gave birth to four children. Even the most hardened Hollywood skeptic had to admit the "strange" marriage was working fine. In that time Charlie produced *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *Limelight* (1952). The latter ranked with the best he had ever done. It told the story of a dying clown who restores the faith in life of a beautiful young ballerina. Not only did it show a more mature Chaplin, but also suggested a Chaplin at peace with himself.

In September of 1952 the Chaplin family and retainers went abroad, ostensibly for a six-week tour of Europe. A day or so before the sailing, Attorney General James McGranery announced that Charlie would have to answer satisfactorily "public charges" of moral turpitude and Communist associations before his permit to re-enter the United States would be honored. Although he had lived and prospered here for 42 years, Chaplin had retained his British citizenship. The Treasury Department wanted Charlie, too, for $1,000,000 in back taxes and interest. In spite of the obvious trouble that lay ahead, the Chaplins continued their trip as planned. Charlie stoutly maintained that he was coming back. But in November Oona made a flying trip to Hollywood, picked up what was reported to be a bundle of cash and securities worth over $4,000,000, and rejoined Charlie in Europe. Then Charlie surrendered his reentry permit and declared he would never return to America. Producer Sam Goldwyn grieved over the loss of Chaplin to the country. He maintained that Charlie was not and never had been a Communist, but was a misguided liberal who never read newspapers or listened to a radio. He was "a world by himself."

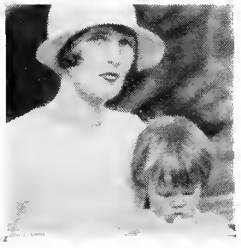
Chaplin, however, seemed gone for good. Oona renounced her United States citizenship in 1954, first by the simple act of applying for a British passport and then by a tastelessly ballyhooed but simple public statement. Charlie accepted a $14,000 prize from the World Peace Council, which often rewards friends of Communism in the Western world, and extended his hospitality at Vevey to the Chinese Communist leader, Chou En-Lai. Last year he sprinkled salt on such wounds with a spiteful anti-American film called *A King in New York*, which is said to lack even the saving grace of a belly laugh. The only gesture he has made in *our* direction has been the payment of $425,000 in settlement of his income-tax trouble. One Treasury official said the Government was glad to get the money, since Charlie had no assets left in the United States and the claim could not to be enforced against him in Europe. Some observers speculated that Charlie may have paid up in anticipation of a homecoming for Oona and the children.

None of his political problems seems to have disturbed the continuing romance of Oona and Charlie. It would be out of character for Oona if she let it; she is not political, she is Mrs. Chaplin.

And Charlie, though his public life remains tempestuous and just a little pathetic, is still her devoted prince. We may regret his political pretensions and his role as a self-styled "peacemonger," but as the husband of Oona, the man who always wanted to play Prince Charming has thus far lived happily ever after.

. . . THE END

Daughter's Life With Chaplin



(Continued from page 37)

door. In the bedroom there were books and writing pads and tall, spiked bouquets of flowers which Oona had arranged herself with dramatic ingenuity.

Before she and Charlie left we all had a cup of tea in our sitting room, and Charlie proudly took my husband over to the east windows to show him the view of the Alps, purple and violet in the fading light.

When Mac and I went back to the bedroom to dress for dinner, we found the curtains drawn, the lights turned on, our bags unpacked and our things put neatly away.

Oona had promised that the children would be with us for dinner, and while we were having cocktails downstairs, the three of them appeared at the door in bathrobes and slippers, the little girls with their tightly braided hair in rubber bands. As usual, Charlie's face brightened visibly at the sight of them. They were followed by Kay Kay, who had put the baby to bed. After talking a few minutes with Oona and me, she went back to the children's apartment on the third floor to have dinner with Miss Pyndyck (Pinnie), their English governess.

Josie and Vickie were immediately at their father's side. Josie, a serene little beauty with dark, loving eyes and a pointed face, stood next to Charlie's chair, her arm around his neck, but Vickie clambered onto his lap, intent on getting his attention. Vickie, round-faced and blonde, has slightly protruding blue eyes, and a vital, comic quality that is almost unbelievable in a child her age. In her own roundabout way she always seems able to capture attention—either by becoming suddenly very still or by expressing a kind of comic understanding in her face that is irresistible. Her big-

gest ambition at the moment is to outdo Josie, who is two years older than she.

This was the first of many evenings with the children, and each evening was different. Sometimes Kay Kay brought the baby down for a while before dinner. Then there were hilarious games of pat-a-cake, when Charlie took on the baby and the three other children one at a time. As Oona busied herself with a piece of needlepoint, he might be on the floor playing with Tadpole or Jane-Cecile, or he would have the children holding their sides with laughter as he mimicked a matador or imitated a Japanese host handing out nonexistent cups of tea to his guests.

Sometimes he asked Josie to play for us, and she would sit serenely at the grand piano, astonishing us with her skill.

One night both little girls came down in ballet costumes, and Charlie played the piano while they did a pantomime dance—followed by a jealous squabble about who should be first to do a solo. Vickie, of course, won.

Another night, to the children's excitement, Oona set up a motion-picture screen and showed films of the family. The children squealed as they saw themselves learning to swim; everybody laughed at a shot of Josie taking a spill on her skis; and Tadpole blushed furiously at a picture of himself in the nude at the age of two. But the reels they waited for most eagerly were those taken in California. Josie, Vickie, and particularly Tadpole, who was born in Switzerland, were filled with many questions about the United States.

It was obvious, too, that Oona missed America. She asked continually about her old friends in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, her brother Shane, his wife and their four children.

She doubted that she could ever return to the United States to live, she told us. "I wouldn't want to bring the children up where they might read of their father in terms of hate and prejudice."

On weekends Geraldine and Michael, aged 15 and 13, came home from school. Sometimes Geraldine played the piano for her father in the evening, and once Michael brought down a book about falcons and explained how the birds were unhooded when they attacked their prey. Like the rest of the family, the two older children are unusually responsive and appreciative. They were delighted with the small gifts that Mac and I had brought them. Geraldine even wrote me after we returned to the States to thank me once more for a small ceramic dog.

"You know, he really brings me luck," she wrote. "I had my hand on him, and I wished very hard to go to London. What do you know, but the next week I got a phone call that I am going to London! Isn't that fantastic?"

The morning after we arrived, Mac and I awoke about ten. A gentle fire was burning in the grate in our sitting room, and shortly after we phoned the kitchen. Joseph, the butler, appeared with a delicious breakfast tray. Outside in the bright sunlight I saw Tadpole walking on the lawn, looking up expectantly at our windows. Nearby, a gardener sang an aria in Italian as he worked in the shade of a large tree. Otherwise, the place seemed surprisingly silent.

The reason for this silence, I soon learned, was that the Chaplin household is all quietly about its business by such a late hour in the day. At 7:30 each morning Josie and Vickie are taken to a private school near Vevey. They usually leave without seeing their parents, who breakfast together at about nine in Charlie's downstairs study. Unless there is an emergency, no one is allowed to disturb Oona and Charlie at breakfast. This is the time when they plan the day's activities, go over the mail together and discuss Charlie's work or business problems.

"I talk over everything with Oona—business or otherwise," Charlie told me. "We have no secrets."

After breakfast Oona supervises the domestic affairs of her large house with its staff of 13 servants and Charlie works in his study. He is engaged at the moment in writing his memoirs and preparing narration and background music for some of his silent films.

We joined Charlie and Oona for lunch each day in the dining room at one o'clock. After lunch Charlie returned to his work and Oona went upstairs to her private study, where she has her library, desk, typewriter and a hi-fi set. There for about two hours every afternoon she reads and listens to music or just rests. And once a month she pays all the bills, which she keeps in a filing cabinet in the bedroom.

One day I happened to ask Tadpole if he knew where his mother was. "She's doing *bills!*" he whispered with awe. "*Nobody* can see her now."

Tadpole's schedule of play, naps and instruction is supervised by Kay Kay or Miss Pyndyck, and Janie follows her own schedule, normally with Kay Kay.

Dinner, when it is with the children, is at six, and usually consists of soup, salad, steak, roast or chops, and two vegetables fresh from the garden, followed by dessert, cheese and fruit.

On Thursdays, when most of the household staff is off, Oona gets dinner. She is an extraordinary cook, and she loves nothing better than experimenting with new dishes or cooking something that Charlie particularly enjoys. On the second Thursday of our visit, however, we dined out—unexpectedly!

Oona was taking great pains with dinner. She had even started preparing it the night before, and a delectable odor had been coming out of the kitchen all afternoon. Then suddenly Charlie walked in and announced that we were all going to a restaurant in Vevey. "Come up and get your coat on, Aggie!" he said to me. "We'll have blue trout. It's delicious."

He sounded enthusiastic, but his manner changed when he explained to us afterward what had happened. "A horrible thing! After twenty-four hours' fixing a special dish that I like, something went wrong with the stove. Poor little baby—I found her upstairs in tears!"

Like all married people, Oona and Charlie have their small crises. Sometimes when they disagree, Charlie told me, Oona will be a little cool toward him for a day or so. "But she never argues," he said: "she just becomes more silent. She has great inner repose and self-sufficiency. Whereas *I* blow up—but not as badly as I once did."

If things can't be changed, Oona accepts or ignores them. If they can be changed, she quietly goes about it. When she lived at home she used to drop things around—clothes, gloves, magazines—to be picked up by the maid. But after her marriage she began to keep things in perfect order. "I've discovered that being untidy uses a lot of energy," she told me when I remarked on the change. "You're always looking for things. Also, Charlie hates untidiness, though he never mentioned it. So I just decided to be tidy."

Both she and Charlie think constantly about each other's unspoken as well as spoken needs. Each hates to be separated from the other, and Charlie sometimes refuses to take a trip unless Oona can accompany him.

Toward the end of our visit Charlie was unexpectedly called to London. Oona looked upset when she told me the news. There had been a rush of influenza through town and she was tired and slightly flushed. "It's very important," she said. "Charlie *has* to be there."

Next morning she did not appear. When I went to her room I found her bundled up in her big bed with a tray of tea and toast beside her.

"I ache all over. I wish you'd rub my back," she said. She looked really sick. I took her temperature; it was slightly over 100.

Charlie was pacing the floor downstairs. He had been with her all morning.

"Damn it," he exclaimed, "she should get the doctor! But she tries to tell me she isn't sick—only tired." It was obvious he was not going to make the London trip, no matter how urgent, unless Oona was well. "Nothing counts with me," he declared, "only Oona."

I didn't tell him about her temperature; she had made me promise not to. The next day I gave Oona an alcohol rub and saw that she had plenty of tea and fruit juice. Members of the house staff kept coming up and asking in French if there was anything they could do.

"*Non, merci,*" she said gently to each.

She smiled weakly as I said good night.

The next morning when I went down to the living room, there on the sofa were Charlie, Mac—and Oona!

"Aggie, I didn't want to wake you," Oona said to me. "We're leaving in about an hour." She looked pale but she smiled, and I saw that she was dressed for the trip.

"Go put some lipstick on, Aggie," she said teasingly, "and come right down quick. Have some coffee with me. I want to be with you before we leave."

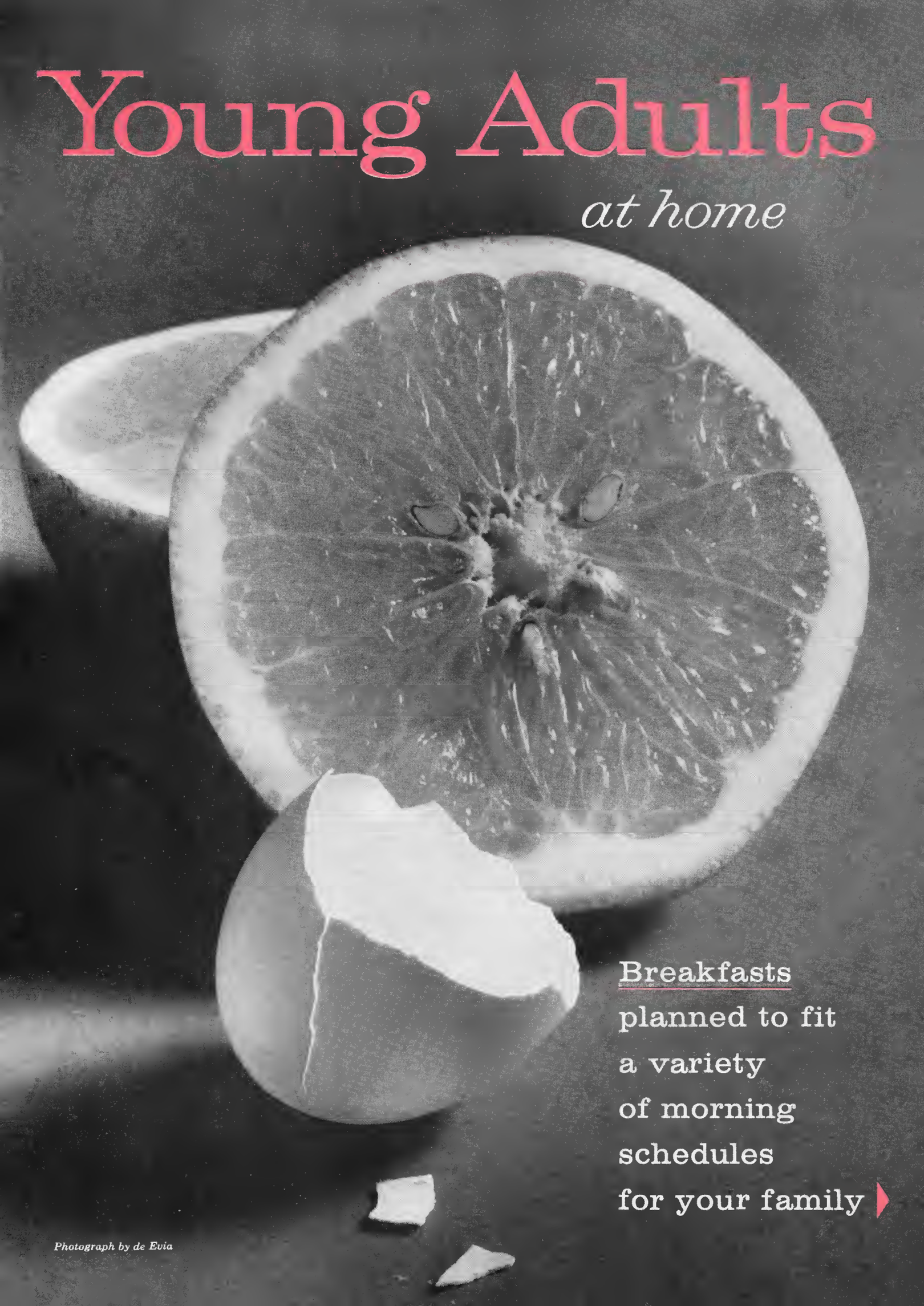
It was impossible for me to be cross with her, and it was pointless to say, "I thought you were sick."

Oona, I realized suddenly, was wiser than I. Charlie needed her—and without guile or self-pity she had accomplished a small miracle so that they could make the trip together.

As the two of them walked to the car, Charlie turned and smiled at me. "Don't worry, Aggie," he said; "I'll take care of my old lady." . . . THE END

Agnes Boultan is the author of "Part of a Long Story," a book about her former husband, Eugene O'Neill, published recently by Doubleday & Co.

Young Adults *at home*



Breakfasts planned to fit a variety of morning schedules for your family

Photograph by de Evia

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When Your Family Eats A Leisurely Breakfast

Take advantage of every opportunity to get the whole family together for breakfast. Set the scene with your prettiest cloth and china. The aroma of steaming coffee and baking hot bread will bring them all to the table with smiles and hearty appetites

Turn the page for menus and recipes

Photographs by de Evia
Illustrated by Maribeth Olson
Silver: "Young Love" Heirloom sterling by Oneida Ltd.

When Your Family Eats a Leisurely Breakfast

SAUSAGE RING WITH SCRAMBLED EGGS

3 tablespoons cereal flakes
1 pound sausage meat
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon grated onion
¾ cup fine dry bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
8 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons light cream
2 tablespoons butter *or* margarine

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*.

Lightly butter a 7-inch ring mold. Press cereal flakes into bottom of mold. Combine sausage, egg, onion, bread crumbs and parsley; mix thoroughly and press into ring mold. Bake 30 minutes. Drain off excess fat after ring has baked 15 minutes. Meanwhile combine eggs, salt, pepper and cream; beat with rotary beater. Melt butter in a large skillet over moderate heat. When butter is bubbly pour in egg mixture. As eggs begin to set around the edge of the skillet, stir with a fork. Continue to cook and stir until eggs are creamy. Turn sausage ring out onto a heated platter and arrange scrambled eggs in center. Garnish with additional chopped parsley, if desired. Serves 6.

Good served with: fresh pear slices in orange juice, Cheese Corn Sticks *(recipe below)*, cherry preserves, coffee and milk.

CHEESE CORN STICKS

1 12-ounce package corn muffin mix
½ cup grated cheddar cheese
⅔ cup milk
1 egg

Heat oven to 400° F. *(moderately hot)*.

Toss muffin mix and grated cheese to blend. Add milk and egg; stir until mix is well moistened. Batter will be lumpy. Pour into greased corn stick pans. Bake 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter. Makes about 12 sticks.

CRISPY FRIED MUSH

½ cup farina
3 cups boiling water
¾ teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
¼ cup milk
⅓ cup fine dry bread crumbs
Bacon drippings

Cook cereal in boiling water and salt as directed on package. Pour into a small loaf pan and chill overnight. Cut into ½-inch slices. Combine egg and milk. Dip slices in egg mixture and then in bread crumbs. Brown cereal slices on both sides in bacon drippings. Serves 4 to 6.

Good served with: bananas and cream, bacon curls, maple syrup, Broiled Pears, Nut-Topped Muffins *(recipes below)*, coffee, milk or cocoa.

BROILED PEARS

4 firm fresh pears
Melted butter *or* margarine
Sugar
Ground cinnamon

Wash pears and cut in halves lengthwise; cut out cores. Place on a broiler rack, cut side up. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with a little sugar and cinnamon. Place in a preheated broiler about 3 inches from the source of heat. Broil until pears are tender, about 10 minutes. Serves 4.

NUT-TOPPED MUFFINS

¼ cup soft butter *or* margarine
¼ cup brown sugar
½ cup chopped walnuts
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
4 English muffins, split

Combine butter, sugar, nuts and cinnamon. Place split muffins on a baking sheet and spread tops with butter mixture. Place in broiler about 3 inches from heat and broil 3 to 5 minutes until topping is lightly browned. Serves 4.

EGGS CODDLED IN SOUR CREAM AND DILL

1 tablespoon melted butter *or* margarine
2 eggs
3 tablespoons commercial sour cream
½ teaspoon chopped fresh dill
Salt and pepper to taste

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*.

Place melted butter in an individual baking dish. Carefully break in eggs. Mix together the sour cream and dill, pour over eggs. Season with salt and pepper. Place dish in oven and bake about 12 or 15 minutes or until eggs are set. Serve immediately. Makes one serving.

Good served with: chilled apple sauce with cream, hot oatmeal, Apple Butter Toast, Streusel Pinwheels *(recipes below)*, coffee and milk.

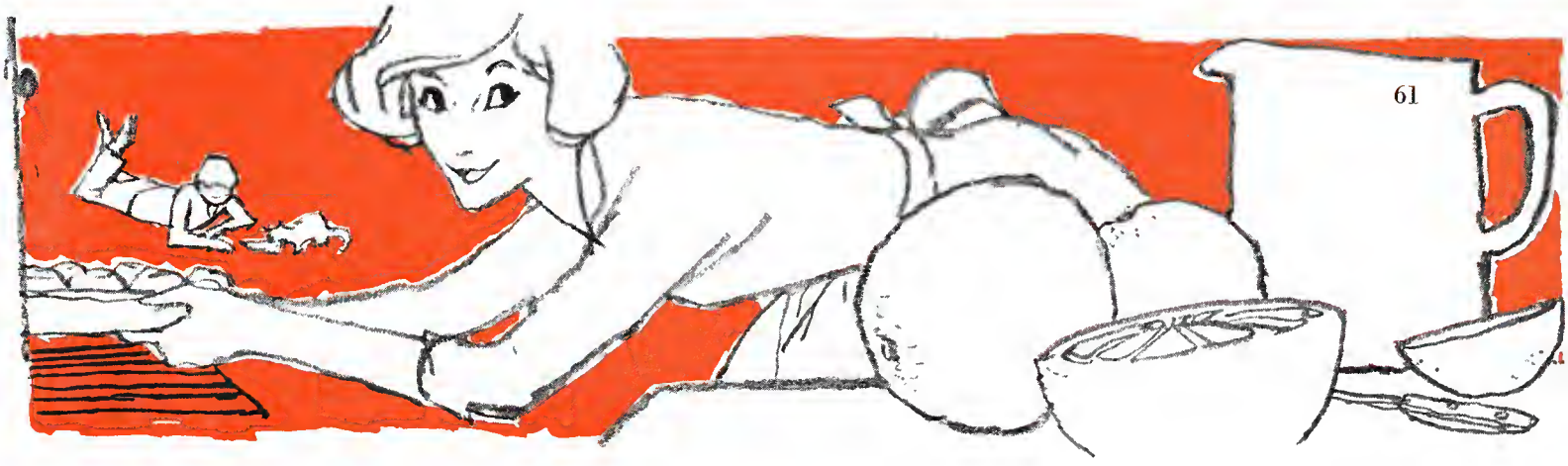
Apple Butter Toast: Spread *buttered toast slices* with *apple butter*. Sprinkle with a few *slivered blanched almonds*. Place in a preheated broiler and broil about 2 minutes until almonds are toasted.

STREUSEL PINWHEELS

2 cups biscuit mix
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons melted butter *or* margarine

Heat oven to 425° F. *(hot)*.

Prepare biscuit mix as directed on package. Turn out on lightly floured board. Pat out dough to 1-inch thickness. Fold in half and press together. Repeat, folding 4 or 5 times. Then pat or roll dough into a rectangle about 7 by 16 inches. Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon, nuts and melted butter. Spread evenly over dough. Roll up tightly, beginning with a wide side. Cut into 1-inch slices. Lay slices on a greased baking sheet. Bake about 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from baking sheet at once. Serve warm. Makes about 16 pinwheels.



EGGS BAKED IN CREAM

(photograph on page 59)

4 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
6 medium-sized mushrooms, sliced
6 eggs
½ cup light cream
Salt and pepper
6 slices bread
1 2¼-ounce can deviled ham

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate).*

Melt butter in a small skillet over low heat. When butter is bubbly add mushrooms; cook 5 minutes, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Remove from heat. Lightly butter a shallow casserole or baking dish and carefully break eggs into it. Pour cream around eggs and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange mushroom slices over eggs. Bake about 12 minutes or until eggs are set. While eggs are baking, toast bread and spread with deviled ham. Cut toast into rectangles. To serve eggs: Arrange toast on serving plates and spoon eggs onto toast. Serves 4 to 6.

Good served with: fresh or frozen orange juice, Apricot Twists *(recipe below)* and butter, coffee and milk.

APRICOT TWISTS

(photograph on page 59)

2 cups biscuit mix
2 tablespoons melted butter *or* margarine
¼ cup apricot jam
¼ cup flour
¼ cup brown sugar, packed
1 tablespoon light cream

Heat oven to 425° F. *(hot).*

Prepare biscuit mix as directed on the package. Turn out on a lightly floured board. Pat or roll the dough into a rectangle 12 by 8 by ½ inches. Combine the remaining recipe ingredients and mix them thoroughly. Spread lengthwise over half the rectangle of dough. Fold other half over the filling. Cut crosswise into 1-inch strips. Carefully pick up strips by ends, give each 2 twists and place on a well-greased cookie sheet about 1 inch apart. Bake about 15 minutes until brown. Remove from pan immediately and serve warm. Makes one dozen twists.

CORN FRITTERS

1 12-ounce can whole kernel corn
4 eggs
1 tablespoon grated onion
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon heavy cream
2 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
Crisp Canadian bacon

Drain corn. Beat eggs thoroughly in a bowl. Add drained corn, onion, salt, pepper and cream. Blend well. Melt butter in heavy skillet over moderate heat until bubbly. Drop fritter mixture by tablespoonfuls into skillet. Brown on one side; turn carefully and brown other side. Keep warm on heated platter in a warm oven. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Serve with slices of crisp bacon.

Good served with: fresh orange and grapefruit slices, maple syrup or strawberry jam, coffee and milk.

PUFFY OMELET

4 eggs, separated
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup water
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon butter *or* margarine

Heat oven to 325° F. *(moderately low).*

Combine egg whites, salt and water in a large bowl. Whip until stiff and shiny but not dry. Combine egg yolks and pepper, and beat until thick and lemon-colored. Fold yolks into egg-white mixture. Melt butter in a large (10-inch) skillet over moderate heat. When butter bubbles, pour in egg mixture. Reduce heat to low. Smooth top with a spatula. Cook until puffy and lightly browned on the bottom. Place skillet in oven and bake about 12 to 15 minutes. When omelet is done, a knife inserted in the center will come out clean. Serve at once. Serves 2 to 3.

Good served with: chilled cantaloupe halves with fresh lime wedges, cereal flakes with cream, toasted raisin bread, orange marmalade, coffee and milk.

WAFFLES WITH FRESH PEACH SYRUP

¾ cup water
½ cup sugar
½ cup honey
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
4 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced
Waffle batter or frozen waffles

Combine water, sugar, honey, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cook uncovered over moderate heat for 15 minutes until slightly thickened. Add sliced peaches and continue to cook uncovered for an additional 15 minutes. Serve warm over hot waffles. Syrup may be made in quantity and stored in a covered container. Reheat as needed. Makes about 2 cups syrup.

Good served with: chilled grapefruit, link sausage, Nut Coffee Ring *(recipe below)*, coffee and milk.

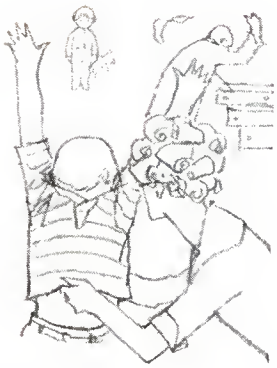
NUT COFFEE RING

2 cups packaged biscuit mix
3 tablespoons butter *or* margarine, melted
3 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ cup candied cherries
¼ cup whole pecans *or* walnuts
½ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons finely chopped pecans *or* walnuts
Melted butter *or* margarine

Heat oven to 425° F. *(hot).*

Prepare biscuit dough according to package directions. Turn out on a lightly floured board and form into a ball. Divide into 12 equal portions. Shape each into a ball. Put the 3 tablespoons of butter in the bottom of an 8-inch ring mold. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Arrange the cherries and pecans on the sugar. Combine granulated sugar, cinnamon and chopped pecans. Roll balls of dough in melted butter, then in the chopped-nut mixture. Place in the mold so they just touch. Bake about 25 minutes or until brown. Invert immediately on a serving plate, but leave pan on top for 1 minute before removing it. Serve hot. Makes one 8-inch ring, or 12 servings.

Turn the page for "When Your Family Eats Breakfast at Odd Hours" →



When Your Family Eats Breakfast At Odd Hours

Even though your husband and children must eat their morning meals at different times, it is still possible to start them off with a good breakfast. To save yourself from the time-consuming job of preparing several breakfasts, plan foods that will stand and require little preparation

Turn the page for menus and recipes

Silver: "Paul Revere" stainless by Oneida Ltd.

Make a Perfect Meat Loaf

Juicy, moist, marvelous...with Hunt's Tomato Sauce, tomato at its cookin' best!

PERFECT MEAT LOAF

A real prize, this recipe! It's a fail-proof, flavorful meat loaf, with the spicy goodness of Hunt's Tomato Sauce inside, a rich red glaze of Hunt's outside. And—its unique *new* combination of everyday ingredients is what makes it juicy, moist, marvelous—whether you serve it hot *or* cold.

- 1½ lbs. ground beef
- ¾ cup quick-cooking raw oats
- 2 eggs, beaten slightly
- ¼ cup chopped onion
- 2 teasp. salt, ¼ teasp. pepper
- 2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Combine first six ingredients *thoroughly* with 1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Pack firmly into an 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan. Chill about 1 hour. Unmold into a shallow baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour. Pour second can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce over loaf. Bake 20 minutes more until loaf is nicely glazed. Makes 6-8 servings.

Creative Cooking Comes Easy With Hunt's Tomato Sauce. There are so many ways to use it to brighten your cooking. Try *basting* your roasts with Hunt's. It gives them tempting new color, mingles with pan juices to make a perky, perfect gravy. (Allow 1 can to about 3 lbs. of chicken, pot roast, veal or pork roast.)

Look for more recipes on every can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce, too.

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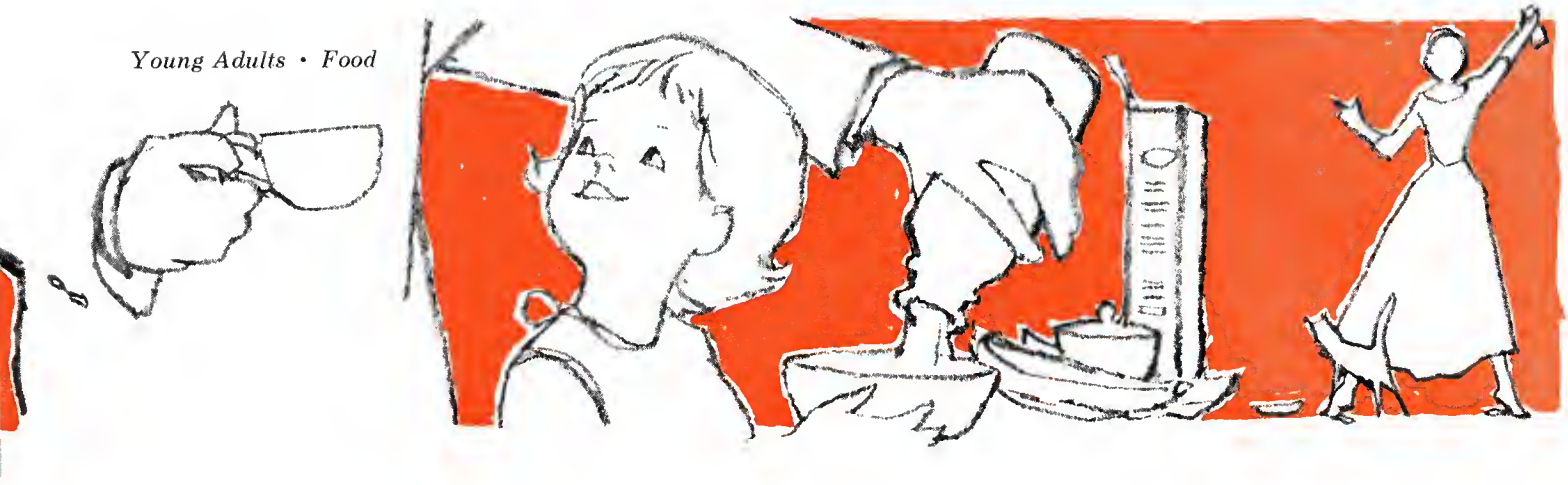


When Your Family Eats Breakfast at Odd Hours

Breakfast can be a nightmare when everyone eats at a different hour, unless careful thought is given to planning. Below are suggestions to make it easier to get the family off on time.

- Post the breakfast menu where everyone can see it.
- Keep the coffee maker, coffee and measuring spoon together.
- Arrange a variety of cereals in one place, together with cereal bowls.
- Assemble milk, cream and other refrigerated breakfast items toward the front of the refrigerator.
- Keep an assortment of canned juices and fruit sections chilling in the refrigerator. Mix different ones together for flavor interest.
- Shake up frozen juices ahead of time; keep covered in refrigerator.
- Keep covered containers of stewed dried fruits in the refrigerator.
- Hang frequently used utensils such as the pancake turner, egg beater and meat fork near the range.
- Plan menus that involve a minimum of pan washing between breakfasts.
- Ask each breakfaster to rinse and stack his dishes.
- Make use of electrical appliances: a coffee maker that will keep the coffee hot, a saucepan for cooking eggs, a skillet for bacon and pancakes.
- Look for new breads and muffins to add interest to breakfast.
- Keep an assortment of jams and jellies handy and in one place.
- Make use of new quick-to-fix products: instant-cooked cereals, instant beverages and frozen coffeecakes.

Help-Yourself Breakfasts

Fresh peaches
Dry cereal flakes Milk Sugar
**Soft-cooked eggs*
Buttered toast
**Quick-mix coffeecake*
Coffee Milk

**recipes below*

Soft-cooked eggs: If eggs are taken right from the refrigerator, cover them with warm water for a few minutes so they won't break in cooking. Bring water in small saucepan to a rapid boil; use enough water to reach at least 1 inch above eggs when they are added. Add eggs to water with a spoon and turn off heat immediately. Cover and let stand 6 to 8 minutes to desired doneness. Cool eggs in cold water for several seconds to prevent further cooking and to make them easy to handle.

QUICK-MIX COFFEECAKE

(photograph on page 62)

1 10½-ounce package coffeecake mix
½ cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot)*.

Follow directions on package for mixing coffeecake. Pour into the aluminum pan provided in package. Combine the topping mixture with the nuts and sprinkle evenly over the top. Bake about 25 minutes, as directed. Cool slightly; fold back corners of pan and cut into squares. Serve at once or wrap individual squares loosely in foil and heat for a few minutes in a warm oven as needed. Serves 4 to 6.

Stewed prunes with lemon
**Pancakes and sausages*
Syrup Butter
Coffee Milk

**recipe below*

Pancakes and sausages: Heat brown-and-serve *sausages* as directed on package. Drain and cover tightly. Prepare *pancake mix* in a shaker as directed on package. Store in refrigerator. Each person cooks his own pancakes and adds a few sausages to the skillet to reheat just before pancakes are done.

Orange sections
**Egg in toast*
**Crumb-topped coffeecake*
Coffee Milk

**recipes below*

EGG IN TOAST

1 slice bread
1 tablespoon butter *or* margarine
1 egg
Salt and pepper

With a 2-inch cookie cutter cut a circle from bread slice. Heat butter in a skillet over moderate heat. Brown bread on one side in the hot butter. Turn and break egg carefully into hole. Cover and cook over low heat until egg is set. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Serves 1.

CRUMB-TOPPED COFFEECAKE

1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons sugar
¾ cup milk
2 cups prepared biscuit mix
½ cup melted butter *or* margarine
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs
⅓ cup chopped walnuts

Heat oven to 400° F. *(hot)*.

Combine egg, sugar and milk. Stir into biscuit mix and blend thoroughly. Pour mixture into a greased 8-by-8-by-2-inch baking pan. Combine butter, sugar, bread crumbs and walnuts. Sprinkle crumb mixture evenly over batter. Bake 25 minutes until top is browned. Serve hot. To reheat, wrap individual portions in foil and place in a warm oven. Serves 8.

Breakfasts That Wait

Chilled baked apples *Cream*
Dry cereal *Milk*
**Cornbread-sausage bake*
Butter *Jam*
Coffee *Milk*

**recipe below*

CORNBREAD-SAUSAGE BAKE

1 pound link sausage
1 package corn muffin mix

Heat oven to 400° F. *(hot)*.

Put sausages in an 8-by-8-by-2-inch pan and bake until half done, about 10 minutes. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons of the drippings in the bottom of the pan. Arrange sausages in a design. Prepare corn muffin mix as directed on the package. Carefully pour batter over sausages. Bake about 30 minutes until top is golden brown. Cover loosely with foil and reset oven to warm. Cut out squares with a sharp knife and serve with butter. Serves 4 to 6.

Grapefruit halves
**Creamed dried beef* *Waffles*
**Coconut coffeecake*
Coffee *Milk*

**recipes below*

CREAMED DRIED BEEF

¼ pound dried beef
3 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
2 cups milk
Frozen waffles

Cut beef into shreds with scissors. Melt butter in a saucepan. Blend in flour, mustard and paprika. Add milk gradually; cook and stir over low heat until thickened. Stir in shredded beef. Pour mixture into the top of a double boiler and place over hot water. Cover tightly. Keep hot over very low heat. To serve, spoon over freshly toasted waffles. Serves 4.

COCONUT COFFEECAKE

1 package muffin mix
⅓ cup light brown sugar, packed
¼ cup chopped nuts
½ cup coconut flakes
2 tablespoons melted butter *or* margarine
1 tablespoon light cream *or* milk

Heat oven to 400° F. *(hot)*.

Prepare muffin mix as directed on the package. Pour batter into a greased 8-inch round baking pan. Bake 25 to 30 minutes. While cake bakes, combine sugar, nuts, coconut, butter and cream. About 10 minutes before end of baking time, spread coconut mixture over cake and continue to bake until lightly browned and cake is done. Cut in wedges to serve. Serve at once or wrap individual servings in foil and reheat for a few minutes in a warm oven. Makes one 8-inch coffeecake.

Chilled tangerine juice
Dry cereal *Milk*
**Creamed eggs* *Toast*
**Upside-down biscuits*
Coffee *Milk*

**recipes below*

CREAMED EGGS

2 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
2 tablespoons flour
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ cups milk
4 hard-cooked eggs
Buttered toast
Paprika

Melt butter in a saucepan. Blend in flour, salt and pepper. Gradually stir in milk; cook and stir over low heat until thickened. Shell eggs and cut in slices. Add to cream sauce. Pour into the top of a double boiler and place over hot water. Cover tightly. Keep hot over very low heat. To serve, spoon creamed eggs over hot, buttered toast. Sprinkle generously with paprika. Serves 4.

UPSIDE-DOWN BISCUITS

2 cups prepared biscuit mix
½ cup orange marmalade

Heat oven to 450° F. *(very hot)*.

Prepare biscuit mix as directed on the package for biscuits. Turn out onto a lightly floured board and pat or roll to a thickness of ½ inch. Cut out biscuits with a 2-inch cutter. Spoon orange marmalade evenly into the bottoms of muffin pans. Place a biscuit in each. Bake 10 to 12 minutes. To remove, turn pan upside down at once on a cookie sheet; carefully lift off pan. Cover biscuits with foil; keep warm in a low oven. Makes 10 to 12 biscuits.

**Fruit and cereal surprise*
**Fresh pear coffeecake*
Coffee *Milk*

**recipes below*

FRUIT AND CEREAL SURPRISE

4 fresh peaches
½ cup commercial sour cream
¼ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
4 servings corn flakes or other dry cereal

Peel and slice peaches. Cover tightly and keep chilled. Combine sour cream, milk and sugar. Cover and keep chilled. To serve, top cereal serving with a few sliced peaches and some of the sour cream mixture. Serves 4.

FRESH PEAR COFFEECAKE

1 can refrigerator biscuits
2 fresh pears, peeled and sliced
⅓ cup light brown sugar, packed
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter *or* margarine

Heat oven to 375° F. *(moderately hot)*.

Press biscuits into an 8-inch round pan. Cover top with sliced pears. Combine sugar, cinnamon and butter. Sprinkle over pears. Bake 35 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

Turn the page for "When Your Family Eats Breakfast on the Run" →

FOR SANDWICHES THAT ARE STANDOUTS

Build the "HE-MAN FAVORITE" pictured above with Underwood Deviled Ham, sliced onion, tomatoes, swiss cheese, lettuce and mayonnaise.

Other Deviled Ham Favorites . . .

DEVILISH GOOD—Blend together crumbled Bacon, Underwood Deviled Ham and Mayonnaise.

MEAL-IN-ONE—Chopped Egg, Underwood Deviled Ham, mixed with Mayonnaise and Minced Onion.

Always keep Underwood Deviled Ham on your pantry shelf for sandwiches that are standouts.

MADE FROM WHOLE HAMS finely ground and delicately seasoned according to a secret formula. Gives you a wonderful, can't-be-copied flavor you get only in Underwood Deviled Ham.

FOR SANDWICH AND SNACK RECIPES WRITE: ANNE UNDERWOOD, DEPT. 9T, RED DEVIL LANE, WATERTOWN 72, MASS.

When Your Family Eats

Breakfast On the Run

When minutes count, depend on new food products that need little preparation

**Banana eggnog*
Toasted English muffins Jelly
Instant coffee

**recipe below*

Banana Eggnog:
Combine *1 egg, 1 cup cold milk, 1½ tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla extract* and *1 peeled ripe banana* in an electric blender. Blend for about 10 seconds, until smooth and fluffy. Serve immediately in a tall glass. Serves 1.

Instant orange drink
**Instant hot cereal with dates*
Coffee Milk

**recipe below*

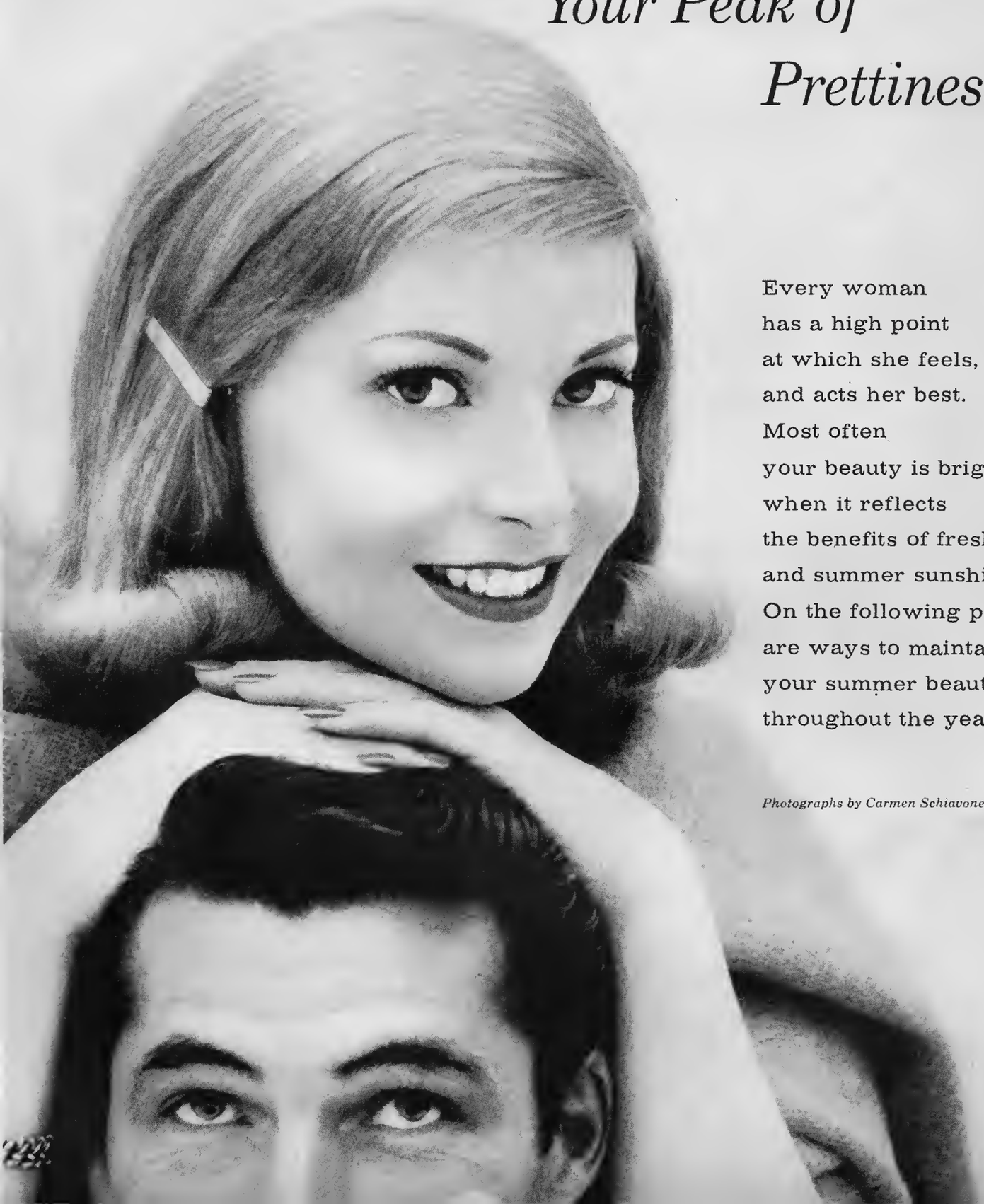
Instant Hot Cereal with Dates:
Prepare *instant cereal* with *hot milk* as directed on package. Add a few *cut, pitted dates.* Serve with *light brown sugar* and *cream.*

Fresh pears
Frozen pancakes Butter
**Pineapple syrup*
Instant cocoa

**recipe below*

Pineapple Syrup:
Combine equal parts *maple-flavored syrup* and *thoroughly drained, crushed pineapple.* Serve syrup, cold or heated, over hot, buttered pancakes.

Your Peak of Prettiness



Every woman
has a high point
at which she feels, looks
and acts her best.
Most often
your beauty is brightest
when it reflects
the benefits of fresh air
and summer sunshine.
On the following pages
are ways to maintain
your summer beauty
throughout the year ▶

Photographs by Carmen Schiavone

At Your Peak of Prettiness

Your Hair Is Lustrous

Your hair, lively and shining at the end of summer, without good care can lose its luster in the fall and winter. The general inactivity of winter slows the body functions; the scalp and hair are less nourished by the blood stream than they are during the active summer months. There is a tendency to let hair "go" during cooler weather, to postpone shampoos and scalp treatment. This can lead to major hair problems, notably dry hair and dandruff.

But your hair can be kept lovely if you launch a care routine now. Your allies are hair brushes, hair beautifiers and special treatment products that experts have developed for you.

A hair under the microscope resembles a transparent tube, the surface of which has scales like a fish. When the hair is kept clean and well brushed the scales lie flat, reflect light and give off sheen. Neglected, the scales push out unevenly and become a catchall for dirt and oil.

What you can do about dry hair

Under the hair surface there are tiny openings which hold essential natural oil. Dry, dull hair lacks this natural oil. It can be supplemented with creamy hair dressings and conditioners.

To alleviate a dry condition, massage the scalp and brush it every day with a natural-bristle brush to stimulate the oil flow. Use a liquid or cream-type shampoo, and follow with a rinse to make it appear silky. After a shampoo and before setting your hair, apply a hair-dressing cream sparingly over the entire scalp. This is a must for thick, dry hair and for most hair after a permanent wave.

At least once a month apply a generous amount of cream conditioner to the scalp and hair after shampooing; steam it in with a hot towel, then rinse and dry. Or make a cap of aluminum foil and leave it on for half an hour so the cream can penetrate.

What you can do about dandruff

Dandruff is composed of dry scales shed from the scalp; this shedding is often due to improper cleansing. (If proper cleansing and care do not improve the condition, consult your doctor.) When you notice any flaking, brush, massage and shampoo with a dandruff shampoo made especially to fight the bacteria usually associated with this condition. Between shampoos clean your scalp with a mildly antiseptic tonic.

If your hair is oily

Oily hair is the result of an oversupply of natural oil and usually requires shampooing twice a week. Apply an astringent scalp lotion between washings to help minimize this condition. Very oily hair should not be brushed between shampoos because such stimulation produces more oil. Comb hair in the following manner to blot up excess oil: Cut an old, soft bath towel into narrow strips and force the teeth of your comb through it. When you comb your hair the toweling will soak up the excess oil.

If you want a color improvement

If you don't like the color nature has given you, you can add color with temporary colorings or change it with permanent tints or bleaches.

You may want to improve on your natural hair shade without making a drastic change. Try a temporary color preparation: a color shampoo, a rinse or spray. Select a shade close to your own if you merely want to intensify its color. For bright glints select a lighter tone to add highlights. If your hair is blonde and the sun has made it brassy, use a "drab" shade to tone down the metallic look. If it has become sun-streaked (really sunburned), choose a shade lighter than your *natural* color to blend in the streaks. Follow the directions on hair-coloring preparations to the letter.

Turn the page for aids to skin care →

At Your Peak of Prettiness

Your Complexion Is Radiant

You can keep the look of aliveness the summer sun gave your skin. There are cosmetics with ingredients that will help you preserve a summer glow the year round. Your skin will need particular attention in the fall and winter. Less outdoor activity slows down the circulation. Cold air, biting wind and overheated rooms affect the flow of oil and moisture which give the skin its normal non-dry surface.

Each person's skin has its individual chemistry, its own personality. The wonderful thing about skin is that it is in a continuous state of rebirth. Newly formed cells below the skin push previously formed cells up to the top layer and they are sloughed off.

Like a good head of hair, good skin comes from health, proper eating habits and sufficient rest. However, the surface beauty can be marred by accumulation of dust and grime. So the first step to beautiful skin is to keep it as clean as can be. Basically, skin is of three types: normal, dry and oily. Most skins, however, are oily in certain areas and dry in others.

What you can do about dry skin

Dry skin has a deficiency of oil and moisture. It feels taut when washed with soap and water, and if not properly cared for, develops fine lines. Tautness can be overcome by the use of a mild complexion soap, thorough rinsing, and by using a moisture lotion or cream immediately after drying. Since these products are usually nongreasy they may be worn under your make-up and while you sleep. If your skin is dry, you should have an emollient cream, dry-skin cleanser, a creamy-type foundation and creamy lipsticks.

What you can do about oily skin

Oily skin has an oversupply of natural oil. Its great virtue is that there is less likelihood of early wrinkling. But if it is not faithfully cleansed, the pores become enlarged, giving a coarse look. Don't scrub your face energetically with a harsh washcloth. That just causes the oil to flow more freely. Work up a lather with a medicated soap. Then rinse it off thoroughly, finishing with cold water. Pat dry and apply a skin lotion to contract the pores. Granular preparations and medicated cleansers are excellent for deep cleansing. The latter contain an antiseptic that is extremely helpful in removing foreign material and excess oil. Clean your skin three times a day. Use a nonoily foundation or a cake make-up that you sponge on.

If you have an allergic skin

A skin that reacts unfavorably to certain basics in regular cosmetics, as some people react to sea food or strawberries, is termed allergic. For the allergic skin, chemists have produced exquisite make-up and cosmetics, free of any irritating ingredients. Ask for hypo-allergenic cosmetics.

What about facials and masques?

Facials and masque treatments help to stimulate circulation and clear the skin. One or the other should be a weekly routine. Select a masque for your type of skin—dry, oily or normal. When applying avoid the eye area, which should be covered with lubricating cream. After your facial or masque treatment, use eye drops to refresh the eyes. Be sure you have all the grooming aids you need to keep your skin at the peak of its prettiness.

And what about make-up?

The muted colors of new fall fashions call for lipsticks with more intensified color than last summer's pale ones. Livelier color is scheduled.

Separates to Sew – *Be a quick-change artist with only two McCall's patterns. Each one works three ways to make a wardrobe of separates to mix or match in your favorite colors and textures*

These three blouses are made from McCall's pattern No. 5079. The first is a soft green worsted knit, color-matched to its companion skirt for a one-piece, dressy look. Both these fabrics are by Crestwood Sales Co. The shirt in the center is of Segreta silk in nicely balanced stripes of green, brown and white. The third blouse, with the round collar and covered buttons, is of Kats Eye Tussah silk. Both silk fabrics are by A. P. Silk Co.

The three skirts are from McCall's pattern No. 5122, a one-yard "instant" pattern. The first skirt is a green worsted with a self-belt, matched in color to the blouse fabric. The center skirt is a soft brown worsted with slimming side panels. A most versatile skirt, it blends well with the three blouses. The third, with the waist interest, is in a patterned worsted of muted blues and earthy tones. All skirt fabrics are by Crestwood Sales Co.

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes of patterns are listed on page 101.

Your Busy Feet

This year's shoe news is keyed to comfort. The easy, oval toes, the shapely leather heels, the softened, unlined leathers let you forget you're wearing shoes, except for the compliments they inspire. Our favorites are the new suburban boots, the casual flats, the mid-heeled pumps that take you everywhere from the store to the school, from the station to a committee meeting. Add fashionable color and texture with comfortable stretch tights or lightly patterned stockings

Photographs by Ben Somoroff

See the next three pages for shoe news

Walking Boots

With skirts or slacks the newest look afoot is the suburban boot made of brushed suede. It combines the casual comfort of a slipper with the durability of a sturdy outdoor shoe. These, top to bottom: By California Cobblers at Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C. About $9. By Patinos at Lord & Taylor, N. Y. About $11. By Smartaires at Jordan Marsh, Boston. About $7. The opaque tights, elasticized to look neat and fit comfortably, come in five fashion colors. By Munsingwear.

Stacked-Heel Travelers

These are the shoes that will take you handsomely and happily on your daily rounds. The two on top are of plushy, unlined suede. The buckled step-in is made of waterproof and spot-defying velveteen. Top to bottom: Shoe by Sandler of Boston at B. Altman, N. Y. About $13. Bur-Mil Cameo stockings. Shoe by Vitality at Crowley's, Detroit. About $10. Stockings by Hanes. Step-in by Oomphies. Cloudhoppers at Lord & Taylor, N. Y. About $9. Munsingwear stockings.

Turn the page for more shoe news

The Easy, Oval Toes

Poised for action on not-too-thin heels, these slim, oval-toed shoes make your going a pleasure. The glovelike boot steps lightly in town; the trim, tailored pumps are designed for day-long wear. Seamless stockings reflect the shoe and costume colors. The shoes, left to right: By Town & Country at Lord & Taylor, N. Y. About $15. By Enna Jettick at Dayton's Downstairs Store, Minneapolis. About $12. By DeLiso Dehs at Arnold Constable, N. Y. About $20. Stockings by Hanes.

Invisible Wall

(Continued from page 38)

her thin smile and surface affability she had stayed that way throughout the evening.

Through his overcoat now Paul could feel the slight pressure of her body at his side, but he recognized it as a pressure without warmth or ease.

At the party Mary had certainly been talkative enough, but it was a pointless, wearing kind of exchange, conversations made up mostly of remarks about the orchestra, about what people were wearing, about other people generally—remarks wholly lacking in intimacy. They had been silent most of the way home, however, except for another brief exchange of comments about the Seagram Building when they passed it, and in this silence, more mute than hostile, Paul contemplated his own frustration.

The party they had been to, he knew, was not exactly the brightest event of the New York social season. It was a charity ball which an old college friend had got him invited to. But he knew, sitting in the cab, that—more than he would ever willingly admit to his wife—he had counted on the simple, paid-for elegance of that ball to return to them some of the lightheartedness and closeness that three years of marriage had somehow removed. He felt sad and angry at his disappointment.

The taxi turned off the avenue and started along the side street toward their apartment house. "Down there on the left," he said to the driver, "one door beyond the street light." When the taxi stopped in front of their building, Paul waited hopefully for some sign of warmth or ease in Mary. Finding none, he heard himself say, "Well, we're here at last!" in a kind of good humor he knew would never fool her but might at least offer her an opportunity to resume contact.

Mary turned her head a little without really looking at him. "Why, yes," she said, with a brittle smile and mock surprise, "so we are!" She opened the door and got out. He knew how Mary hated those feeble clichés. Her mind must have been far away indeed, he thought, to let that one go by.

On the way up in the elevator Paul finally said, "You weren't sore about Ellen Fearing, were you?"

"Sore about Ellen Fearing?" She gave him another look of mock surprise. "Whatever for?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. In truth he didn't know why she should have been sore, but then, things like that were always possible. Ellen Fearing was an old girl friend, attractive but rather fast and pushy, and she had made something of an event of herself at their table that evening. Mary had never liked her much and was always just a little jealous of the girls he had taken out in New York before they met. He realized he had better take it a little further. "You remember her coming over to the table when we were talking to Bill Burke. I thought maybe she put you off a little."

"Well, she's certainly not my cup of tea," said Mary, opening the door to the apartment and walking into the living room. "But I can't imagine why you think she got me sore."

Paul switched on the light. "Well I didn't, really." In the kitchenette he could see the breakfast dishes still piled up beside the sink. Mary had already disappeared down the short hall to the bedroom, so almost automatically he went into the kitchenette and began running water in the sink.

"Oh, please, Paul," said Mary, who had come back into the hall, "leave the dishes alone."

"Sure. I was just going to do the coffee cups for morning." He pulled the two soapy cups out of the water, rinsed them and placed them in the drainer. "Okay?" he said.

Mary had gone over to the table and taken a cigarette from the red lacquer box. She lighted it, standing on the rug in her slip and stockings, staring at the curtains.

"You don't seem too happy about something," he said at last. It was a vague, accusatory approach that Mary often resented, but he tried to keep his manner easy and he wanted badly to get to the bottom of this new tension before morning.

She took a slow puff from her cigarette, so that at least he knew she didn't resent the question. Then she turned toward him. "I don't?" She tried to appear casual. "Oh, I'm happy enough."

This was maturity, he thought. Three years ago their sharp outbursts of tension and temperament would never have permitted them such graceful conversational poses. Then they would never have been able to sit next to each other in a cab, both silent, he merely waiting for her mood to pass. She would have sat on the far side of the seat, sometimes appearing almost to lean away from him; and he, tense, constricted, would cross-examine her desperately to find out what was wrong. Nothing usually had been wrong. Now, with only the lines of tension showing around her mouth and a peculiar hardness in her voice to show him she was wound to the breaking point, she was saying conversationally, almost lightly, that she was "happy enough."

"Look," he said, hoping to explain her mood away by locating it at least generally, "I know we don't have the best of everything. I'm sure things haven't worked out for you quite the way you dreamed." He interrupted himself and went over to the table and took out a cigarette himself. She was still standing in the middle of the room looking at him. He felt sure he was getting close to it. "I mean, we were going to work together," he said. "I was going to quit my job at the magazine and we were going to see about buying a small weekly newspaper somewhere in the country." He lighted his cigarette, striking the match loudly. "Well, then this job came up with the foundation and we both decided it would be a good thing for me to take it while I could. Remember? But that doesn't mean we'll be here forever." He smiled, feeling himself reasonable and feeling she must think so too. "We'll be out of here before too long. Don't worry."

"When will we be out of here?"

"Well, not right away," he said. "You know I can't leave Havemeyer right away. We talked about all that." There it was again, he thought. Why wouldn't she be reasonable? They *had* talked about it, after all. "Look," he said, trying to maintain his calm, "I don't like the city any more than you do. This apartment is too small and I know the kitchen must be terrible to cook in. But we're just beginning, remember? Things will get better. I'll stay on with Havemeyer a few years. They ought to make me an associate director soon—all sound and fury. Then maybe we can get a bigger apartment or move out to the country and settle down."

"I don't want to settle down," she said. "I don't want to get trapped."

"Trapped!" Paul tried to keep the impatience out of his voice. "How do you mean, 'trapped'?"

She walked over to the window and made a short attempt at straightening the hang of a curtain. Everything she did seemed quick and jerky. "I just don't want to get caught like every other girl," she said, a little tremor in her voice. "I can seen how things are going. A promotion. A little house in the suburbs. Our own washing machine. I just don't want to end up in Hicksville talking babies with all the other wives who ended up the same way!"

Did Louise Sellers get you off on this?" he asked suddenly, remembering that Mary was to have had lunch with Louise that day. She was an old college friend of Mary's who now lived somewhere in Connecticut and for whom Mary expressed great affection.

Mary shook her head silently and he could see she was screwing up her eyes against tears.

"Just take Louise," she said finally, with unexpected violence. "I roomed with her for four years! She was bright and good fun, and we used to sit up for hours discussing things—music and books and that sort of thing."

"You talk about her as if she were dead," said Paul.

"Well, she might as well be," Mary retorted. "All she can talk about now is babies and food. The same thing's true of all the other married girls I know."

"I guess that's one of the things about bearing children," said Paul. "You get pretty involved with them."

"The happy little *Hausfrau*," said Mary bitterly. "Well, I don't want any part of it. I've still got a mind and I don't want it to go to sleep. Sometimes I think about food and things like that too much, as it is."

"Oh, nonsense," said Paul. "You like to cook and you know it. Now, what's all this about children?" he asked, his voice quieter.

Mary was sitting on the edge of the big armchair. "Paul, I don't want any," she said. Her voice seemed terribly

tense and she appeared to be speaking with great effort.

"Well, I know," he said, "we don't want any just this minute. But we've talked about that too, haven't we?" Indeed, neither of them had wanted to have children right away. Naturally there was always the element of luck involved, or natural causes, as Mary used to call it. But luck or natural causes had played their way thus far, and Paul couldn't honestly remember too many times up to then when he had really envied his friends their bassinettes and baby sitters.

Mary held her lips tightly together for a moment as if she were trying to hold her breath. "I mean," she said fiercely, "I don't ever want any!"

"You don't *ever* want any!" Paul repeated. "But how can you be sure?"

She got to her feet quickly. "I want us to live our own lives together, Paul," she said. "I want us to *do* things together. I want to be an intelligent companion for you. I want to be with you," she repeated, almost pleading. Then she paused and faced him. "You remember in Portland when I got sick and had to spend nearly three months in the house? I almost went out of my mind. And that's precisely what every living person I know who has children does. Only most of them don't know it. All of a sudden one day—boom! Life is over, and from then on it's nothing but babies and food, food and babies, and now and then another cup of coffee with the girls! No, thanks," she said. "That's not for me."

"Oh, Mary," he said, "—honey, it's not that bad. Besides, maybe by then I'll be making lots of money and we can have a regular nurse."

"You'll never be making that much money," she said, but without malice.

"Oh, I don't know." But he knew she was right.

Mary was walking back and forth across the room like a sentry. "Everyone always talks about the natural function of woman, about continuing the race . . . about the true purpose of marriage. Why are babies the true purpose of marriage?" she said aggressively. "Why is it my natural duty to have children?" The tears had started to well up in her eyes. "The world is full enough of people, isn't it?"

"I guess so," said Paul, knowing that his answer wouldn't be of much help to her, and aware that in her present emotional condition probably no answer he could make would be of any use. She seemed so far away from him. Didn't she understand he would have to work a few more years at the foundation? Didn't she understand that although some people waited and other people didn't wait, in the end everybody just went ahead and had children anyway? He hated to see her setting up this kind of arbitrary position for herself. She seemed to be presupposing a world in which everything was fixed and controllable—where nobody ever changed his mind—and was thereby inviting the world to frustrate and embitter her. Admittedly, he knew a couple who had decided not to have children and who seemed happy enough. He knew too that he would never insist that Mary have a child if she didn't want one.

"But that's not the only way we have to look at it, is it?" he said.

"Well, that's the way I look at it," she said. "It's always the men who talk about the joys of parenthood and keeping the human race going and the patter of little feet. They go downtown in the morning and they tell their friends how happy their wives are and then they come home in the evening and read the paper."

She was standing now with one knee against the armchair, her hands clasped tightly in front of her, and Paul could see the tears starting to roll down her cheeks. All of a sudden he felt tired and terribly resigned. The evening had let him down unaccountably: it had left him with a feeling of depression. And now this thing of Mary's—wanting to work together with him, to be an intelligent companion, not have her mind go to sleep! Her phrases of a moment ago continued to ring in his mind. Did she really think she could be making him closer to her by this?

"Well, we don't have to decide it now," Paul said, starting to unknot his tie and walking toward the bedroom. "I'm really pretty bushed."

Mary had sat down on the corner of the sofa. She was staring at the floor and he could not see her face.

In the other room Paul sat on the bed to take off his shoes. Monday morning he was scheduled to give Havemeyer his report on the Princeton grant, and he had been counting on the weekend in which to get it ready. Often he enjoyed working at home, especially after a good late breakfast, and maybe having dinner out and going to a movie in the evening. Now, he guessed, it wasn't going to be that kind of weekend.

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Paul D. Finley, of Memphis, Tennessee, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the April 1959 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him.—THE EDITORS.

On a chair in the corner of the room were the two orange folders containing the Princeton statistics. Paul stared at them dully. He found himself thinking back to the first report he had ever done for the foundation, and it made him smile to remember. He had been so unsure of himself then, new at his job, worried about keeping it, worried about money. Havemeyer had given him a preliminary report to do as a "big opportunity." For two weeks he'd been unable to touch it—scared stiff, he supposed. Writer's cramp. Then the weekend before it was due Mary had got him up early Saturday morning, and the two of them had gone into the living room and worked on the report until very nearly dawn on Sunday—he at the small desk against the wall, writing nervously on large yellow sheets of paper, and Mary seated in front of her little Olivetti on the coffee table, typing out the pages as he gave them to her, making lunch, dinner, coffee, telling him that he was doing just fine when he no longer knew whether or not he was still writing English. Around midnight, when the job was virtually over, they had taken a short walk, two blocks over to Lexington Avenue and back. Even now he could remember that walk, Mary's head resting lightly on his shoulder, his arm around her waist. It was the way they had walked when they were first engaged—stepping slowly down the empty sidewalk, moving in and out of the pools of dim light from the street lamps overhead, saying nothing, too tired really to talk, but happy, close.

Poor Mary, he thought suddenly, wanting so hard to share everything with him. So proud to be typing out his first report, and so fiercely pleased later when Havemeyer had said it was a good job. But what now? He did his own reports, if not with both eyes closed, at least with ease. He had a secretary to do his typing.

He recalled a remark Joe Ketcham had made one night when he and Mary had stopped by to see Joe a few months after their marriage. Joe had been an old friend of Paul's father—a partner, in fact—and had always been more or less a friendly godparent to Paul. They were sitting in Joe's small living room after dinner and Mary, talking about an unhappy couple they all knew, had said something about the importance of sharing in marriage. Joe had given one of his wonderful, rich, warm laughs. "Oh, yes," he'd said, "sharing! It's a wonderful thing. But you girls nowadays want to share all the wrong things!"

Was that it, Paul thought? How much of a man's job could a woman really share? And how much of a woman's private world could a man share? Surely, in either case, not all of it, not by a long shot, no matter how much one might want to. And so, struggling harder and harder to share the unsharable, Paul thought, they ended up only growing further and further apart, while the things that a man and woman might normally have together to bind them closer were shunned, not even attempted.

Paul sat numbly on the bed. It was a complicated business, all right. He thought of Mary out in the living room, still tense and unhappy, growing no nearer to him. He got to his feet with the idea of going out to her.

As he reached across the bed for a pack of cigarettes, his elbow brushed Mary's handbag and spilled its contents onto the coverlet. The sudden sight of Mary's combs and pins and wallet and handkerchief and myriad other objects scattered upon the bed filled him with tenderness. She was always so neat and tidy in everything except her handbags! Almost gently he began to pick them up and replace them.

One by one he returned the handkerchief, checkbook stubs and plastic cardcases. There were a couple of letters. He glanced briefly at the envelopes before putting them back. One had an English stamp. Probably from Janet Helborn, he thought, an old friend of Mary's who now lived in London. There were two bills from department stores. The fourth letter, a plain white envelope smaller than the rest, had no return address on the corner. He turned it over. On the back flap Paul read: "G. S. Smith, M.D., 550 East 92nd Street, New York City." He opened it.

It was another bill. Thirty-five dollars for an examination. He was about to put it back without a thought when suddenly he frowned.

Paul went into the living room. Mary was still sitting on the sofa. She had a fashion magazine open on her lap but she seemed to be barely looking at it.

"Say, I spilled your bag on the bed," he said, "and I noticed this." He held out the bill. "What was the thirty-five bucks for?"

"For an examination," she said quietly.

He smiled. "Yes, I know. But I mean, what was the examination for?"

"Nothing," she said.

Paul looked down at her. Mary's face was averted and the tears had started to roll down her cheeks.

"Nothing?" he said. "Oh, come on, sweet. . . ." Suddenly a mindless knot of terror formed inside him. He sat down beside Mary. It was as if a dike had burst, and all her pent-up emotion came pouring out. Convulsive sobs shook her body and for a while she seemed to hear nothing, to be unaware that he was even there. Paul stroked her arm but she didn't seem to feel it.

Finally she raised her head a little and then quickly buried her face against his chest. He began stroking the back of her head, trying to soothe her. "Easy now, easy," he muttered gently.

She stirred against him and the sobbing lessened. "I'll never be able to have children," he heard her say.

She lifted her face to him, and then he realized what she had said. Her eyes were wide with grief. "I'll never, never—" she began, and once again collapsed against him.

He could feel the sobs, almost noiseless now, shaking her body. The room sounded so still. He heard her breathing begin to become more even.

"I got so worried, Paul," she said. "I had this feeling something was wrong. I had a pain once. . . ."

"Does it mean an operation?" he said, still not sure that he understood.

She sat up a little, looking at him, her face still streaked with tears, and with one hand gently brushed the back of his hair. "It won't work," she said. "He said it's the way I am."

"Maybe he's wrong," he said fiercely.

Her head was now resting on his shoulder. He could feel her lips beside his ear. "He's not wrong," she said. "He said I'm a very unique girl."

Without looking, he felt she had smiled then. He held her terribly close, squeezing her against him. His hand reached up and lightly stroked her hair. Tomorrow morning, he knew, or next week, or next month, he would be able to think about all this clearly and understand what it really meant. But right now he thought nothing. Right now she had come back to him, as small and frail in his arms as the first time he had ever held her. Their private worlds had become one. Fiercely he clasped her to him, and a feeling of immense warmth ran through his whole body.

"Don't worry," he said blindly and with all his love. "Whatever it is, don't worry." . . . THE END

Illustrated by Al Grossman

I'm Somebody

I never was the first woman to hold some political office and I never fell eighty-five stories in an elevator and I never crossed the Atlantic in a rowboat. I'm not eight feet tall or four feet tall, or unusually fat or remarkably thin. I don't have a birthmark in the shape of a rabbit and I don't have a fabulous memory. I never won a dancing contest or a beauty contest or an athletic contest. I haven't been interviewed by Edward R. Murrow.

So who am I?

Once while I was waiting for my husband in a theater alley, a swarm of fans arrived to await the Star. One of them caught sight of me and nudged her friend.

"Who's *that*," she whispered, pointing her pen at me.

Her friend looked at me only a second before replying, "That's *nobody*."

I have wondered how I could escape this terrible state, short of committing a really big, important crime or getting myself murdered in an unusually baffling way. I'm not a criminal type anyway, so that's out. It's no use thinking of anything athletic—I wasn't even good enough to *lose* games. I'm not daring enough to stroll down Main Street leading two ostriches on leashes, so *that's* out.

Recently I had a false alarm. A friend went to get me a few things at the supermarket. When she brought them, she said, "I asked the man which kind of oranges you usually buy, so I'd be sure to get the ones you like."

"How in the world did you identify me to him?" I asked.

"That was easy," she said. "I told him it was for the lady with bangs and two little boys and a dog."

Now, I could have fooled myself into thinking I had established my identity at last, but I know there are other such ladies. I happen to know a lady with two little boys and a Labrador retriever exactly like ours, and if she should decide tomorrow to cut bangs, where would I be?

So this afternoon I closeted myself for an emergency session of concentrated thought, and I have emerged with new serenity and dignity. Because I think I may be the only lady in the whole world who:

Arose at precisely 7:38:19 this morning, smoked a cigarette for two minutes and 34 seconds, wore a two-piece red wool dress, had orange juice, coffee, and last night's French bread toasted for breakfast.

At 8:03:11 sneezed.

At 8:09:47 bruised her left shin on a carton of dog food on her way to the back door to go to the garage to start up an MG Magnette which is dark gray, three years old, and bears the license 1V 6501, leading a 16-month-old female Labrador retriever with the New York State Dog Tag Number 864775.

Lives at 17 School Lane, whose children's first initials are *D* and *J*, and whose husband has a mole on his left cheek.

Has a small tan birthmark on her left leg and a chicken-pox scar in the center of her forehead, and a small scar on the inside of her right wrist.

So there you are. I'm somebody.

by Elinor Goulding Smith

A Love Story

(Continued from page 29)

were at least a dozen who would have rated my parents' okay, but I had known them all my life!

"I cut short my stay in Paris and went on to Vienna. That was my real destination. I wanted to hear lots of good opera. But there was something wrong there too. I couldn't keep my mind on the music. It sounded sour. I felt restless. I got sore at myself. I kept remembering the girl on the travel folder. I told myself I was crazy. Then I decided to go to Israel. I knew I had to find her."

The fact is that the brightly colored travel brochure Mike couldn't forget is a charming yet run-of-the-mill job. Its kind is produced by the hundreds each year in studios in New York City. For all he knew, the beautiful girl was from one of the well-known model agencies there.

Sober second thought, however, is not characteristic of a young man smitten by a pretty girl. The travel folder said, "Come to Israel." Mike Wahlder went.

"I didn't know her name or anything about her," he said. "Looking at the travel folder again, I saw that she was wearing two rings on the third finger of her left hand. But I told myself it was just prop jewelery, worn for the picture. I was sure she wasn't married—she just couldn't be!"

Ingrid Illana Nurith Pilzer was born in Israel in 1939, shortly after her parents emigrated from Vienna. Her father was a concert pianist. Her mother was a chemist who specialized in skin care and cosmetics. At the time Mike started his romantic quest Nurith—the word means "mountain wild flower"—was 19 years old, a resident of Tel Aviv, living with her parents in a small but pleasant sunlit apartment. Nurith was a corporal in the Israeli Army. Long before Mike Wahlder saw her picture she had been assessed by experts as an eyeful. International photographer Philippe Halsman, wandering all over Europe and the Near East on an assignment to photograph "beauty abroad," had spotted Nurith in her army uniform. Later *Life* magazine picked her as one of "Ten International Beauties."

Nurith remained, however, an unspoiled, closely sheltered and severely chaperoned young woman.

"Even after I was drafted into the army," she says—Israel has a universal conscription law—"I never went out with a man my parents did not approve of."

Toward the end of Nurith's second year in the army, the Pilzer family began to hear rumors that an apparently crazy young American had landed in Tel Aviv and was trying hard to identify and locate their daughter. They were partly amused and partly indignant.

Mike Wahlder recalls, "When I got off the plane at Tel Aviv I went straight to the Israeli tourist office and asked them about the girl on the folder. They were absolutely dumfounded. At first they simply gaped at me and said they knew nothing. When I went back the next day and began slowly, patiently and, I hope, politely to go through channels, I got a lot of different answers."

"Oh, yeah, I know her. She's married and has three children," said one informant.

"She's engaged to a millionaire," another said gravely.

"I realized that I was having my leg pulled," Mike said, "but I didn't know what to do about it. I hung around the tourist agency another couple of days, hoping she would show up. Carrying her picture in my hand, I walked the streets looking for her. Sometimes as I turned a corner or stepped into a store I had the queerest feeling that she had just been there—that I'd just missed her."

One evening at dusk while he was walking on the beach he saw a slim, unmistakably feminine figure clad in a red blouse and tan pants. She was strolling slowly far ahead of him and leaning on the arm of an older man.

"I began to run," Mike recalled. "It was a warm evening. The waterfront was crowded with people enjoying an onshore breeze. I stumbled through family groups, muttering apologies as I went. Once I dashed out into the shallow water, hoping I could make better time. I tried to keep my eye on that red blouse. I was sure it was my girl. She was getting near the end of the stretch of beach. She turned sideways and looked back over her shoulder. She seemed to be smiling at me. I put on a final burst of speed, but by the time I got to the spot where she had been standing, she had disappeared."

(Nurith remembers nothing of this incident and thinks that Mike may have imagined the whole thing. She does, however, own a red blouse and tan pants and often strolled on the beach with her father.)

"I think it was a day or so later that one of the guides from the tourist agency got in touch with me," Mike recalled. "I knew him only as Emanuel. He said cautiously, 'A friend of mine knows someone who is a friend of this girl's mother. I think a meeting can be arranged.' I grabbed his hand and began to shake it. I told him I would never forget his kindness."

Nurith's father was not enthusiastic about the meeting. Nurith proclaimed her indifference, perhaps a little too loudly, but her mother—a friendly, outgoing woman accustomed to meeting strangers, argued that no harm could come from it: the meeting could take place in the family living room with both parents present and it could be limited to a very few minutes. Nurith went to a wardrobe closet and began looking over her clothes.

As it happened, however, she had just come off duty when Mike arrived. She was tired, hot, dusty and in full uniform.

The conversation, necessarily brief, was stilted. They exchanged names. Nurith told him she had been in the army for two years. He told her that he found Israel a fascinating country.

"Marvelous people," he said meaningfully. He told her he had traveled 3,000 miles to find her after seeing her picture. Nurith smiled and said she found that hard to believe. She explained that she had posed for the travel-folder project as a patriotic service for her government. She was not—she made it quite clear—a professional model.

It was time to go. Mike asked permission to call again and it was granted. Mr. Pilzer again making slight noises of dissent. His wife's firm eye and his daughter's pleased blush overruled him.

"I don't know how I found my way back to my hotel," Mike says. "My head was full of dreams and spinning rosily. Uniform or not, Nurith—what a beautiful name!—was a knockout, and I made up my mind to marry her. I stopped at the cable desk and sent my parents a one-line cablegram."

The message read: NATURE IS WONDERFUL AFFECTIONATELY MIKE.

Mike's father, Isaac Wahlder, was considerably puzzled. "Perhaps Mike is on a hiking tour?" he suggested.

His wife knew better. "That boy is in love," she said.

The second conversation in the Pilzer parlor went more smoothly. Nurith and Mike discovered a mutual interest in classical music. Nurith played the piano charmingly. Mike told her so.

Mike's knowledgeable interest in good music mollified Mr. Pilzer somewhat, and he agreed to permit Mike to take Nurith out to dinner the following evening. It was her birthday.

"I spent the whole day shopping for a present," Mike says. "I finally selected an antique necklace. When I gave it to her, she gasped and her eyes filled with tears. I was afraid for a minute I'd done the wrong thing. But she said she was crying because it was so beautiful. She didn't make any coy fuss over it as an American girl might, like saying, 'You shouldn't' or 'I can't take it.'"

Mike told her about life in his home town, Alexandria, which is about 100 miles from New Orleans. Nurith was particularly interested to hear that Mike and his family lived in a home of their own. He described it—a one-story, white frame house with a pretty garden, big trees and a broad, shady porch with a rocking chair and a glider.

"In Tel Aviv," she said wistfully, "few people live in private houses. It is mostly apartments."

"After that date I felt I was getting places," Mike said. "We laughed a lot together. I knew she liked me. But I knew this was one girl who would do exactly as her family advised. I had to get at least one of them strongly on my side. I invited Nurith and her mother to go with me to Eilat, a resort that was noted for its good hotels and fine swimming. Nurith had some military leave coming to her and they both accepted.

"We had a wonderful time, swimming in the bluest water I've ever seen, lazing under the autumn sun, visiting historic ruins. I tried hard to convince Mrs. Pilzer that I came from a good family and I took every chance to show her that I was serious about Nurith and that she would be happy and safe with me.

"I told Nurith that I loved her. She said she had fallen in love with me. I asked her to marry me. She accepted."

"I knew I was deeply in love with Mike," Nurith says. "He was such fun. He was tender and gay, amusing and thoughtful. I liked his impulsiveness. I admired his generosity and his bigheartedness. I don't mean the presents he gave me, but the fact that he was interested in other people's problems.

"Mike told me all about his background and about the auto accident that kept him helpless in a steel brace for months. It seemed to me that he could easily have been both spoiled and soft, and yet he was neither. I was almost sure that we could make a good marriage together. But I knew my parents would not let me get married to the wrong man. I told Mike he would have to ask my parents' permission."

"I was in no hurry to ask," Mike confessed. "I was terrified. I knew that Nurith's mother liked me but I got the impression that her father had heard a lot of stories about Americans, all bad. He once remarked that I had nice manners, considering I was an American. After that I leaped to my feet whenever anyone came into the room and nearly knocked myself out opening doors.

"I seized every opportunity to enter discussions that would show Nurith's parents that I had a sober, responsible attitude toward the future. I didn't tell lies about myself, though. I think they were pleased when they saw that I carried a snapshot of my own mother and father in my wallet. And when Mr. Pilzer saw me sitting at the piano with his daughter, he couldn't help smiling.

"Finally one night I asked her parents if I could marry their daughter. They questioned me for about an hour. Then her father nodded his head and said heavily, 'We shall miss her. Our only child. So far away.' "

Mike had already prepared his own parents with a series of long, enraptured letters that caused Mrs. Wahlder to exclaim triumphantly, "I told you so!" Now Mike and Nurith put in a transatlantic call and the news was broken officially. Nurith spoke shyly on the telephone. She said only that she was very happy and would try hard to be a good daughter to her future in-laws.

If Mr. and Mrs. Wahlder were a bit jolted, they took it nobly. They might well have preferred a union with any one of the dozen families in Alexandria whom they had known all their lives. Still, to an American Jewish family there was something exciting about a daughter-in-law who was a real Israeli.

Mike explained to his parents that Nurith would have to become his wife before he could get her into the United States. They promptly planned to fly over for the wedding, but Mike advised against it, saying that it would be a very quick, quiet ceremony and then they would be right home. It would be only a few days, Mike promised. But it was not to be quite so simple.

"I had grown up assuming I was Jewish and there was no argument about that," Mike told us. "I considered myself a fairly religious person for my age. I soon found, however, that my religious identification wasn't taken for granted in Israel. Both the rabbi who was going to marry us and the civil authorities viewed me with what I can only describe as grave suspicion. They threw a lot of questions at me. Was I unmarried? Had I ever been married? Was I Jewish? Was my mother a Jew? Was my maternal grandmother a Jew? Did my local rabbi okay this marriage?

"I was learning a lot of things about my religion I didn't know, or at least hadn't paid much attention to. Judaism, it seems, is a matriarchy as far as membership goes. The right to be a Jew is handed down from the mother and the mother's mother. It was all very interesting, but when they asked me for proof I didn't have any. Nor was getting Nurith into the United States going to be any snap. With all the letters that had to go back and forth, it looked as if it was going to take the rest of the year. I just couldn't wait. I decided to fly home and settle everything in person."

Mrs. Wahlder says, "We were happy to see our boy again, but I don't think he even looked at us the whole time he was here. All he did was rush around from one place to the next collecting religious records, immigration papers and so forth. The rest of the time he spent on the telephone, talking to Nurith. The bill at the end of the month was unbelievable—you'd

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Soft, shiny Tonette curls are irresistible! And this *new* Tonette is so easy to give. The neutralizer comes in its own plastic bottle—already mixed. Just squeeze on! No dripping or dribbling. No six hour wait, either—because Tonette curls neutralize instantly. What's more, Tonette curls last until they're cut (*without* nightly pin-ups). So, why not give your little girl irresistible curls with New No-Mix Tonette . . . for very young hair.

never think words could cost so much. And always the same words."

"Nurith needs reassurance," Mike explained to his parents. "Some of her friends are telling her things like, 'Oh, you know those Americans. They always talk marriage. He'll never come back.'"

Mike did go back, one month later, carrying a small portfolio bristling with documents. Meanwhile the news agencies had seized upon the story, and when he arrived in Tel Aviv he was astonished to find newspapers blazing with headlines describing his arrival.

"I was a hero—a kind of jet-age Lochinvar," he told us. "Nurith and I were married in a private room in a downtown hotel. It was the way we'd planned it—a pleasant, quiet ceremony. The only guests besides her parents were a few friends and relatives, some of her fellow lady soldiers and her commanding officers.

"We sent a cable to my parents saying, '*Shalom*. We are married. Mike and Nurith Wahlder.' *Shalom* is the traditional Hebrew greeting. It means 'peace.' We had a wonderful week-long honeymoon at Herzlia, near the ancient city of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. Then we started packing to go home. The day before we were due to leave, I landed in the news again. I discovered that I was no longer a hero. I was a deadbeat and a bum."

The tourist guide who had arranged Mike's first meeting with Nurith had released an angry statement to the newspapers. He complained that the rich American had promised him $250 to locate the beautiful travel-folder model he had married and that Mike was now about to skip out of the country without paying. The guide appealed to public opinion in Tel Aviv and said he was going to sue.

"I was furious," Mike told us. "I had never offered anyone any money for identifying or contacting Nurith. It would have been disrespectful. The man himself never mentioned money to me at all. I had seen that he was a poor man. I gave him my camera when he admired it and I gave him a suit of clothes, but it was in no sense in payment for anything. It was just that I was so happy I wanted to make someone else happy. Now he was evidently having some second thoughts—that I could be milked for a little more.

"I didn't want any unpleasantness. I posted a bond to cover the amount I was being sued for, hired a local lawyer to represent me and went right ahead with our plans to go home."

At Idlewild Airport Mike and Nurith were met by a platoon of newsmen, photographers and television cameramen. There were offers to make public appearances, speak to club groups, even endorse products. Hastily they boarded a plane for Alexandria.

"I knew my parents were anxiously waiting to meet Nurith," he told us. "And I was having a few anxious moments myself. I think my mother and father have enjoyed an almost perfect marriage. As far as I can see they have always offered each other love, consideration and companionship. Ours was a peaceful and happy family. It was the kind of life I now wanted for myself. I couldn't even dream of any reason why they wouldn't get along with Nurith.

"Still, I'd read and heard a lot about the in-law problem. My parents came to meet us at the airport. When I pointed them out to Nurith through the cabin window, I could feel her suddenly sit up stiffly. I knew she was scared.

"She hung back a little as I rushed to hug my mother, then pump my father's hand. Suddenly over Papa's shoulder I could see Mama and Nurith standing very still, about ten feet apart, quietly giving each other the once-over.

"Suddenly they rushed forward into each other's arms. They were kissing and laughing. Then they both burst into sobs. I was horrified.

"My father said, 'Son, they're crying because they like each other. Thank God!'"

Mike and Nurith lived with Mike's parents for a short while, have now moved into a four-room apartment of their own. Nurith's mother plans to visit soon. The newlyweds pin tender love notes to each other's pillow, celebrate their marriage on the appropriate day of each month, and turn two happy faces to a somewhat incredulous world.

"People are not supposed to do a crazy, romantic thing like we did and get clean away with it," Mike pointed out. "We sometimes get the impression that even our close friends expect to see some flaw develop."

Trained marriage counselors might point out "stress areas" in this headlong young marriage. Neither Mike nor Nurith have had the advantages of living with brothers and sisters. Both have been adored and admittedly been a little spoiled by possessive, intellectual parents. Born half a world apart, they met as strangers in every sense. There are no common memories of schools, games, neighborhoods, popular songs.

"We are trying to make up for that," Mike pointed out. "Nurith is taking golf lessons. We want to develop mutual recreational interests and hobbies. We are enrolled in a college course in French literature. Of course we look forward to raising a family very soon—I want four children; Nurith is talking about eight—and those will be busy years; but we want some outside interests, both intellectual and active, to keep us together. We don't want the kind of marriage that is built solely around our children."

Nurith went to court recently to hear Mike argue a case. Fortunately he won. She sat in the front row, smiling brightly and confidently throughout the trial. But when the verdict was announced, she nearly collapsed with relief.

"I'm proud of Mike's work," she told us, "but I don't think I will go to court very often. It's too exhausting. I like to help him in his office. I speak, read and write English, French and German, but I can type and file only in Hebrew."

Nurith is particularly impressed by the fact that Mike owns an 80-acre farm a few miles south of the city.

"To have land of your own—it's a wonderful thing," she told us seriously. "To put your feet down on a piece of ground and say to yourself, 'This is mine. I am not a guest or a wanderer. I have a right to be here.'"

Nurith is struggling to comprehend the complexities of the Southern race problem. "There are many dark-skinned people in Israel," she told us. "The refugees who came from North Africa seem totally different from people like my parents who came from Western Europe. Sometimes there are conflicts over these differences. But there is almost no difference of opinion over what eventually will be done about it. I'm bewildered when I hear so much bitter argument."

Even Mike's and Nurith's religious harmony is more apparent than real.

"My family belongs to a Reformed synagogue," Mike explained. "That means that the rituals have been modernized and simplified and that English is spoken during the service. My parents were a little nervous about what Nurith would think. They kept apologizing for not being more traditionally Jewish. Finally she said meekly, 'Papa, Mama, not everybody in Israel is as orthodox as you think. I myself have only been to a synagogue twice.'"

A cultural exchange, however, is under way. Under Nurith's leadership the Wahlders and their friends are rediscovering the fun of dancing the ancient *hora*, a lively Hebrew circle-dance. Nurith has triumphantly learned to drive a car.

"It is quite a sight," a friend of the family told us, "to see Nurith going through downtown traffic. She holds the wheel with a grip of iron. Her face is set in a look of fierce concentration. She throws so many hand signals you'd think she was behind home plate instead of in the driver's seat. You've never seen such caution in your life. Then she reaches the block where Mike has his office and everything changes. She sticks her head out the car window and looks straight up to the sixth story, where she is sure she can see Mike's shadow on the window. She begins to wave and smile. Traffic stalls. Horns blow. She doesn't hear. She's busy blowing kisses."

. . . THE END

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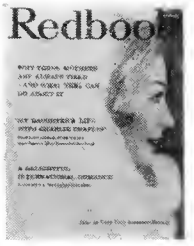

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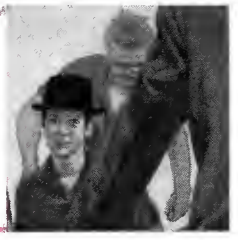
The Warning



(Continued from page 44)

silent, with an avid curiosity that Lowery recognized at once—someone was hurt. Two police cruisers and an ambulance were parked in front of a converted brownstone. Lowery felt the silence deepen and then break into a low-voiced murmur as ambulance attendants carried out a woman on a stretcher.

Behind him he heard laughter, a soft, savoring chuckle that would have been a natural sound, say, over a poker table. Lowery turned and saw two smirking youths. They wore the uniform—black leather jackets, tight jeans, black pull-on boots. Their hair was long, oily and carefully arranged.

Their eyes met Lowery's. They continued to smile but now with disdain, with a kind of menace. It came suddenly to Lowery that his features were being memorized, that he was being warned.

The ambulance door slammed and the siren moaned. A policeman began pushing through the crowd. "All right now," he said, "break it up, folks. The show's over." The youths gave Lowery a final glance and then strutted away.

Lowery caught up with the policeman farther along the block. "Officer," he said, "what happened to that woman?"

"What's it to you?" the policeman said.

"I don't know," Lowery said. "I wanted to start a fight with a couple of kids who were laughing at her. It's got that much to do with me. And I live around here," he said. "I'm Ed Lowery."

The policeman gave him a sharp look. "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Lowery," he said, and Lowery could see that he was holding back a truly volcanic anger. "That woman they carried out is a schoolteacher's wife. He's a big tough schoolteacher, tough enough to take care of half a dozen of those young punks at once. So they get to his wife instead, kick in a few of her ribs, fix up her face."

Lowery sighed. "I was afraid it was something like that," he said.

"It's because they lack security, you see," the policeman said. "I'm given to understand that they smash up people's lives like this because they crave love and affection." He spat violently.

It was illogical, but Lowery felt relief when he let himself into his apartment and heard the voices of his wife and four-year-old daughter. Beth came from the kitchen and his heart lifted, as always, at the sight of her. But his mind was still full of the woman on the stretcher.

"What is it?" Beth said. "Bad news?" They had married when Lowery was struggling for recognition, and Beth had never quite got over being anxious when he went uptown to talk with art editors.

"What?" Lowery said. He lifted her and kissed her. "Marvelous news," he said. "We're set for the next year, Beth. We're in the big time now."

"Oh," she said, "I'm so happy for you. I'm so happy for *us*." Then she said: "Why did you look so awful when you came in?"

Nancy appeared with a pull toy bumping after her. "I'll tell you later," Lowery said as Nancy jumped into his arms.

He told Beth after Nancy had been put to bed, when they were sitting over cocktails. "It's evil," he said, "and we've let it sneak up on us. These kids have declared war on decency—slashing tires, breaking car windows, mugging people. Remember what happened to that little girl those twelve-year-olds cornered in an alley? What's it going to be like when Nancy starts school?"

"What indeed?" Beth said. "I think about it all the time." She looked up at him. "Ed . . ."

"I know," Lowery said. He smiled at her and took her hand. "Move to the country? You know," he said, "that was the first thing I thought when I got this commission—that maybe you could get your house in the country out of it."

"You've always needed New York," Beth said.

"Maybe I need peace of mind now," Lowery said. "I want to do justice to my work, you know. I'd hate to think I was running away from hoodlums, that's all."

"Well, you wouldn't be," Beth said. "And who cares anyway?" She stood up, and he saw that she wasn't going to cry but that she was close to it. "Can we move?" she said. "Please?"

Lowery took her hands in his. "Yes," he said. "We can move."

They found a house in New England on the curve of a hill, with the Green Mountains in view from one side and the White Mountains from the other. Lowery, who had always done his work in their apartment in New York, decided that the time had come to set up a separate studio. "Look at her," he said to Beth. Nancy was running through the long grass of the uncut lawn, crying out her delight. "She'll want to do lots of hollering now. She'll want a dog too. If I set up for work away from home, I won't be cramping anybody's style."

"I'll miss you," Beth said. "We'll both miss you."

"Will you?" Lowery said. He grinned at her. Beth was standing in a corner of their new living room, holding a yardstick and frowning. She was wearing a sweater and skirt and her hair was piled on top of her head; she looked, Lowery thought, about sixteen instead of twenty-six. I *should* sketch that, he thought: a *seriously* happy woman. "Will you miss me?" he said again.

Beth put the yardstick against the wall and came over to him and rubbed her forehead against his chest. Her hands slid under his jacket and moved around his waist. "You know how much I love it here," she said. "Don't you?"

"Yes," Lowery said.

"I'm home now," Beth said. "This is where my roots go down, for good." She lifted her face and leaned against him. "I never want to leave here," she said. "And I want another baby."

Lowery was infinitely touched. "All right," he said.

Their house was isolated, nearly half a mile from their nearest neighbors, but soon they knew more people than they ever had known in New York.

For a studio he found a small barn about a mile away. It was farther than he needed or wanted to be from the house, but his work was pressing him. Usually he drove to his studio in the mornings to save time. But occasionally he walked through the beguiling countryside and promised himself a sketching holiday someday. The evil that had triggered their decision to leave New York had wrought good, Lowery thought.

He worked hard all that summer and on into the fall. Twice he made quick trips to New York; with each, his confidence in the future grew. In September Nancy started kindergarten. There would be no school-bus service for her until she was in the first grade, so Beth drove her. Their route took them past Lowery's barn. Beth always sounded her horn and Lowery always went to the door and waved.

In October the colors came, and Lowery gave himself his sketching holiday. He headed for home pleasantly tired, eager to talk with Beth.

He drove moderately, and he was a little surprised to find himself overtaking another car. It seemed to be full of men or boys, and although it was old it was low to the road. Twin exhaust pipes, chromed and jeweled with glass reflectors, jutted from its rear. As Lowery drew nearer he could hear the characteristic exhaust cackle of gutted mufflers. One of those gaudy, noisy hop-ups, he decided.

At that moment a car passed him from behind, going fairly fast. Lowery had a glimpse of a woman at the wheel, alone. Then she was ahead and dropping neatly into place behind the hop-up. It was a two-lane black-top road, and a car was approaching from the opposite direction.

As soon as her way was clear the woman swung out to pass the hop-up. When she was abreast of it Lowery heard the cackle rise to a staccato bark. The hop-up accelerated and kept pace with her, and the woman kept trying to get ahead. They were now going away from Lowery very fast.

Another car appeared, coming from the opposite direction. Lowery saw the woman's brake lights go on; a moment later the hop-up's lights showed; both cars were braking hard. Suddenly the woman stopped braking and stepped on the gas in an effort to get ahead and on the right side of the road. The hop-up swept ahead again, holding her out.

"God," Lowery said aloud.

They let her in behind them at the last possible moment, amid a screech of brakes from the woman's car and the oncoming car. She was between Lowery and the hop-up again, and the hop-up was dawdling along at twenty-five miles an hour. Lowery moved out a little with the idea of passing her and getting the hop-up's number.

But the woman was determined to pass. She put on power and swung out abreast of the hop-up. She was nearly past when the hop-up cut her off again, and then it was the same thing all over. Lowery felt sweat trickling from his arm-

pits as he watched the duel of brakes and acceleration. He saw finally another oncoming car, which would resolve this round of the game.

Both cars were going fast when the driver of the hop-up at last floored his gas pedal. The woman dived in behind him and the oncoming car flashed past. But the woman's bumper had nicked the rear of the hop-up, and now the hop-up was going out of control. It began to yaw, weaving from side to side with increasing violence. A rear tire shredded off, and the hop-up threw up a cloud of dirt as it slid broadside along the shoulder, straightened, and then smashed into a tree. As though hypnotized, the woman followed it off the road. Her car leaped the shallow ditch and rolled over once in a field.

Lowery was out and running before his own car had come to a full stop. Steam plumed from the hop-up's hood. The two left doors had burst open and the interior seemed full of bodies, some moving, some still. As Lowery ran up, the driver, who had been lying over the wheel, straightened and swept his long black hair from his face. Lowery jolted to a stop, shocked anew. The long hair, waved and oiled, the youthful face settling into a mask of cold disdain, the black jacket, the tight jeans—Lowery was once again meeting the evil he had thought far behind him.

The youth stared silently. Lowery had a near-hysterical urge to curse him and, cursing him, to smash him with his fists. He wrenched himself away from the impulse and ran for the woman's car.

She was lying on the floor with her hands over her face. Blood oozed between her fingers. "Can you hear me?" Lowery said. "Can you move your arms and legs?" He could smell gasoline.

"Please get me out of here," the woman said. She began inching herself through the door and Lowery, fearing spinal injury and fearing fire even more, took her in his arms and carried her to a safe distance before he lowered her to the ground. When he looked up he was surprised to see that a number of cars had stopped. A man was running across the field toward him. "I'm a doctor," the man said, and knelt by the woman.

"I must get to the hospital," the woman said.

"All right," the doctor said. "Just take it easy."

"But I'm in a hurry," the woman said. "My husband is in the hospital. He's terribly sick."

Lowery turned away. More human problems compounded. More lives senselessly invaded. He went back to the hop-up, striding angrily.

It was less visible than the car in the open field, and the people in the gathering crowd were just realizing that two cars were involved. No one had reached it yet when Lowery returned. Three youths in tight pants and black leather jackets were standing outside the car. Two were sitting on the bank with their heads down. The driver was slumped over the wheel again.

Lowery started to touch him on the shoulder and abruptly checked himself. This was not the same boy who had been in the driver's seat a few moments ago and had stared at him so coldly. This was a younger boy, fair-haired.

"You better not touch him, mister," one of the boys said. "He's dead."

Lowery turned slowly. There were two boys with short brown hair, one nursing a broken arm; one long-haired boy, but unmistakably blond in spite of the blood welling from a scalp wound; a redhead with a mashed mouth; and one of the seated ones, just lifting his head, had long, black, oily, waved hair.

Their eyes met and held. "You murderer," Lowery said.

It had happened inside the town line and so the town police had jurisdiction. Later Lowery was to wish that the state troopers had had the authority.

"So you see, Mr. Lowery," the town police officer said, "it's the testimony of these five against yours. They all say it was the dead boy who was the driver."

"What about the woman in the other car?" Lowery said.

"She doesn't know."

"Punks and hoodlums," Lowery said. "I didn't know you had them here."

The officer's eyebrows lifted. "It was a bad accident," he said, "but I don't know that you could call those boys punks and hoodlums."

"Look," Lowery said, "they were deliberately holding that woman on the wrong side of the road. They were deliberately endangering her life and the lives of people in other cars."

"That's your version, Mr. Lowery," the officer said.

"Well, the woman in the other car will support me in that."

The officer shook his head. "She's confused and she's been hurt. She admits she was trying to pass. But she had her sick husband on her mind, remember. And remember that she was on the wrong side of the road when she hit the boys' car."

Lowery worked desperately to control his mounting frustration. "So you have all the evidence of an ordinary road accident, except for my story," he said.

"That's about the size of it," the officer said.

"All right," Lowery said. "I was just wondering whose side you were on."

The officer looked at him with something like respect. "Maybe you'll get some help from the coroner," he said, "although I doubt it. I'm having the car impounded but I can't arrest that boy you're accusing—young Madden. There will have to be an inquest."

"Well," Lowery said, "I'll be there. With my story."

How gruesome," Beth said later, "putting a dead boy behind the wheel! Making him take the blame." She shuddered. "I've seen them," she said. "I've seen them walking around town with that lordly air. But somehow I never thought up here—well, I didn't think it was serious."

"So much for our innocence," Lowery said. "How about a Martini? I want to forget about this."

They were determinedly talking about something else, having their drinks in front of the fireplace, when the telephone rang.

"Mr. Lowery?" a voice said. "You better change your story about that accident."

"Who is this?" Lowery asked.

"You know who." The voice went high, breathless. Lowery had a vivid mental picture of the youth Madden. "You're only trying to make a lot of trouble."

"The trouble's been made," Lowery said. "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Just change your story, that's all."

The line went dead and Lowery looked at Beth's pale face, her darkening eyes. "Threat?" she said.

"Not exactly. A yelp of defiance, I'd say. He didn't sound too confident."

In the morning Beth sounded her horn on the way past the studio. Lowery went to the door to wave. Another car was following Beth's, not very closely. Lowery frowned. There was not much casual traffic on this dirt road, and like most people who live in the country, he had half-consciously established the schedules of his neighbors. Ordinarily nobody but Beth was on the road at this time of day. He noted the time, feeling a twinge of anxiety—feeling foolish too.

She was back in seventeen minutes, and Lowery was amused to find that he also had memorized Beth's schedule, without realizing it; seventeen minutes was par. His amusement left him when another car came along and vanished behind Beth's at a turn in the road.

It took him time to run to his own car, start it and urge it, bouncing and skidding, along the crude track that led from his studio to the road. Once on the dirt road he drove fast and recklessly. But it was only a mile. Beth's car was parked and there was no other car in sight when he turned into his driveway.

"You're scaring me," Beth said. "I don't think I was being followed."

"Maybe I'm being stupid," Lowery said. "It's a public road, after all."

And during the next days he was reassured. Beth's car went past and returned. Nothing followed her.

Of course there was a great deal of talk about the accident. The Lowerys' new friends expressed proper shock and horror at his version of it. Most of them were older than the Lowerys: many of them had teen-age children. Some of them developed an odd coolness toward Lowery and Beth.

"It figured," Lowery said. "They all know that the Madden boy is wild. But too many people don't want to face it. It's too close to home."

"Are we going to be social outcasts?"

"Listen," Lowery said, "they're not all against us. There are parents in this town who are dead against this business of letting the kids have their heads. Harvey Pusey is one."

Harvey Pusey was the farmer who rented Lowery's pasture. "That Madden boy is no good," he had said to Lowery one day, "and neither are his friends. I've never laid a finger on my son, but he knows I'd take a horsewhip to him if he ever had anything to do with Madden."

Pusey Junior was a husky lad of seventeen. He had grinned briefly at his father and gone on with his job of loading steers into the truck.

"You couldn't imagine young Pusey being a delinquent," Lowery said now to Beth. He rubbed his hand over Nancy's head. "And we're going to have a teen-ager of our own soon."

"Two teen-agers," Beth said. She was happily pregnant.

"One more reason for me to stick to my story," Lowery said.

It was a week later when a car turned into their driveway late at night. It circled the house once, its horn blaring, and then shot away down the road. Nancy woke up screaming with fright. The telephone rang while they were trying to quiet her.

"How do you feel now, Mr. Lowery?" the voice said.

"About the same," Lowery said.

"Just wait a few minutes, then."

Lowery called the police. While he was trying to get through he heard the cackle of gutted mufflers outside. A rock crashed against the side of the house. The car roared away.

It seemed a long time before the police cruiser came. Lowery built up the fire and Beth huddled by it, holding Nancy in her arms.

"This is Captain Williams," Lowery said when the officer came in.

Beth acknowledged him coolly. "What are you going to do about this?" she said.

"Now, don't worry," Captain Williams said. "My men are looking around outside now."

"So they'll find a rock," Lowery said, "if they can tell it from ten million other rocks around here. Can't you put this Madden kid in jail?"

"No, sir," the officer said.

"Well, if my wife has a miscarriage because of this, Madden will wish he were in a nice safe jail, I'll tell you that."

"Now, Mr. Lowery," Captain Williams said, "that's no way to talk."

"I'm about all out of talk," Lowery said. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to send a car around at odd hours of the night. I'm going to keep my eye on you people from now on," Captain Williams said.

But Captain Williams couldn't answer the telephone for them when it rang in the night. Sometimes there would be silence when Lowery answered. Sometimes there would be the same question: "How do you feel now?" Their nerves were rubbed raw.

"Listen, we've got to think of the baby," Lowery said to Beth, "not to mention you. Why don't you visit your mother until this is all over?"

"And leave you alone with it?" Beth said. "No."

Lowery's work was suffering. He finally decided to set up a studio in one of their spare rooms.

"They wouldn't dare bother us in broad daylight," Beth said.

"Maybe not," Lowery said. "But I feel better being here."

And then there was more violence. Maybe the police cruiser had fallen into an obvious schedule; certainly their assailants were cunning. The car came down the road shortly after midnight, only a few minutes after the cruiser had passed, and a hail of stones smashed half the windows in the front of the house.

After the police had come and gone, leaving a man to guard the house for the rest of the night, Lowery turned to Beth. "You're going," he said.

"Not without you." She leaned against him, her face pale.

"We can come back," Lowery said, knowing they couldn't.

"No," Beth said. "Whether people are for us or against us or indifferent, we couldn't face the town again if we ran away. You know that."

"You mean if *I* ran away," Lowery said. He pushed Beth gently into a chair and went to the telephone. When he came back he said: "I've talked Williams into detailing a cruiser to park outside the house. From midnight to six is the best he can do, he says. He also tells me that our friend Madden was snug in bed at the time of the window smashing."

On the second night the young policeman in charge of the cruiser came in and said: "There've been two bad smashups on the highway, Mr. Lowery. I'll be back if I'm released before six, but I don't think you have anything to worry about."

Lowery watched the cruiser's roof light disappear. "I think I'll sit up," he said to Beth.

Within an hour a car crept over the hill and headed for the house. It turned

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into his drive, circled and stopped, facing out toward the road. Lowery began to wish he had a gun. Footsteps crunched on the gravel and then somebody knocked on the door. Beth came running.

"They're getting brave," Lowery said. He picked up a poker. "Stay out of this," he said to Beth. "See if you can get Williams or somebody on the phone."

He jerked open the door. "Mr. Lowery?" It was a hoarse, adolescent voice. "I got—I've got a message."

"Who are you?" Lowery said. He snapped on the outside light, but the boy's hands came up in front of his face. Lowery leaped off the step and grabbed at his wrists.

The boy was strong. They wrestled for a moment and then the boy broke away and ran for his car, into the shadows.

"I'm your friend, Mr. Lowery," the boy said. "I'm trying to give you a friendly warning. Madden's going to get rough. Don't let your wife and little girl go into town alone."

"I see," Lowery said, wondering how much to believe. "Why all the cloak-and-dagger?"

"I just heard about it. I was at a dance with some other guys."

The boy sounded honest. Lowery asked, "Why don't you want me to know who you are? Are you fellows afraid of Madden?"

The shadowy head nodded.

"Well, I won't tell him you called on me," Lowery said. "And thanks."

"Don't forget what I told you," the boy said. "About your wife and your little girl."

"I'll drive them to school myself in the morning," Lowery said.

"You're not going to chicken, are you, Mr. Lowery?"

"No," Lowery said.

He wasn't so sure when he saw Beth's white face and the terror in her eyes. "A friendly visit this time," he said.

"I heard," she said, her voice dull.

Lowery called Captain Williams. "What now?" the policeman said angrily.

"Look," Lowery said, "I've got a living to earn. Can you detail a man to guard my wife and child in the daytime, going to school and shopping?"

"Mr. Lowery," Captain Williams said, "have you stopped to think of how that would reflect on this town? We've already scared off one Boston reporter. If we had to put a police guard on our witnesses, why, that's just the kind of story one of these fellows would love!"

"You mean no, eh?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lowery, but——"

"Good-by, Captain," Lowery said.

He walked slowly across the room and threw some sticks on the dying fire. Beth crouched in a chair.

A car came over the rise in the road and down toward them. Beth put her hands over her ears and started to tremble violently. Lowery put his hand on her shoulder and listened, aching with tension.

The car rumbled past. "It's all right," Lowery said.

Beth shook her head. "It's never going to be all right." She was still shaking. "Hold me," she said.

Lowery took her in his arms and suddenly he was decided. "Okay," he said. "We'll get out in the morning."

"Will you come back?" Beth asked. "To testify?"

"No," Lowery said. "This is no time for us to be separated. And it's their own mess. They want to handle it their own way, so let them." He lifted her up. "I'll come back to pack our big things and sell the house. Or maybe I'll hire somebody to do it."

Beth stared toward the window. "Let's hurry," she whispered.

It was hard to pack the suitcases, to sort out what they needed immediately, and at the same time listen for an approaching car.

Daylight was a profound relief. They woke Nancy, had a cup of coffee in the desolated kitchen and drove out into the morning, silent and defeated.

The car rumbled along the dirt road heavily. The trunk was full and the back seat was piled high with their belongings.

"Who's that ahead?" Lowery said. "He's certainly taking his time."

Beth sat up straight suddenly. "Pass him," she said. "Pass him!"

"Yes," Lowery said. "That's what I think."

But the car ahead was being driven with skill. It blocked Lowery when he tried to pass on the left; it blocked him when he tried to push through on the right. It went more and more slowly; Lowery was desperately trying to remember if there was a side road through the woods when the car ahead suddenly turned sideways across the road. It was stop or crash. Lowery stopped.

Five youths got out of the car. Lowery recognized Madden. He thought he recognized two or three of the others. He put his car in reverse and fed power to it frantically, half turning in the seat to see out the rear window. His view was blocked by the pile of boxes. He opened the door to look back, and now the whole thing was impossible. Another car was stopping behind him.

"I'm getting out," he said to Beth. "If they want to bargain, okay. If not, maybe I can fight my way through them and move their car out of your way. Lock yourself in and be ready to drive!"

He stepped out of the car and away from it, and he saw that there was not going to be any bargaining. Madden and the four other youths were running straight for him. Lowery set himself and punched at Madden's face.

Something hit Lowery on the side of the head. He went down, hearing the sound of running feet. More were coming from the car behind. He heaved to his feet, trying to get himself between them and Nancy and Beth. He scooped up a rock and swung his arm back to throw it.

For a moment Lowery stood petrified and amazed. Madden and his friends were fighting with the three boys from the car behind. Madden and another youth already had one of these boys down on the road, their fists rising and falling.

"I told you to keep out of it," Madden said, his voice shrill. "I told you not to mess with me!"

The others were struggling on the bank, rolling in and out of the ditch. Suddenly Lowery recognized young Harvey Pusey, who was trying to get to Madden. Two of Madden's cohorts were clinging to Pusey's neck and arms. And suddenly Lowery went into action.

He dropped the rock and went for Madden. Madden came upright when Lowery jerked at his collar. "I should have done this long ago," Lowery said, and hit him in the stomach. Madden swayed toward him and Lowery barely had time to hit him again when somebody was on his back with an arm around his throat.

Lowery snapped forward and threw the youth over his shoulder. He kicked at him and kept straight on, punching at one of the youths clinging to young Pusey.

"We're evenin' up," Pusey grunted, and body-slammed the other one.

"Let's get out of here!" one of the Madden crew yelled. Three of them broke away and ran for the car, leaving Madden and another lying in the road. Young Pusey plunged past them and snatched out their car keys. They scrambled in anyway.

Pusey walked back and looked down at Madden. "Hey," he said, "you sure knocked the fight out of him, Mr. Lowery."

"Well, somebody almost knocked the brains out of me," Lowery said, putting his hand to his head. "What goes on here, anyway?" He looked with a kind of wonder at Pusey and his friends, who were grinning and sweating.

"You sure didn't chicken, Mr. Lowery," one of the boys said, and Lowery wondered whether or not he recognized the voice, whether or not this was the boy who had warned him. "Nearly everybody in town thought you'd scare, you know," he said. "That is," he said, "the kids did. We were plenty scared of Madden. He had a way of finding you alone."

"Well, you weren't scared of him this morning," Lowery said.

"You weren't scared of him at all," young Pusey said. "I guess that decided us. That, and hearing about how he was going after your wife and little girl."

Lowery hoped they wouldn't notice the boxes on the back seat of his car, and it wasn't entirely his pride that made him hope this. There was a matter of faith involved—and he was glad now that his foolish flight had been stopped.

He was wondering if other, bigger problems might have similar answers when Beth rolled down her window and poked out her head. It was the first time in weeks that Lowery had seen real happiness in her face.

"Ed," she called. "It's all right now, isn't it?"

Lowery walked to the car. "It's fine," he said softly, adding, "and never let those boys know we were running away."

"You don't need to tell me that," Beth said.

"All right," Lowery told her. "Drive back to the house now and telephone Captain Williams. Tell him where we are and tell him to hurry. My friends and I," Lowery said, "are very hungry for breakfast."

"Aren't you glad we didn't pack the pots and pans!" Beth said. . . . THE END

Man Who Wanted Too Much

(Continued from page 45)

Slick counterfeiters with records in half a dozen countries? Not at all. In many respects they are a fairly typical young American couple. They both are in their mid-thirties and they have five handsome youngsters—three boys and two girls—whose ages range from 11 months to 13 years.

Without exception, their neighbors in this drowsy country village found the Humphreys a likable family. George, a smiling, sandy-haired man of 37, was thought of as a go-getting, smarter-than-average young husband well on his way toward building a career and a bank account. Jean was a quiet-voiced, mannerly young woman whose energy and motherly devotion were admired by everyone. (The Secret Service made no charges against Jean; it is satisfied that she knew nothing of George's money-faking operations.)

Worthington folks were shocked at George's arrest. As Merwin Packard, the postmaster, says, "It was difficult to believe. People around here thought, If George Humphrey could do a thing like that, seems like anybody could."

Is this true? What made George Humphrey commit an act which the Government views as seriously as treason? What desperate circumstances induced him to forge United States money? Why would a man with a wife and five children make such a gamble with the future?

There are no simple answers to these questions because George Humphrey is not a simple person. He is a man of quite considerable charm, with an impressive talent as promoter and salesman, and a competence as printer, artist and photographer. Although these are precisely the attributes one might associate with a counterfeiter, George had never before been in trouble with the law. Until he started printing money, his anxiety about building a career was not much different, except in degree, from that of millions of American husbands bent on providing the best they can for their families.

Yet there *is* a difference and it is this: George Humphrey wanted too much too quickly. In the eight months before his arrest he had lived on a scale that a man earning four times as much would have found hard to maintain. He had taken on installment payments for a pair of thoroughbred race horses and a $10,000 car, as well as a mortgage on the old mansion—all on the basis that his small printing and photography business was beginning to prosper.

Today, in moments of mildest self-criticism, George calls himself a "maladjusted phony." Yet he is gaining new insight into his character and his conduct. Strangely, he feels a serenity he has never known before. For the first time he has discovered the true meaning of family life, and has begun to know his youngsters as human beings rather than as mere extensions of himself on whom to lavish material luxuries. "It's as if he got some kind of shock treatment," says Jean. "He's a better father than he has ever been before. He's a different man with different values. I love him more than ever. What's happened doesn't change anything. It's just that now I know his weaknesses—and so does he."

George Humphrey, born in Youngstown, Ohio, was just six when his parents were divorced. He and his mother came East and settled in a run-down section of Brooklyn, New York. He never saw his father again.

George was acutely aware of the poverty around him and spent every spare moment trying to earn money. At nine, he was selling newspapers and magazines in subway trains, setting up pins at a bowling alley, shining shoes and running errands for neighbors and local storekeepers. He turned over the money to his mother, who was working irregularly as a bookkeeper.

Later, in his mid-teens, George got an after-school job as a Radio City Music Hall page boy. With part of his earnings he bought an inexpensive camera and darkroom equipment, and attended photography school at night. He was also active as a Boy Scout, and a member of the St. Stevens Lutheran Church dramatic group.

Long after the family fortunes had improved, George was still obsessed by the fear of poverty. He has two stark recollections from his childhood which affected him so deeply that today he wonders if they did not drive him to his crime. Once—he believes it was in 1932—he ate canned beans for his Thanksgiving dinner. He remembers with pain his mother's tears as she asked his forgiveness.

Another time he visited the home of a girl whose parents were extremely wealthy. "When I saw their fine house and furniture and their two Cadillacs, it made me feel terrible. I was in love with the girl, and I had dreams of marrying her when I was old enough. Now I knew I never could. I got the strongest kind of feeling that I could never be happy unless I too had money enough to buy a fine house and fine cars."

George enlisted in the United States Marine Corps before Pearl Harbor in 1941, and spent the next four years as a Marine recruiter and staff artist for *Leatherneck*, the Corps's magazine. A captain at the Kansas City Marine recruiting station described George as an "outstanding noncommissioned officer in every respect . . . and possessed of proper initiative, understanding and ability for an appointment to the grade of second lieutenant."

On his discharge in 1945 George returned to Radio City Music Hall and got a job as assistant stage manager. It was there that he met Jean, who was a front-row dancer in the famous Corps de Ballet. They were married in a month.

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George's restless pursuit of money increased after the arrival of their first-born, Russell, now a doe-eyed lad of 13.

George tried dealing in used airplanes, running a summer-stock theater and free-lancing as a photographer and publicity man. Then a Newark, New Jersey, firm hired him as a traveling salesman of high-school yearbooks, rings and other jewelry. Working 15 hours a day he prospered immediately, earning as much as $10,000 in a good year. He settled the family in a modest three-bedroom home in Red Bank, New Jersey. In early 1955 he left the firm, taking some of his best accounts with him. He went into business for himself, basing his operations in Boston and spending only weekends home with his family.

With his easy charm George made friends with many Massachusetts businessmen, among them the president of the Boston Junior Chamber of Commerce. He was official photographer for the 1956 Miss Massachusetts contest. As promoter and printer he volunteered his services to fairs and festivals in Springfield, Pittsfield and Great Barrington. As George had hoped, these varied activities led to business contacts which, together with his state-wide travels, helped him to win orders for yearbooks from over a dozen high schools, and such colleges as the University of Massachusetts and the American International College.

Within a few months he had gathered orders worth more than $40,000, and already had collected advances of $10,000. Optimistically he hired a salesman to assist him, in the belief that he could double his business inside a year.

This was the beginning of his trouble. George was not prudent enough to save his profits for future expansion of his business or as a cushion against setbacks. He now launched upon a personal spending binge that brought him to the edge of bankruptcy—and to the crime that led to his arrest.

First he purchased the expensive car, the fulfillment of a promise he had made himself in childhood. Then he picked out a 15-room mansion in Worthington for which the asking price was $75,000. His offer of $35,000 was accepted, but even then he did not pay a nickel's down payment. On the strength of his business orders a bank gave him a large first mortgage. George talked the owner of the property into giving him a second mortgage to cover the balance. Next he bought furniture for every room—on time. He hired a maid and moved his family early in 1956.

"Buy what you want," he told Jean. "We've really hit the jackpot this time."

"I was living a dream," George now says. "I suppose I couldn't tell fact from fantasy. I kept saying to myself, 'You're better than other people—look what you've got that they haven't.' And yet I knew all the time what I was doing. I was trying to make other people respect me—because I didn't respect myself."

For more than a year George lived his dream—up to every penny he made. Then, inevitably, hard facts began to intrude. George had kept no books—an oversight, incidentally, that contributes heavily to the failure of thousands of small businessmen every year. His hired salesman did not bring in enough orders to pay his salary. The firm's production was weeks behind schedule. Disappointed customers, receiving their yearbooks weeks late, did not sign contracts for the following year.

In May, 1957, with only two or three thin contracts in his pocket, George was at last compelled to face the truth. Very little money was coming in. Printers and binders were pressing for payment and one of them had already threatened to sue. George's personal debts also were mounting. Merchants — from expensive tailors to the local milkman—were becoming impatient, and several of them had filed small-claims suits in the county district court in nearby Northampton.

Why didn't George Humphrey give up his extravagant way of life and try to put the business back on its feet?

Says George, "More than anything else, I was afraid of people finding out I was a phony—and a stupid one at that. Up to then I'd received more respect from people than I'd ever got in my entire life. I guess I was willing to take any risk to keep up the false front."

On a June evening in 1957 a way out of his troubles occurred to George. As he tells it, a neighbor who was almost as heavily in debt as George himself jokingly suggested that they ought to try printing their own money. "You're an artist and a printer," George reports the man said. "Why don't you give it a little thought?"

For days George indulged in the most torturous kind of soul-searching. "What do other men do when they need money badly?" he asked himself. "They pass bad checks, don't they? Or they hold up a liquor store or a bank. Look at the number of ordinary guys who hold up banks when they're strapped for money! Some even maim and kill! I wouldn't think of doing things like that. Everybody cheats a little—when they fill out their income-tax forms, or when they keep a wallet full of money they find on the street."

George decided to go ahead cautiously. He told himself he would never use the money he printed. Nevertheless, he was willing to go further into debt to purchase the equipment he needed—a $900 offset camera and a $625 used printing press. With a cosigner, George managed to persuade a bank in North Adams, Massachusetts, to give him a loan.

For the next two months, working alone, George spent almost every evening and many whole days behind the locked doors of his basement printing plant.

How can a counterfeiter's wife live in the same house and not know what he is doing? On the pretext that he was working hard to catch up on back orders for school yearbooks, George gave strict instructions never to be disturbed. Sometimes when Jean or one of the children knocked on the basement door to summon George to a meal, he would shout at them to stay away in a voice they hardly recognized.

George's emotions about his counterfeiting played havoc with his conscience. He suffered almost continuously from nervous headaches. Working over the press, he would sometimes go into a cold sweat and start shaking like a malaria victim. "It got so I hated to go down into that basement," he says. At night, Jean reports, George would have palpitations, shaking the bed for minutes at a time as though having a seizure.

Whenever Jean questioned him too closely about business, George would become brusquely evasive, ill-tempered or just silent.

Despite his nervous tension, George felt great exhilaration when he saw his handiwork come off the press. By mid-August he had run off about $3,000 in $10 and $20 bills which he felt were indistinguishable from genuine ones, at least to the nonprofessional eye. For the next two weeks he pondered two ideas: passing the bills himself, and locating someone who would buy them in bulk.

Early in September, George made his first move (reluctantly, he says) to find a buyer for his bogus currency. He approached an acquaintance, Mark Marbett, proprietor of a Boston camera store, whom he believed he could trust. One afternoon in Marbett's store George bought some rolls of film, handing over a phony $10 bill in payment. He watched closely as Marbett gave the money only a casual glance before counting out the change. "Take another look at that bill," George said. Marbett examined it. "What's the matter with it?" he asked finally.

After George had told his story he asked Marbett, "Do you know anybody who'd buy the stuff?"

Marbett was interested. "Leave a few samples with me," he said.

Marbett, who later pleaded guilty to passing counterfeit money, suggested that George go home and stay by the telephone.

Although he hinted that he might find a buyer, Marbett appears to have been as much an amateur as George himself. For after George had returned to Worthington, Marbett made what he supposed were discreet inquiries among his friends and acquaintances. Then he decided to make a personal test of the money's passability. A few evenings later he drove up to a Watertown, Massachusetts, service station. After getting the tank filled he handed over a bogus $10 bill. The attendant gave him change without question, but as Marbett pulled away he glanced into the rear-view mirror. The attendant appeared to be taking down his license-plate number. Marbett made a U-turn and went back. Unable to disguise the anxiety in his voice, he said to the attendant, "I think maybe there's something wrong with that bill I just gave you. Let me have it back and I'll give you another."

The man was cagey. "Sure, mister," he said, "you can give me another one. But if you think this is a phony, we'd better hand it over to the cops."

Over Marbett's protests they went to the local precinct station and turned over the bill to the police. The matter seemed to be treated routinely and no one appeared to think that Marbett had deliberately tried to pass counterfeit money. Much relieved, he drove home.

Immediately after Marbett had left the precinct station, however, the police notified the Secret Service. The gas sta-

tion attendant, who happened also to be a printer, reported that he could tell by the feel of the paper that the bill was counterfeit.

Two days later a sharply dressed, cigar-chewing little man visited Marbett at his camera store. After some opening pleasantries, he hinted that he was a purchaser of counterfeit currency and that he understood Marbett knew of some for sale. If it was really good stuff, he said, an underworld buying syndicate might be interested in making a deal.

With shaking hands Marbett laid some samples of George's work on the counter. The visitor examined it carefully. Then he slipped it into a brown envelope. "I'll be back," he said, and left.

Next day, at Marbett's telephoned request, George Humphrey returned to the store and delivered the balance of the $3,000. Later the little man came back and purchased the entire batch at 25 cents on the dollar. "You're in luck," he said. "The boys think this stuff is so good they want a hundred thousand dollars' worth. Get to work on it, Marbett. I'll be back in a week."

This was the beginning of an elaborate trap which the United States Secret Service was now building for George Humphrey and Mark Marbett.

By the time George received Marbett's exciting news about their $100,000 order, two Secret Service agents had arrived in Worthington. Posing as salesmen, they took rooms at the Worthington Country Club, and for the next week kept sharp eyes on the Humphreys, as well as on everyone visiting their house.

George himself had no inkling that the Secret Service was watching him. He had, though, begun to entertain doubts about printing $100.000 worth of bills.

Was it really worth it? In the long run wasn't he risking a worse disgrace than revealing his financial failure to the people in Worthington? Would the "buying syndicate" perhaps force him to supply still greater quantities of the counterfeit money under threat of exposing him? "I never wanted to print more than I needed to get out of debt," George says.

Despite his ability to ask rational questions, George did not reach a rational decision. That week he printed $100.000 worth of bills, finally selecting $86,000 worth of "perfect" ones. He carefully wrapped the counterfeit money in six brown-paper parcels, and then after dark loaded them into the luggage compartment of his car. His leave-taking had a strange, doomlike quality. The evening was blustery, and autumn leaves danced around Jean and the children as they stood in the doorway of the house. None of them spoke; the baby whimpered in Jean's arms.

To Jean he whispered, "By tomorrow night all our money troubles will be over—or I'll be in jail."

This was the first time, Jean says, that George had admitted to her that he was engaged in some shady venture. He gave no hint of its nature.

George had agreed to meet Marbett at nine o'clock. He arrived in Boston at 8:30 P.M. and parked the car on a deserted street in the downtown factory district. Precisely on schedule, Marbett drove up in his own car and swiftly transferred the six parcels. He told George to wait for him in the cocktail room of a well-known Boston hotel.

"After waiting an hour I knew something had gone wrong," George says. "I didn't want to run away, though. I felt I had to let happen whatever was going to happen. I met some friends in the cocktail lounge and spent the time with them."

George did not have to wait much longer. Sitting with a drink in his hand, chatting with his friends, he suddenly heard a voice say gently behind him, "George Humphrey?"

"Yes?" George said, not even troubling to turn around.

"George Humphrey," the voice went on, "you're under arrest."

Getting to his feet, George turned at last to see two men who immediately flashed Secret Service badges. George remembers thinking, What'll Jean and the kids live on while I'm in jail? What'll they think of a husband and father who's a criminal? Strangely, though, George says he also felt an enormous sense of relief—as if all the strain and tension of the past months had miraculously drained from his body.

Marbett, George learned, had kept his appointment with his "underworld contact" in a nearby hotel room. He had unwrapped the counterfeit money, spreading it out on the bed for inspection. As the man began to pay him with genuine money—as he peeled off the bills and placed them in Marbett's open palm—four Secret Service men burst into the room through an adjoining door.

The trap was now shut.

George was taken to Boston's Charles Street jail. He was not permitted to telephone home; to avoid a frightening midnight raid on Jean and the children, the Secret Service waited until morning before searching the Worthington house. The evidence they found in George's basement was ample for an indictment. George pleaded guilty to charges of counterfeiting. Unable to raise bail of $20,000, he stayed in jail.

Two days after George had been taken into custody, the bank foreclosed the mortgage on the house and took away the furniture, including every last pot and pan in the kitchen. Jean had exactly $37 in her purse.

That was when an extraordinary thing happened in the little village of Worthington. Even as Jean and her bewildered children watched the furniture movers empty the old house, their neighbors were getting another house ready for them down the street. Simultaneously, friends were conducting a door-to-door collection of furniture and other household items. By late afternoon the three-bedroom cottage was ready for occupancy. The beds were made up with fresh linens, the oil tank was full, the refrigerator and kitchen cupboards were stocked with food. Even a television set had been installed.

Meanwhile, at the general store, townsfolk had begun to leave donations of money—all of them anonymously.

For some weeks before George's arrest Jean had been giving ballet lessons to

20

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Worthington school children, in the town hall. The money had covered part of their grocery budget. Not only did the town council permit her to continue using the hall, but when Jean arrived to give her usual class next day, she found six additional students! Worthington mothers, figuring Jean needed the extra income, had drummed up the new business.

Whenever Jean needed a car, neighbors were always willing to lend theirs. And baby sitters gave their services free when Jean had to leave the house to teach her classes.

Jean Humphrey said at the time, "All of a sudden I've found the best friends I've ever known. I want to stay here. It's where everything is out in the open —where everybody knows. It'll be easier on the children this way."

The Humphrey children—only Russell, the eldest, knows about his father's crime—have not been ostracized by their schoolmates. As one parent told her youngsters, "George Humphrey did a foolish thing and he'll have to pay for it. But Jean and the children are just the same as they always were. They'll stay in Worthington if we treat them right. We don't want to drive them away. We don't want that on our conscience, do we?"

George came home to his family on Christmas Eve, 1957, a contrite and humbled man. He was released without bail and on his own recognizance until such time as he would be called back to the court for sentencing. At first he couldn't find regular work because of the case pending against him. Worthington folks found him odd jobs—washing cars, fixing furniture, digging graves and irrigation ditches, building garden fences and harvesting potatoes.

Six months ago he found a job with a firm of interior decorators in Springfield. He bought a 1940 car for $50 and began to pay off his creditors. Jean continued to give ballet lessons.

"We've been happier in this little house than we ever were in the big one," George said recently. "I don't have to be a phony any more. I don't have to pretend I'm something I'm not. Everybody knows who I am and what I am."

A few months ago George left his job to start an interior-decorating business of his own. Soon he had as many customers as he could handle. Then another Massachusetts company offered to give him a job with a five-figure salary just as soon as his case was settled.

The case of George Humphrey versus the people of the United States was settled last May 4 in Boston's Federal Court when he appeared for sentencing before Judge George C. Sweeney. Despite the pleas of his lawyer that Jean and the children would be the ones who would suffer most if George went to jail, George received an 18-month sentence. His accomplice, Mark Marbett, was committed for a year.

With time off for good behavior, George expects to be released before Christmas of this year. What will Jean and the youngsters do meanwhile?

"We'll wait for him at home," says Jean, "—right here where we all belong." . . . THE END

Roots Of Love

(Continued from page 31)

lined up in a row on a log in the water, their hard backs glistening in the sun. The frogs were silent today—even the birds refused to sing.

Jennifer fanned herself. It had been a long season in the country house. Sometimes she felt their weekend guests, if laid end to end, would stretch all the way from here to the station. But Owen loved their country summers; he willingly paid the price of commuting to the office every day in that stifling train. The least I can do, she thought, is entertain his friends at dinner.

That was the trouble with Owen—there was so little she could do for him. He was one of those quiet, self-contained men who wake without being called, who never seem to miss a train, catch a cold, lose their keys or need a haircut. He selected all his own clothes, got them to and from the cleaners, hung them up when he took them off. He never brought his problems home from the office. Sometimes Jennifer wondered why he had married her. Once she asked him.

He gave her a level look. "I wanted you beside me all the days of my life."

"You didn't even ask me if I loved you."

"I knew I could make you happy."

She had borne him two children. Young Jen, just like her father, was a sturdy chairman-of-the-board type. (Probably leading a patrol, winning new badges at Scout camp this very minute, Jennifer thought.) Their son had been stillborn. That was the year Owen had begun taking long drives in the country and found the summerhouse beside the little lake. . . .

Automatically Jennifer completed the ritual of readying the terrace for guests—sweeping the flagstones, dusting the furniture, checking the grill and the charcoal, laying out the long-handled tools for Owen. (He broiled a steak better than she did.) She cut a bouquet of August lilies, marveling again that these long-stemmed beauties unfolded their fragrant orchid trumpets exactly on schedule every year.

Owen had planted the flower bulbs several years ago. "Mystery lilies," he said. "*Lycoris.*" He always knew the Latin names. "In the spring they send up a bunch of strong leaves like green straps. Then they disappear. On the first day of August they pop up on long stems and bloom, almost overnight."

A heady-eyed chipmunk hopped up on the ledge and watched her now as she put the flowers under the glass bell on the picnic table. "They can come any time, Chipper," she said. "We're ready." Even the Martinis were made and waiting in the refrigerator. That would impress the Wilsons. Especially Iris. ("She'll show up in high heels and a strapless dress and slap at mosquitoes all evening," Owen had warned. "But I like Wilson.")

Jennifer was tucking her fresh white blouse into the blue denim skirt when she heard tires crunching on the cinder driveway. Iris got out and stumbled, immediately complaining of a pebble in her sandal. She's mad because they got here first, Jennifer thought, hurrying out.

"It's a dead heat." Jennifer smiled, extending both hands to the Wilsons and nodding toward Owen's green station wagon turning into the driveway.

Owen got out of the driver's seat. "Look who blew into the plant today, Jen! I dragged him out to see you. He had nineteen excuses but I twisted his arm."

Jennifer stared at the other man—the tall one—getting out of the car, walking toward her. She caught her breath. Rick? Oh, it couldn't be Rick. She felt the bright color running warm under her skin as he took her quivering hand and held it firm.

"It's Christmas," Rick said, his gray-eyed glance riveting hers.

Iris Wilson giggled. "In August?"

It's Christmas. Jennifer's blush deepened. Count on Rick to say the right thing, she thought. He always had. I haven't seen him in eight—oh, ten!—years and he can take my hand, give me that look, say two words and my heart begins to pound so loud you can hear it clear across the lake.

Rick was more than an old beau. Jennifer had been eighteen and already married when she first met Rick. She could still recall that annual Christmas party she had attended as the new wife of a junior executive at Chemical Equipment, Incorporated.

"CEI prides itself on this party," Owen had briefed her. (She had come to Mapledale as his bride, and he thoughtfully guided her through the tricky shoals of its small-town society.) "Everyone at CEI is invited to the Christmas party," he explained. "All the employees and their families—the brass, the tin, even the lead—maybe eight hundred people sitting down to turkey. There'll be speeches and bonuses and gold watches—and an accordion trio in the background."

Rick Hamilton played Santa that year. After the presents were distributed, Owen introduced him to Jennifer. The tall man in the padded red suit took her hand and held it firmly. "This is what Santa wants for Christmas," he said.

Jennifer smiled. "Those pillows don't fool me. You're a thin one."

He laughed and peeled off the false white eyebrows and the cotton beard, revealing a dimple in his chin. "Go away, Owen," he said. "I want to kiss the bride."

"I trust her." Owen moved away into the crowd.

"Are you brass, tin or lead?" Jennifer asked.

"Pure gold. I married the boss's daughter."

"Point her out to me." (Jennifer had heard about Marcia Lattakey Hamilton—her furs, her cars, her dogs, her thrice-weekly hairdo, her handsome husband.)

"She wouldn't be caught dead with us peasants." He waved a regal hand. "Let

'em eat fruitcake." Jennifer saw that he meant to smile, but the corners of his mouth suddenly went crooked.

"You *hurt.*" She blurted it out.

"I bleed."

"I'm so sorry."

He scanned her face. "What's with you? Thirty seconds and I tell you the story of my life. Where did Owen find you?"

"He turned over a rock and there I was."

His glance warmed. "Must have been an emerald."

"A diamond. I worked in a jewelry store."

"What a sneaky way to get a ring!"

"He hasn't complained."

Rick's glance lingered. "Are you as happy as he is?"

A good question, Jennifer thought. Then and now.

Like a character in a play (Enter Mrs. Owen Bradshaw, carrying a tray) she moved through the evening, making the right gestures, seating the guests, serving the Martinis. He's changed, she thought. The handsome face with the dimpled chin looks disciplined now—lined and lived in. He's learned to control the corners of his mouth, but his eyes . . . Jennifer was tinglingly aware of Rick's gray eyes watching her. What does he see? she wondered. The perennial hostess making the inevitable small talk?

Small talk. Rick had always hated it. "A wall of words you throw up between us," he had protested once. "It shuts out all the important things we ought to be saying to each other."

After that CEI Christmas party Jennifer rarely saw him. The Hamiltons and the Bradshaws weren't friends in couples. Owen was Research and Rick was Traffic: and as Owen put it, "Research may speak to Traffic, but Traffic speaks only to God." Marcia was Country Club, too, and that made a difference in Mapledale. ("We'll be Country Club too," Owen promised, "but I'll wait until *they* want *me.*") Jennifer saw Marcia occasionally at a woman's club tea or when the Rotary entertained their wives at lunch. Once she met her shopping for a hat at Mason's and they sometimes ran into each other during little-theater intermissions or at Red Cross headquarters. Marcia gave her the uncomfortable impression that she had difficulty remembering Owen's wife's name.

"What big eyes you have, Grandmother!" Rick had said it to Jennifer at the annual CEI picnic. Owen was refereeing the softball game and she had wandered away from the crowd to explore the park alone. She found herself on top of a green hill overlooking the river and paused to admire the view, enchanted with the wooded nook high and remote above the town below. She could make out the church, the winding river, the smokestacks of CEI. She was trying to pick out the red roof of her own house when Rick spoke in her ear: "What big eyes you have, Grandmother!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

He dropped down onto the rock ledge beside her. "I've been following you."

Jennifer's glance met his and fell away. A line from a poem flashed through her mind: ". . . the kiss in Colin's eyes."

It was always there, that kiss, whenever she chanced to meet Rick—downtown, on the golf course, at the office, in the bank. She always blushed and retreated behind her wall of small talk: Nice day. How's Marcia? And the children?

Rick stretched out on the ledge and looked down into the valley. "When I was a kid I used to climb up here on summer afternoons and dream about all the things I'd do when I got big."

"Like what?"

He rolled over on his side and looked at her. "Be a fireman, I suppose. Kill a dragon. Rescue damsels in distress. Win a war. Write a book." He reached for her hand. "Make love to a woman. Do you realize this is the first time I've been alone with you?"

"Don't flirt with me, Rick. I'm no good at it."

It was his turn to blush. "I really wanted to be a state forester," he said, backtracking. "I had two years at college. Kick myself yet for giving it up."

"What happened?"

The corners of his mouth twisted. "I married Marcia Lattakey—and CEI."

"Success in one easy motion." She was sorry immediately.

He grabbed her shoulders, his fingers digging into her flesh. "Damn you," he said, shaking her like a child. "You treat me like a gigolo. I'm a man! Not a kept man, either. I work. I work harder than anybody else at the plant because I have to keep proving it. You think it's easy?" His hands relaxed and moved down her arms, caressing her. "Oh, Jennifer, I was doing all right until you showed up. But the minute you looked at me and I touched you . . ." His voice suddenly thickened and she could feel the tremor pass through his body.

Jennifer gasped. He needs me, she thought. He really needs me!

"I'm in love with you, you must know that," Rick groaned. "I didn't kiss you that night. I didn't dare. I couldn't be casual. Not then, not now." Her heart pounded as he drew her toward him. "Don't be afraid of me, Jennifer." Her knees felt weak. She was trembling, helpless, drifting in space. She moored in his arms.

That was the beginning of Jennifer's double life—her real existence with Owen, her imaginary being with Rick. Actually Rick had dropped away like a stone, going East to open up a new branch for CEI. Now that he's gone, she had told herself, I'll forget him. But it hadn't worked out like that at all.

Rick stayed behind in her dreams. Over and over she relived that day on the hill, remembering his shaken face, the tremor that shuddered through his body, the strong circle of his arms closing around her. Her life took on a new dimension; everything was clarified, sharpened. Music sounded sweeter, poetry held a deeper meaning, love songs seemed to be aimed directly at her heart. When she bought new clothes, she imagined herself wearing them for Rick. She was embarrassed about her daydreams but she couldn't wake from the spell. This is love, she thought—a strong wind blowing out of nowhere, hitting you, buffeting you. *This is what Owen feels for me.*

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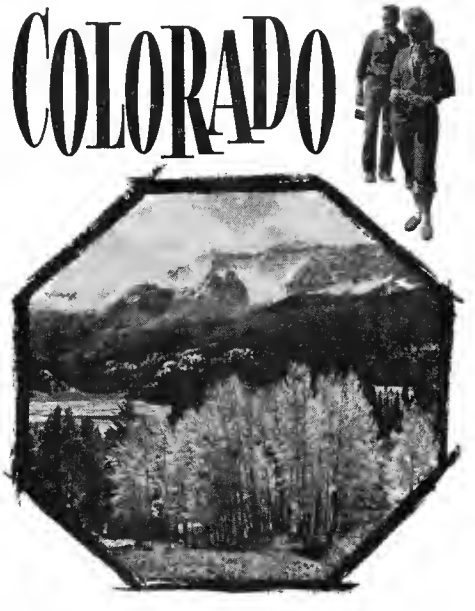
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It was Rick who awakened her to her own husband's need. To know love is to accept it. She understood Owen now. She was more receptive to his desire, gave herself to him with more warmth. Jennifer changed from a girl into a woman. She was delighted when she knew she was going to have a baby.

Owen looked worried. "Oh, Jen, you're so young!"

She laughed. "You should have thought of that sooner."

"I know." He shook his head. "I couldn't wait. I was afraid I'd lose you."

"I'm yours. All two of me."

"Wait till I tell it at the plant!"

"Let's enjoy it ourselves first."

"Rick's back. Did I tell you?"

She stood very still. "No."

"You'll see him at the Christmas party."

"Do we have to go this year?"

"I do."

"I don't feel up to it, Owen."

He hugged her. "I understand."

The day after the party Jennifer went downtown to finish her gift-shopping. She was walking along carefully, her pretty face tilted against the light snowfall, her arms full of packages, smiling to herself because the box containing the sleighbells jingled. A tall figure blocked her path. She looked up into Rick's face.

"Let's elope." He always started in high.

"After Christmas." She jingled the bells.

"Evasions. All the time evasions." His gray eyes were smiling but his mouth trembled. "I'll compromise. I'll buy you a drink."

"Some compromise."

"Don't underestimate me. I plan to ply you with liquor and then ask you again." He ushered her around the corner, sleighbells and all. They sat in a back booth and touched glasses.

"To Christmas," she said.

He gave her that look. "It's always Christmas when I'm with you."

They sat together for almost an hour, the longest time they had ever had with each other. They talked, they smiled, they whispered; they *communicated*, touching each other with their voices. Rick told her about the Christmases he had spent as a boy—how he always went to his grandmother's farm for the holidays, and the old white frame house was filled with the wonderful fragrance of fresh breads heavy with fruits and spices: how they trimmed the tree with popcorn strings and cranberry ropes and tinsel and real candles.

Jennifer revealed that her Christmases had been those of an orphan in a school, where she shared the holiday with forty other children and dreamed about the day when she would celebrate it in a home of her own. "I thought it would be heaven," she said.

"Is it?"

She hesitated. "I'm no angel."

He took her home. When he relaxed in Owen's big chair beside the fireplace and took out his pipe, Jennifer saw that he meant to stay. It occurred to her that if Owen came home and found Rick there, he would think it right and natural and darned nice of Rick to bring Jen home.

"I know you want me to go," Rick said, reading her mind, "but I keep trying to stretch every precious minute with you. I never see you."

Her pulse quickened but she managed to keep her voice light. "You and Marcia must come over some evening."

"Darn it." He grasped her shoulders, forcing her to meet his eyes. "Stop fencing with me, Jennifer. Stop holding me off. Sooner or later you've got to face it. Nothing like this ever happened to me before. You've got to acknowledge what I feel! You're etched in my memory like a tattoo. I remember everything about you, the curve of your lips, the fragrance you always wear. I know the exact color of your eyes, the way you hold your head, the lovely liquid sound of your voice." He groaned. "I hear the sound of your voice in my dreams."

She bowed her head, blinking back sudden tears.

"Look at me, Jennifer. Don't shut me out."

After he was gone she sank into Owen's chair, feeling flushed and weak and confused. The leather was still warm from Rick's body. His presence throbbed around her like a chord—the kiss in his eyes, the rough tweed circle of his arms, the smoky aroma of his pipe. His pipe. She saw it lying on the end table at her elbow. Jennifer picked it up. He'll be back, she thought: he won't be denied. She emptied the tobacco into the fireplace and put the pipe away in the top drawer of her desk, where Owen wouldn't see it. She felt uncomfortable hiding it like that.

Rick telephoned the next morning, his voice intimate and gay in her ear. "I seem to have forgotten my pipe."

"An old trick."

"I had to see you again."

"No. I'll leave it somewhere for you, Rick." In the end she agreed to meet him for lunch.

Jennifer wavered when she saw the incredible, leaping joy in his eyes, as if he hadn't dared believe she actually would come and her arrival was almost more happiness than he could contain. There was no question of their going to an out-of-the-way place. Jennifer felt the stir their entrance caused in the dining room of the downtown hotel. She felt a little sick.

This is how it always would be, she told herself, and it's cheap, cheap. I enjoy being with Rick but it isn't worth this. I'm no longer a girl playing at life. He made me a woman—I'll always love him for that—but I'm a mother now. I have a responsibility. She knew exactly how to end it; she understood what to say. Jennifer waited for the right moment. Then she took a deep breath and told him.

Rick set his coffee cup down so hard the saucer rang. Two people turned to look. The dull red color darkened his face. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"It's the kind of news you share with your husband first."

Rick looked as if she had struck him. The veins stood out in his temples. "You certainly made a fool out of me."

"Oh, Rick, I never cared more than I do at this moment."

His face went gray. "I wish you were carrying my child."

The room blurred. They were silent for a long time.

"I'll ask for a permanent transfer East."

"And get it? Just like that?"

His mouth went crooked. "You forget—I'm Mr. Marcia Lattakey."

The soft gray light of the summer dusk lay on the flagstone terrace. A gentle evening breeze stirred the white nicotiana blossoms in the border beside the path which led to the boat dock. Iris's sharp, metallic voice echoed up from the landing, where Owen was showing off the new boathouse to the Wilsons. Jennifer felt strange sitting here beside Rick after all these years. She wondered what he remembered. She felt as if she were waiting for the curtain to go up on the third act.

He took out his pipe and filled it, tamping the tobacco carefully with the gesture she remembered so well.

"Does she look like you—young Jen?" Rick still started in the middle of things.

"No. She's the image of Owen."

"One child?"

"We lost a boy."

His pipe glowed in the darkness.

"What about your family, Rick?" It wasn't small talk now: it was vital.

"Richard's at boarding school. The girls have a governess. I actually don't see them much."

"And Marcia?"

"She keeps busy. Clubs. Parties. I travel now. Sometimes I get the unflattering impression that if I didn't come home at all, no one would notice."

"You're just self-conscious."

"I'm lonely." He moved closer and the curtain went up with a rush. "I haven't time to build up to this, Jennifer—I never had time with you. Why can't we have it now? Time for ourselves!" He took her hand.

The old thrill shot through her, blooming suddenly like an August lily. The young green leaves of her love for Rick had lain dormant, almost forgotten. Was it going to flower now, overnight? Jennifer held her breath as he continued, his voice low and urgent in the dark.

"I tried it without you, but it's no good. There's a hole in my heart only you can fill. I need you. I always did. I still do. I didn't want to come tonight. No, that isn't true. I wanted to, but I was afraid it would be different or wrong or useless, or you would be changed or have forgotten—oh, I thought a thousand things, Jennifer! And all through dinner, while that woman talked on and on and on, I looked at you and kept thinking, What if? And, Why not? I couldn't take my eyes off you, I wanted you so much again."

Jennifer felt hot, choked, as if she would suffocate. She saw the Wilsons moving up the hill toward the terrace with Owen. His figure silhouetted against the dock light looked square and sturdy, self-sufficient. I don't know if he ever has needed me, she thought: the sturdy oak, the chairman of the board. She rose and moved away from Rick, feeling breathless and flushed, confused.

"I don't know, Rick. I honestly don't know."

The Wilsons drove him back to town. After they had gone, Owen helped her

clear the terrace. He brought the big tray from the kitchen and stacked everything on it, carrying it into the house in one trip. It was then that Jennifer saw Rick's pipe. She picked it up and ran her finger over the smooth briar, still warm to her touch. He'll be back, she thought. She heard Owen coming through the house and she quickly thrust the pipe into the pocket of her skirt. She could feel the faint warmth of the bowl against her thigh.

Owen gathered up the sack of charcoal and leveled the glowing coals in the grill, replacing the wire top over the dying fire.

"This fire is just right, Jen," he said, chatting amiably in the easy way a man talks about everything at once to his wife, knowing she understands him perfectly. "If Jenny were here we'd toast marshmallows. I miss her, don't you? Wonder if she's homesick. I was the first time I went to camp. Nice party, Jen. You always do me proud. Didn't old Rick look great? That Iris Wilson has the mind of a parakeet and the jaw of an ox. I guess Rick travels all the time now. I'd hate that, being away all the time. But then, he doesn't have you to come home to." He gave her a quick kiss. Suddenly he held her tight against him. "You're everything, Jen—my wife, the core of my life, all—everything."

She leaned on him, the chairman of the board. My corporation, she thought. She looked at the lilies flowering under the glass bell. They come from the bulb, she said to herself, not from the leaves—from the sound and solid root, the storehouse of all that has gone before. Their beauty flowers overnight but it comes from within; it's built in, sustained, drawing strength, returning in a rhythm of bud, bloom and fruit over the seasons. *I wanted you beside me all the days of my life.*

Jennifer withdrew her hand from her pocket. "Rick forgot his pipe tonight. Will you take it to him, Owen? I won't be seeing him again."

She felt the tremor that passed through his strong body. He folded her in his arms and kissed her throat. When he spoke, his voice was a ragged whisper. "Thanks, Jen. Thanks for letting *me* return it—this time." . . . THE END

Into the Land of Legend

(Continued from page 51)

trip that runs to smartly modern resorts through rock gorges ablaze with fall color, past colonial stage-coach inns and old-fashioned country stores, mountains that can be climbed by ski lift, lakes still warm enough for swimming, streams that may have set the Revolutionary record claimed by two of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys, who filled a bushel basket with trout in an hour.

You can make the 650-mile valley trip from New York through the Catskills and Adirondacks to the north end of Lake Champlain, then back through the Green Mountains and Berkshire Hills, in an easy four-day weekend. But I'd allow a week—and about $180 for two—in this season of pumpkins and hard cider and harvest suppers.

Hudson River and Catskills: New York to Albany and Lake George, 238 miles. U.S. 9 to Bear Mountain Bridge (detour to Monroe, Washingtonville, Goshen); Storm King Highway and 9W to Highland (detour to New Paltz) and Mid-Hudson Bridge; 9 to Rhinebeck and bridge to Kingston (detour to Hurley, into Catskills); 9W to Albany; 4 to Saratoga Battlefield and Schuylerville; 29 to Saratoga Springs; 9 to Lake George.

Stay or eat at Tappan Hill restaurant, Tarrytown; Bear Mountain Inn; Hotel Thayer, West Point; Beau Rivage restaurant, Newburgh; Treasure Chest restaurant, Poughkeepsie; Judy's Restaurant, Kingston; Keeler's State Street Restaurant, Albany; Westwood Motel, Ballston Spa; Gideon Putnam Hotel, Grand Union Motel and Siro's Steak House, Saratoga Springs; Deep Dene Motel, Holiday House, Lake George. (Note that many resorts and attractions close sometime between Labor Day and the end of September, to reopen early in May. So it pays to check ahead.)

You're involved with Catskill gnomes—short of body and large of head, thanks to the local applejack—almost before you've left New York. Oh, there are tales of Captain Kidd scuttling his great ship *Quedah Merchant* near Caldwell's Landing and burying his pirate treasure somewhere upriver along the Hudson; there are the facts of Fulton's sailing the first steamboat up here, racing a train to Albany, and of later riverboats' tying down their safety valves to race each other into port, straining until the boilers burst; and there is Revolutionary history at the Kingston Senate House, at Washington's Headquarters near Newburgh, at Treason Hill near Stoney Point, where Benedict Arnold sold out to Major André.

But the region is indelibly marked by the superstitions of the Dutch settlers—in the mood of Henry Hudson's crew when they anchored the *Half Moon* above Newburgh Bay and saw Indians dancing on shore with animal masks.

You get the mood early in the trip at the Sleepy Hollow home of Washington Irving.

Though trailer trucks boom upstate on U.S. 9 outside, the shadowy nooks in the house seem still to shelter a gangling Ichabod Crane cowering in fear of the Headless Horseman, or a fat Rip Van Winkle dozing on to this day. Also in the Tarrytown area are the Van Cortlandt and Philipsburg manors, among many Dutch manor houses along the Hudson, relics of the days of the patroons—the Vanderbilts and Roosevelts near Hyde Park, the Schuylers at Albany.

Those early Dutch days are not as distant as you may think. You can find something of them still in the village of Hurley, near Kingston. After a very delightful luncheon at the Hotel Thayer at West Point we drove north through the gold of

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massed birches and scarlet maples, under hoary elms that saw the weary retreat of Burgoyne's men, passing weathered roadside stands aglow with mounds of fat pumpkins, deep green Hubbard squash and glossy McIntosh apples.

Had we not had a dinner date at Albany we'd have turned off here, deeper west into the Catskills, to Rip Van Winkle's retreat at Haines Falls, the Washingtonville wineries, the Old Museum Village near Monroe, and to the resorts clustered around mountain lakes like Mohonk and Minnewaska.

You have to get closer to Albany for stories of "ha'nts" and witches. At Rensselaer, where "Yankee Doodle" was first sung in 1758, the Van Rensselaer mansion was said to be haunted for years until Franciscan monks made a monastery of it. You can still visit the big ballroom, where guttering candles lighted the windows every New Year's Eve and ghostly violins sounded as shades played out an early jealousy killing at a New Year's ball.

Laugh if you will, and as we did in the solid comfort of Keeler's Restaurant in Albany, sharing a dish of sauerbraten with a folklore researcher. You won't laugh so hard—Nan was not laughing at all—when you drive on later toward Saratoga Springs under an orange harvest moon throwing skeletal tree shadows across the road.

Watch out for cats; they might be a witch's familiars. A man in Rensselaer County by the name of Williams saw three cats as he was driving home one night in his horse and buggy. Two of the cats were carrying the third. They called out, "Mr. Williams, Mr. Williams, tell Molly Myers she can come home now; Sam Hawkins is dead." Quite shaken, he continued home and told the story—whereupon his own cat sprang from the hearth and vanished up the chimney.

With that story still in our minds, we were not a bit sorry to reach the bright comfort of the Gideon Putnam Hotel at Saratoga Springs, to hear stories of a very different sort at this center of Victorian society high jinks. The Canfield Museum here, for example, was the casino where Bet-a-Million Gates first won his nickname. The Racing Hall of Fame is here, near the race track that was once the smartest in the country. The Hall of Springs is where Grandfather "took the waters."

Local Mohawks believe Saratoga Lake is the dwelling place of a peace-loving but irascible god, and they always paddle across the lake in total silence lest he become angry and drown them. But one day a white woman decided to disprove the legend, while grimly silent Indians were canoeing her over. So she shouted, and yet arrived safely on the other side. This didn't faze the Indians one bit. "Great Spirit," they explained, "understands white women cannot hold tongues."

Lakes George and Champlain, and Adirondacks: Lake George to Burlington, around north end of Lake Champlain, 223 miles. U.S. 9N to Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Westport (can continue on Route 22 direct to Port Kent); 9N and 73 to Lake Placid, 86 and 9N to Port Kent (can take ferry to Burlington): 9N through Plattsburgh to Rouses Point; 2 over Grand and Hero islands to Burlington.

Stay or eat at Scaroon Manor near Schroon Lake; Whiteface Inn, Mirror Lake Inn restaurant, Lake Placid; Royal Savage Inn, Plattsburgh; The Tyler Place, Highland Springs; Oakledge restaurant, Burlington.

And add drives up Mount Defiance toll road near Ticonderoga, Whiteface Mountain toll road near Lake Placid; boat ride through Ausable Chasm near Port Kent; fishing for pike and bass around Rouses Point, for trout in Ausable River.

Sights are the main tourist appeal up the Hudson Valley. But beyond Saratoga Springs resort living becomes more important. There are sights, of course—like the log stockade and dungeons of restored Fort William Henry, near Lake George, built by the British in 1755. There's the rock bridge at Pottersville and the garnet mine near North Creek, reached by a detour from Lake George. And there's Rogers Rock on the west side of the lake, named after the British scout Robert Rogers.

The story is that he was being chased one day and found himself at the top of the rock overlooking the lake way below. He took off his knapsack and threw it down the sharply sloping face, then reversed his snowshoes and walked away "backward." When his pursuers followed the trail to the rock's edge and saw the marks left by his knapsack as it bounced down, they assumed Rogers had slid to the bottom—but didn't dare follow.

Roadside zoos and commercial attractions are numerous all along here—Storytown U.S.A., Indian Village and Gaslight Village, Frontier Town, Santa's Workshop and a bunch more. Our small folks' favorite is Frontier Town, where miniature "deputies" can use cap guns to capture the men who rob the Wells Fargo office every hour on the hour.

From Lake George or Bolton Landing there's a pleasant all-day cruise by sightseeing boat threading among the lake's 155 islands, a little like the end-to-end run of the early steamboat *Mountaineer*. She made this 32-mile trip in the then remarkable time of seven hours. This was mostly because the captain, one L. G. Larabee, never stopped at any of the scheduled way points unless his telescope showed a pretty young woman waiting at the dock.

The run up Lake Champlain in those early steamboat days—from Whitehall, at the head of the Champlain Canal—took two days and cost $9, including berth and meals! It must have been quite a sight. Stage coaches used the frozen lake in winter to avoid the tolls and thick mud of the highways; but in summer sloop-rigged canal boats dotted the blue waters, and lumber tows moving south from Canada, and barges heavy-laden with ore. You can visualize something of the scene today from the ramparts of Fort Ticonderoga, looking across the neck of the lake.

This is truly an evocative place in the quiet of a misty September dawn. The cry of an owl sounds just like the jeering hoots of Champlain's Huron braves as they gathered offshore to attack the Iroquois outposts here. A soft creaking on the wind mimics the muffled oarlocks of Ethan Allen's men rowing across to seize the fort "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The wordy leader of the Green Mountain Boys probably spent half the night polishing that phrase. But he was more himself when he shouted to the British commander, "Come on out, you damned old rat!"

There are ghosts here too, and not only the long rifles and maps in the museum and the hollow bullet used by a British spy to smuggle messages. The shade of the dashing Revolutionary general "Mad Anthony" Wayne is said to sit carousing before the fireplace on dark nights while the spirit of Nancy Coates, who walked to her death in the lake when he spurned her, runs weeping along the shore path.

You can continue straight north from Ticonderoga—past Crown Point, which is famous, apart from the now-ruined fort, as the place where the Indian custom of scalping originated; hence its name—and Willsboro, where the Revolutionary gunboat *Philadelphia* is on display, to Port Kent for the hour-long ferry ride across the lake to Burlington.

Nan had her heart set on the fall color of the Adirondacks, and probably also the comfort of the lodges around Lake Placid, where on a moonlit night you may still see the great white stag of Iroquois legend standing motionless by the shore. So we drove inland past Mount Marcy, where the Hudson River rises high up, from Lake Tear of the Clouds, in a tamarack-shaded stream so thin you can easily step across it. There's no road there, but a good toll road will take you almost as high, to the 4,872-foot top of Whiteface Mountain. There you can feel the mountain-top elation Orson Phelps, one of the great Adirondack guides, once referred to as "up-h'istedness."

The home of abolitionist John Brown is near Lake Placid, and you'll see where runaway slaves were housed on the Underground Railroad into Canada. Watch also in Vermont for any really old farmhouses with an unobtrusive white line around the chimney. That was the sign they were way stations on the Underground Railroad.

The north end of Lake Champlain, along the Canadian border, where the *loup garou* runs—half man and half wolf, that can be killed only by loading a shotgun with beads from a rosary—once was smuggling country. Here, having stolen the key to the customs warehouse at Rouses Point, smugglers let the revenue men seize a consignment for Canada and carry it north, then stole "their" property and hauled it the remaining few hundred yards to the border!

Driving on to the Champlain islands you cross from New York into Vermont—and you can sense the difference. There's no obvious change, though there may be fewer billboards. But it *is* different. And that's before you've met your first Vermonters, those independent characters who switched the nursery jingle many years ago to, "Red is red, blue is blue; I am I, you are you."

Lake Champlain and Green Mountains: Burlington to Bennington, 127 miles. U.S. 7 south to Shelburne, Vergennes, Rutland; or add 56 miles for a memorable detour on Routes 15 from Burlington to Jeffersonville, 108 through Smuggler's Notch to Stowe and Waterbury, 100 through Mad River gorge and Granville Gulf, 4 west past Pico Peak to Rutland; 7 to Wallingford, Danby, Manchester (detour to Weston) and Bennington.

Stay or eat at Shelburne Harbor Inn, Basin Harbor Club, Vergennes; Brandon Inn and Middlebury Inn restaurants; The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch, Stowe; Little House

Pantry, Northfield; Woodstock Inn and Club; Long Trail Lodge, near Rutland; Wheeler Williams restaurant, Rutland; Mountain Top Inn, Chittenden; Equinox House, Harvest Inn and Barn Royal restaurants, Manchester; Hotel Putnam and Bennington Inn, Paradise and Four Chimneys restaurants, Bennington.

And add scenic drives on the Equinox Skyline toll road near Manchester, the Molly Stark Trail, west on Route 9 from Bennington; ride ski lift up Mount Mansfield, Stowe.

In place of Hudson sights and Adirondack attractions, the northern part of Vermont offers above all lovely, unspoiled country. And a few very good resorts, like the comfortably smart Lodge at Smuggler's Notch, whose meals alone make the whole trip worthwhile.

Vermont's resorts tempt you to stay on when fall's savory nip adds color to human and mountain faces, for short drives to quiet sights like the granite and marble quarries at Barre and Proctor, the Coolidge home at Plymouth and the Morgan Horse Farm at Weybridge, or the lakeshore village of Panton near Vergennes where Benedict Arnold scuttled and burned his "fleet" of five little lake ships after his defeat by the British.

Don't fail to take in a church supper at harvesttime; there are notable ones at Berlin Corner, Georgia Plain, North Pomfret, Reading and Tunbridge—with huge helpings of rich roast chicken or ham, seconds and thirds of pies stuffed thick with fruit, and a chance to visit with the local people at their most relaxed.

Most of the towns south of Rutland—charming little places like East Poultney, and Wallingford and Dorset, with colonial homes set back off shady streets and a steepled church on the village green—boast old inns and flavorful, old-fashioned country stores. There are notable stores at Weston and at Danby. Here in the spicy smell of groceries, men give full weight to precious things like a quiet game of checkers or long, companionable silences. So that if you ask for something you may well get the classic reply, "We don't carry that any more; sells too fast."

So sit awhile yourself, and in time one of the villagers may tell you, as he did us, in a voice as dry and flat as a birch board, about the old days when there never was quite enough food to last for everybody all winter. "So, long 'bout the time when the first frosts froze the water in the pumps, the old folks and the sick 'uns 'ud be fed some liquor and Indian herbs of some sort. They'd pass out after a while 'n be carried outside where they quick froze. Then they'd be packed in straw and hoarded up against varmints and left till spring. When planting time came around, the old folks 'ud be thawed out to lend a hand with the chores.

"Felt mighty refreshed, too," the old Vermonter added.

"Don't do it no more," he went on, after a comfortable, blue-smoked pause. "Now they just ship the old folks to Florida."

So far as we're concerned, you can ship us in the fall anywhere along the Hudson and Champlain valleys. We get real up-h'isted there.

Berkshire Hills: Bennington to New York, 180 miles. U.S. 7 south to Williamstown, Pittsfield, Lenox and Canaan; 44 and Taconic Parkway back to New York.

Stay or eat at Williams Inn or 1896 House, Williamstown; Wendell Sherwood Hotel, Heart of the Berkshires Motel, Pittsfield; Eastover Hotel, Lenox.

And add scenic drive along Mohawk Trail, on Route 2 east of Williamstown; Berkshire Music Festival (Tanglewood; July-August) at Lenox, folk dances and ballads at Music Barn; Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival near Lee (through August); Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge.

Before you go, write for information to: Travel Bureau, New York State Dept. of Commerce, 112 State Street, Albany; Publicity Dept., Vermont Development Commission, Montpelier. . . . THE END

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Honeymoon In the Off Season

(Continued from page 49)

would be married. It was less a decision than an inevitability.

Once it was decided, they had been together every possible moment. They had spoken a billion words to each other, in cars, on long walks, in restaurants. They felt closer than any two people since the beginning of time. For an interminable time the wedding seemed impossibly remote. Then it was a month away, a week away, a day away, an hour away, and then, incredibly, it finally happened and they were married. Now they seemed to have nothing to say to each other.

He wanted to say to her, "Look, we *wanted* to get married, didn't we? And now we are. So what's wrong? Why do you seem like a stranger?"

Instead, they talked about how nice the Palmetto Grove would be. Such a honeymoon had been out of reach. His job was humble, though in time it would become very good indeed. Then had come the astonishing check from an uncle of hers long considered penurious. Be sensible and bank it, they told themselves. But they kept returning again and again to the brochure of the Palmetto Grove.

After all, how many first honeymoons do you get?

Friends were skeptical. "Florida in September? Who goes to Florida in September?"

Well, we've never been to Florida, either of us, and the rates are lower then, and this place is brand-new and air-conditioned, and it has three hundred feet of private Gulf beach, and just look at this picture of the swimming pool. Anyway, it isn't as hot there in September as people think. There's always a breeze, it says here. And here's the floor plan of each apartment. Television and a res-

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taurant and a bar-lounge and room service and . . . everything.

So they got off the airplane in the thick, misty glare of an early afternoon in Tampa. Somehow Tom managed to dribble some confetti after he thought it was all gone, and this made him so furious he was certain the car-rental arrangement would be fouled up. But the car was there waiting in the name of Mr. Thomas Browning, a fine, bold, yellow-and-white convertible. By the time the new luggage was loaded, his shirt was pasted to his back and there was a dew across Sara's upper lip and along her hairline. They drove out of Tampa International, navigating by marked map toward Palmetto Grove. They felt more on their own, which made them act more gay and feel a great deal more nervous.

Ahead was two weeks at a glamour spot, with waiters in white serving tinkling drinks to tanned and sophisticated people around the huge, free-form pool. There would be cocktails and dancing in the muted richness of the bar-lounge, carefree hours on the sparkling white-sand beach.

The day was beautiful until they crossed the high span of the Sunshine Skyway and saw, far ahead and to their right, an exceptionally sullen-looking bank of thunderclouds.

They drove into the rain much sooner than Tom expected. When the first big drops struck he drove onto the shoulder and stopped, and pulled at the knob that raised the convertible top. It worked. The top puffed and creaked upward at a speed slightly better than the minute hand on a clock. By the time he could secure it, Sara was gasping, her bronze hair plastered flat. She told him it didn't matter. She told him it wasn't his fault. She told him so many times that he began to feel it *was* his fault; any fool would have stopped sooner and put the top up.

He felt his way south through a streaming and milky world, peering ahead through the misted windshield at the taillights of the cars that passed them. He got lost twice in the middle of Sarasota, finally found the Ringling bridges and the Longboat Key road. But he was certain that soaked as they were, amid the efficient service and glamour of the Palmetto Grove they would be restored.

They found the Palmetto Grove. The rain had stopped for a few moments. They drove in. They looked at it. They looked at each other.

"Oh, no!" said Sara. "No!"

"They—they haven't *built* it yet," Tom said in a strangled tone. The lobby part seemed to be nearly finished. There were piles of sand and lumber under wraps, roofing material, an abandoned and disconsolate bulldozer, and what seemed to be several acres of standing water ringed by mud. The architecture of the almost-finished portion was, indeed, extreme—roof angle like the wing angle of a tilting seagull. He parked as close as he dared and they hurried through the first fat drops of new rainfall. The lobby was high-ceilinged and huge. Four metal washtubs were strategically placed, with water spanging into them. The one on the registration desk was nearly full. A round, balding man was talking into a telephone. His face hung in tired and desperate folds.

". . . don't care what you think, old buddy. This is a sieve, and a sieve is a thing with holes, and somehow it is raining harder in here than it is outside." He listened for a time, eyes closed, lips compressed. ". . . So better you should bring over water wheels. And tropical fish, old buddy. No. Everybody's gone home. Had I both sense and courage, I too would go home." He hung up. He looked at the Brownings with a crooked and hopeless smile. "Don't tell me. All day I've been buoyed up by the forlorn hope that you might not get here."

"Are you the manager? My name is Browning," Tom said.

"They keep telling me I am the manager. I am Mr. Meecham. I took your hundred bucks. I confirmed your reservation. Welcome to the Palmetto Grove. You are our very first guests. Welcome, indeed."

"But we can't stay here, can we?" Sara said.

Meecham came around the desk with something faintly maniacal in his smile. "Aha! But you can. I insist. I was told to be open on the fifteenth of September. So I am open. *Voilà!* I do not have quite two hundred units as in the brochures. Nor one hundred. Nor even ten. But I do have one. One! For the Brownings, who have just arrived."

He took them to their unit. It was on the ground floor of a half-finished building close to the main building. To reach the door they walked a plank across a morass. Meecham opened the door with an extravagant flourish. The colors were bright—and so fresh that Tom wondered if it was safe to strike a match.

"The lights work," Meecham said, demonstrating. "The beds are made. Water runs out of the faucets. See? The refrigerator is busily making ice. The stove is hooked up."

Tom said, "Really, Mr. Meecham, I think it would be better all around if we——"

"Every day at three o'clock my wife loses her mind. Today, before that sorry event occurred, she indulged herself in a gesture." He opened the refrigerator door. They saw milk, eggs, bacon, orange juice. He opened a cupboard to display coffee, sugar, salt and pepper. He reached into the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of champagne with a red ribbon tied around it.

"Welcome," he said, smiling wildly. "Welcome to the Palmetto Grove."

Tom looked at Sara and knew that they could not leave. Not now.

Meecham said, drawing himself up, "Now some sad truths. No pool. The filtration unit is somewhere between here and Detroit. Next week they will install the ranges in the kitchen. We have a bar-lounge, sort of, but there's been a hitch in the liquor license. The lawyers are ironing it out, they say. I am proud to announce that the Gulf of Mexico is over there somewhere. Only because nobody could figure how to make it unavailable. What else? The air conditioning. Yes. Air conditioning by Mother Nature. Little men come around and thump on the ducts and go away, shaking their heads. I will help you with your luggage. And then I too will go away. The night watchman comes on duty at dusk. I believe there is mathematically a very small chance that before morning the entire enterprise will be washed out into the Gulf."

After dinner in Sarasota, they drove back to the Palmetto Grove. Fifty feet inside the entrance Tom put the rented car firmly into the mud up to the hubcaps. It had started to rain again, hard. He carried Sara across the mud flats. They sat in the room and listened to the rain. The lights flickered and went out. Meecham had told them where the candles were. Tom read the brochure by candlelight.

"Dance to the music of the Harmonaires in the bar-lounge. Watch sunset over the Gulf from the promenade deck. Breakfast in bed? Phone for room service."

Sara began to laugh. It was too close to hysteria. They broke open the champagne. Tom looked at her across the candle flame. She was very lovely indeed.

"So is it so terrible?" he said. "Champagne and candlelight? I guess it's—sort of an adventure."

"A damp one," she said, and glowed at him. A fine girl and a fine glow. In a moment of revelation Tom suddenly understood that things were just fine. The awkward hiatus of formal politeness, of being strangers to each other, was gone. And he knew it had fled much more quickly than if they had walked into the glamour world of the brochure.

In the gray dawn a fire fight started in the Korean hills. Tom sat bolt upright, trembling and sweaty. The fire fight of his dream turned into the reality of simultaneous revving up of bulldozers, power saws, mechanical staplers and nailing devices, pipe threaders, cement mixers, riveting guns. Plumbers beat on pipes: plasterers plastered; carpenters whonked nails home; electricians clanked about. And all of them bellowed at one another over the din in hearty, early-morning voices.

Sara's first home-cooked meal as Mrs. Tom Browning was marred by their having to yell at each other to be heard. As they were having coffee a huge man with a ginger beard and a crate of tools lumbered in, nodded gravely and began taking the cupboard doors off. When queried he said, "Hung wrong. Take 'em off. Rehang 'em. That's the system around here. Do everything twice."

After Sara washed their dishes, they took a turn around the property. The sun was bright and hot. Standing water was gone and the mud was turning to dust. They watched an irritable man painting a mural in the lobby. They watched some even more irritable men laying tile. Meecham appeared beside them and yelled over the noise, "Crash priority. Every day a mob scene—until the rain starts. Then they go home. Rained every day for the last twenty-one days. You wake up early?"

"Yes!" Tom shouted.

"Good thing. If you hadn't, the noise would have waked you up. Got to go see the man about the greeves."

He went away. They changed to swim suits and went onto the beach. They swam. They found shells and small black sharks' teeth. They stretched out on a blanket on the highest slope of the beach. Sara was thoughtful. Finally she said, "Darling, did he say greeves?"

"I think so."

"Well, what are greeves?"

"Just — plain old greeves. You know."

And she had that glowing look again, and he looked at her shining eyes and long legs, and he kissed her there on the honeymoon beach, a long, sunbaked kiss, until a voice said, "I dowanna bust this up, folks, but we gotta put in a coconut palm right where you got your blanket."

So they drove to St. Armand's Key and bought some groceries. Sara fixed lunch, and during the noontime lull she said, "Darling, this is a strange sink. Cold comes out the hot and hot comes out the cold, all of a sudden."

A small man in smudgy white overalls, half a sandwich in his cheek, appeared in the screened doorway and said, "Lady, you got it good. Upstairs, hot comes out both. You two going to work the front or the restaurant?"

"We're guests," Sara said with dignity and curious pride. "The very first ones."

He stopped chewing. "You're *paying* for this?"

Tom nodded.

The little man shrugged, tapped his temple, and went away.

Rain didn't fall again that day, or the next or the next. The work progressed with astonishing speed. They asked Meecham about greeves. He said the only thing he knew about them was that they had to have them and they hadn't come yet. When they came he'd tell them what they were, if he could find out. And if they came. The manager's apartment was finished and the Meechams moved in. Tom and Sara agreed that they felt slightly put out at having to share the Palmetto Grove. It had been cozy with just the two of them and the watchman after dark.

They had begun to feel proprietary about it. Tom kept track of work accomplished. They made tours of inspection. After he had, in a sense, supervised the installation of the filtration unit for the pool, the crew chief handed him the bill. Tom took it to Meecham. Sara got into a spirited hassle with the architect over colors. She won her point by saying, "It is very demoralizing for a woman to get her first look at her face in the bathroom mirror in the morning and find it all blue-green from the reflection."

Several more units were completed. Sara and Tom came back from grocery shopping one day to find a Minnesota car parked at the Palmetto Grove. They were very annoyed.

"Can't those fools see it isn't finished yet?" Sara said.

"What kind of fathead would try to move in so soon?" They looked at each other and exchanged a most comfortable smile.

That evening the bar-lounge opened, without furniture. Meecham bought them a stand-up drink and they took the second one out to the pool. In the morning Tom saw the couple from Minnesota checking out. The man was banging the counter with his fist and yelling, but there was too much noise to hear what he said. Three more groups checked in that day.

On the next day the restaurant opened in a minor and plaintive key of confusion. And the bar-lounge furniture came. And more units were completed.

Finally, forlornly, it was the very last day of their honeymoon. They lay side by side on sun cots by the pool. They held hands comfortably and inconspicuously. There was a throng of sunbrowned people grouped picturesquely around the blue pool. A waiter in a white coat brought a tray of tinkling glasses to a party on the far side of the pool.

"It's getting like the brochure," Sara sighed.

"Well, nearly," Tom said. The major sounds of construction were over.

"So tonight," she said, "I wear something rustly and we dance."

"To the Harmonaires."

"They'll be better tonight, I think. After all, last night was the first time they'd ever played together. That's what the little one said."

"Air conditioning and everything," Tom said, and sighed.

"Since yesterday."

"Hard to believe, isn't it?"

They cooled off in the pool, and when they went back to their sun cots Sara nudged Tom and whispered to him to look at a couple who had just arrived. Tom smiled. They were a cute couple, and they might just as well have worn sandwich signs labeled "Honeymoon!" Tom and Sara looked at them with a sort of fondness and tolerance, feeling practically middle-aged.

"Hope she shook the confetti out of that swim suit," Sara said.

The couple sat quite near them. Tom could sense how awkward they were with each other. He knew that they were in that curious climate of politeness and formality. He hoped they would come out the other side, as he and Sara had done, into that perfect and exciting accord that can be the result of a honeymoon of greatest perfection. He felt an empathy for the nervous, brand-new bridegroom, sensed the quality of the young man's quiet desperation.

They heard the girl say, "But if it isn't even finished yet, why do they take your money? I don't think it's right."

"It'll be okay, Marie," the boy said.

"But it's—sort of—well—crude. All that hammering."

Tom wanted some way to tell them that it would be all right. If the marriage was all right, it would be all right anywhere; and they'd find that out soon enough. Too bad, he thought, that they hadn't been married early enough to have experienced the worst of it.

And while he was considering the futility of trying to tell the new couple anything, he was enormously surprised to hear Sara take care of the whole thing.

He saw their startled faces as his Sara turned toward them and with sweetness and only a hint of condescension said clearly, "You should have been here in the old days, dears." . . . THE END

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What's Happening In Schools

(Continued from page 47)

schools and by applying this experience to the particular needs of their own community. Here, then, are some of the changes that are taking place.

Foreign languages: One of the most talked about trends in the lower schools today is the increased attention being given to foreign languages. In Champaign, Illinois, for example, French is as much a required subject for youngsters above the primary grades as spelling or arithmetic. In El Paso, Texas, and other cities, Spanish is taught from the first grade on. Last year 2,000 pupils in Detroit started to learn German in the fourth grade.

Advocates of the teaching of modern languages in the lower grades hope the program will produce high-school graduates who can really speak a second tongue. Under the old system, they contend, the two or three years of a language that a student takes in high school enable him to translate a passage from a book he will never read again or to recite a list of irregular verbs. Finding himself a few years after graduation in Paris, Berlin or Buenos Aires, he is lucky if he can say anything more pertinent than "Who put my aunt's umbrella on the kitchen stove?"

Today's elementary-school linguists, by way of contrast, are really being taught to talk. No grammar, no writing, not even reading, until they have had two or three years of "aural-oral training," which is trade talk for listen-and-speak. They learn their French or Spanish or German in exactly the same way that they learn their native English—and what they hear and say for two or three years is directly related to the life around them.

Many neurologists and psychologists believe that the natural gift for language learning is at its peak in the early years and fades rapidly as adolescence approaches. As Renee Fulton, Director of Inservice Training for the New York City school system, points out: "Older children have a block about languages. They are inclined to be self-conscious and afraid to 'sound funny.'" Younger children learn much less self-consciously. In Miles City, Montana, to take a random example, one little boy, with a year of grade-school Spanish, made a speech of such fluency on an all-Spanish TV program that a local farm-owner promptly tried to spirit him away to interpret for his sugar-beet workers.

Like most new developments, however, the question of teaching languages to grade-school children has as many critics as supporters.

To some educators it is nothing more than a fad. Others feel that a child should get a firm grasp on his mother tongue before being confused by a second language. And most agree that there is little point in introducing a foreign language in the third grade unless it can be continued right through grammar school and junior high school.

Since it is highly improbable that every teacher in your child's elementary school can teach a foreign language, special teachers must be brought in to go from class to class—an additional strain on the budget that few school boards will relish. Such instructors, moreover, must be skilled elementary-school teachers as well as language experts, and the combination is in short supply.

Science: Contrary to much that has been printed, there is little evidence that the public is demanding "crash programs" in science for their grade-school youngsters—in spite of the Russians' ability to put a dog into orbit. Most educators themselves are highly skeptical about "crash programs." Nevertheless, natural science is getting more attention now than it did a few years ago, largely because the interest among the students themselves has been freshly stimulated by recent scientific advances. "Let's not worry about keeping up with the Russians," one educator says. "Let's just keep up with the children."

Although the first formal science course is generally given in the seventh grade, elements of science are being introduced at the very beginning of school, and more time is being devoted to the subject than ever before. In Duluth, Minnesota, for example, each grade has its own scientific experiments, ranging from a kindergarten demonstration that fire changes paper and wood, to a sixth-grade investigation of the dry-cell battery.

According to a top school official, foreign children brought into the city's schools at the junior-high-school level have a difficult time matching scientific knowledge with the youngsters of Duluth.

A popular device for stimulating budding Einsteins is the "science fairs," which offer prizes for demonstrations, models and collections at various grade levels. They have mushroomed all over the country. Another is the voluntary summer program. Last year, for example, pupils of the Fair Lawn, New Jersey, schools, from fifth grade to ninth, took on a variety of projects. Some experimented with plants and animals and others worked in electronics, microbiology and even taxidermy. By such means science is more immediate and exciting to children than learning from a textbook could ever be.

Mathematics: Of all subjects in the curriculum, mathematics has been slowest to yield to change. More than one expert has pointed out that a 15th-century mathematician could easily have taught algebra, geometry and trigonometry exactly as they are offered in most United States schools today. Yet new uses for mathematics—in the social and economic fields, in electronic computers and in nuclear physics—all call for fresh approaches.

The nature of these approaches is already apparent; although they will affect the high school most directly, the impact is expected to extend to junior high and grammar schools in short order. A new kind of algebra is already being taught in some junior high schools, and geometry is due for drastic condensation.

In the lower grades the emphasis is now shifting away from the rote learning of arithmetic. Pupils are being taught to see addition and subtraction as reverse operations, multiplication as repeated addition, and division as repeated subtraction. The general trend away from the mere using of numbers toward a study of patterns is the biggest change in mathematics teaching in three centuries, and you will be hearing a lot about it in the next few years.

Classroom grouping: Much more of an issue among today's educators than what to teach or even how to teach it is the question of how far to go in separating the very bright from the very dull child and both of these extremes from the average child. In recent years some educators have held that "heterogeneous classes"—classes with children of all abilities thrown in together—are holding back gifted pupils and reducing American education to a level of uniform mediocrity.

At one extreme of the debate are those who, like Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, want separate schools for gifted children and the development of an intellectual "elite." At the other are those who feel that segregation on the basis of brain power creates snobbery among the fast learners, robs the slow ones of stimulation and self-confidence, and altogether does more social and psychological harm than educational good.

Grouping is relatively simple in high schools and junior high schools, which are already departmentalized. Here a good mathematics student can travel in fast mathematics company while attending average classes in his other subjects, and students of all IQ levels can mix in their home room, gym, glee club and the like. In the elementary grades the problem is far more difficult.

When I asked Robert Eaves, of the National Association of Elementary School Principals, why it wouldn't make good sense, both for teachers and for pupils, to separate children on the basis of their capacity to learn, he answered with a few questions of his own: "What *is* a gifted child? How can we really measure intellectual capacity?" IQs and aptitude tests are far from infallible, and more than one educator has pointed out that "slowness" does not necessarily indicate lack of imagination or depth. The point is made that Edison was called a dull boy and that Einstein, who conceived his theory of relativity at the age of 18, was considered a slow learner as a young child. If you are wrong when you classify youngsters, you can do a great deal of damage.

Other educators feel that a good teacher can handle his rapid learners within the ordinary classroom, and that too much attention is being paid to pigeonholing children. Nevertheless, grouping continues to have strong appeal for many people, and experiments are being tried out around the country. Indianapolis, for example, provides separate classes for youngsters with an IQ of 130 or more.

A Pittsburgh elementary school has reached a compromise. Its fast learners spend half of each day in mixed classes of art, music and physical education. For the rest of the day they work at arithmetic, reading and social studies in advanced classes of their own. More common, and spreading all the time, is the grouping

that goes on *within* the classroom, where young readers, especially, are divided into sections like "submarines" and "jets." My little daughter's reading class is made up of "jumping jacks," "rockets" and "wheelgrumps"—whatever they are.

Another form of grouping that is getting a fresh tryout is the "ungraded" or "inter-age" plan. In a sense this is a return to the spirit of the country schoolhouse, where by necessity pupils of all grades were taught in the same classroom by the same teacher. The modern version, in which two or three grades are combined, would seem to be the reverse of ability grouping. In practice, however, it is a highly flexible arrangement, with children being grouped not by grade but by their own aptitude in the various subjects.

The chief benefits of this plan are that older children gain considerably from helping younger ones while younger children learn readily from older pupils and are stimulated by them. With new pupils coming in and leaving each year, all have a chance at being, in turn, helpers and helped. Equally important, a good 9-year-old reader may read with the 11-year-olds, while a 10-year-old who is slow in arithmetic can review with his juniors. Since all are in the same class, there is none of the stigma for the slow pupil of being left back and none of the disadvantage for the fast one of being thrust into an age group above his emotional level.

This system has probably had its most significant trial in Torrance, California, where it was introduced in 1955. Each primary class in the Walteria School there contains 11 first graders, 11 second graders and 11 third graders; each intermediate class combines fourth, fifth and sixth graders. After three years, tests showed that the Walteria pupils have a healthier attitude toward their work and toward each other, and rate better academically, than children in a traditional system.

I spent the better part of a day in a Huntington, New York, school where two successive grades were combined all along the line. It was early in the term, and in the first-and-second-grade class the seating arrangement still kept an invisible line between the newcomers and the veterans. But the teacher assured me that this would break down after a few weeks into a grouping based on more meaningful considerations than age. The four teachers whose classrooms I visited all seemed to have more time for individual and small-group instruction. The plan clearly calls for teaching ability of a high order. Principal Wesley H. Carlson feels that he is "combining the flexibility of the old country school, the facility of a modern city school and the know-how of present-day research."

The size of classes, too, is now coming in for a hard look—in particular the widely held assumption that small classes would by themselves solve many of our educational problems. Addressing a group of school executives last year, Dr. Harold B. Gores, a prominent educator, did a little prophesying. "The standard-size class in a standard-size room for a standard number of minutes, taught by a teacher of standard qualifications at a standard rate of pay, will become an anachronism." He recalled the words of a former president of Fisk University: "All that is accomplished by making classes smaller, if the teaching is mediocre, is that the teacher is thereby enabled to transmit his mediocrity in a more intimate setting."

A few New England towns have already eliminated what Dr. Gores calls the "egg crate school" and substituted a system of "teaching teams." A master teacher or "team leader," two regular teachers and two nonprofessional aides take joint charge of an entire grade. For subjects requiring no individual attention, as many as 200 pupils may be assembled to hear a single teacher talk. For other purposes they may be broken down into groups as small as 10 or 15 to get instruction from the team member most qualified to handle the subject. The objective, as with the ungraded-class system, is to get the greatest flexibility, with maximum attention to the needs of the individual child.

Mechanical aids: "There is great faith in machines among the American people," a Connecticut educator told me. "They like to be sure their schools are using the latest devices."

Partly as a response to this feeling, many schools are using equipment unknown to teachers a generation ago. In common school use today, for example, is the magnetic-tape recorder, which has greatly improved the teaching of both English speech and foreign languages. Hearing himself on tape, a pupil can compare his accent and pronunciation with the recorded voices of experts. Recordings of a variety of voices—male and female, fast and slow, harsh and soft—give him a feel for a foreign language which he could not hope to get from an individual teacher.

A device that has already affected teaching in a basic way, of course, is television, which is being used in varying degrees in well over a thousand schools across the country. Certainly the several schools I visited in Philadelphia, where television is getting one of its major tryouts, looked well on their way to the electronic future.

At the John F. Reynolds Elementary School, in a low-income section of the city, 140 fifth graders were getting a history lesson on Henry Hudson's effort to find the Northwest Passage. The children filled three adjoining classrooms whose partitions had been removed. Up front, the teacher in charge delivered some brief preparatory remarks over a public-address system. At the appointed moment the title of Lesson 13 in the "Our Country" series lighted up the screens of three 21-inch television sets carefully located in the improvised auditorium. Alongside each class a teacher directed her charges: "Eyes on the screen, children. Eyes on the screen." The lecturer, who had been specially trained in television presentation, spoke for 25 minutes, with occasional pictures and charts for background. Meanwhile the classroom teachers wrote outlines of the talk on the blackboard, pointed to wall maps showing Hudson's route, and at appropriate moments repeated the words of the television lecturer. At the end of the talk a series of questions appeared on the screen, and these formed the basis for the short recitation period that followed.

Pupils were remarkably attentive throughout the lesson, and when the television teacher asked rhetorical questions, many of them waved their hands or shout-

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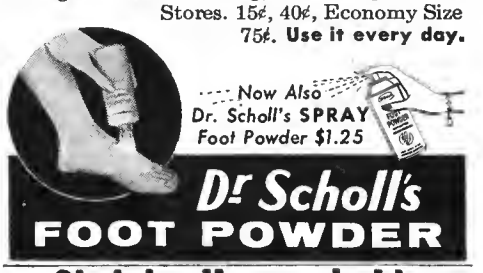

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Thank your week-end hostess with a gift that's new, different. You'll find just the **right** gift in **TOPS IN THE SHOPS**, which begins on Page 18 of this issue.

ed the answers just as though she were present in the flesh. According to the principal, discipline has improved since the experiment started, and with a television class the first period in the morning, four days a week, punctuality has increased.

Major classroom television experiments are now under way in Pittsburgh, Milwaukee, Detroit, Miami and Seattle. Small schools with inadequate facilities, in particular, are finding television a boon. Perhaps the most intensive program has been carried out by the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education in and around Hagerstown, Maryland, where 18,000 pupils are receiving television instruction. A Fund report issued in May described America's educational-television experiments as "very encouraging" and concluded: "A good teacher on television can be much more effective in stimulating learning than a mediocre teacher in the intimate environment of the classroom."

Schoolroom television of course has its critics. After a two-year study the Educational Policies Commission, appointed by two major educational bodies, warned against looking to television to solve the teacher shortage. It found "no clear evidence as yet of a major breakthrough in the speed or effectiveness of learning" by way of this medium. Some educators object to what they regard as the notion that education can be easily packaged and delivered via television to all pupils alike. Some classroom teachers, moreover, resent the fact that they are being turned into bystanders. Others believe that once the novelty wears off, the effect of classroom television will be to produce passive, apathetic pupils entirely too dependent on the lecture system—"robbed of all opportunities," as one educator puts it, "to learn through active participation."

On this educational front, as on most, public opinion is a major factor, and often the decisive one. The Philadelphia television experiment would probably never have got off the ground if PTAs had not bought most of the TV sets. Similar indications of public approval have kept the experiment going.

In the same way, much of what the schools have done in other fields is the product of public pressure, direct and indirect. In the early days of this century citizens insisted on getting into the curriculum vocational and homemaking skills such as cooking, shop and mechanics. Carl B. Munck, past president of the National School Boards Association, recently said that in his state of California "the automobile associations want driver training, the lumbermen's group wants a forestry course, the Red Cross wants required swimming and safety education, industry and labor unions want a shop apprentice program." Other groups push hard for thrift programs, released time for religious instruction, care of the teeth, kindness to animals, and a dozen other special causes—and in many cases bits of the school day are chipped away to accommodate them. Often these groups are made up of the same people who complain that not enough time is spent on "the three Rs."

Granted that parents should and do affect the conduct of their schools—through PTAs, school boards, legislatures and pressure groups—how are they to make up their minds on matters that divide the professionals, such as languages in the elementary grades, classroom television and ability grouping?

First they must know what they really want for their children. Then they must find out whether or not what they want is practical. They may be persuaded, for example, that for cultural, political and personal reasons their children will benefit from a thorough knowledge of a foreign language. But before pressing to have it included in the elementary curriculum they would do well to ask themselves such questions as these: What subject will it have to replace, if any? Are the specially skilled teachers available? Have arrangements been made to assure continuance of the course, through all grades, once it is started? Which language would be most appropriate for their community?

Before joining the hue and cry for a heavy emphasis on science, they might debate the question "Science for what?" The much-vaunted science programs of the Soviet Union have not freed Russian children to see through the fraudulence of Communist culture, any more than the stern discipline of German schools prepared a generation to resist the appeal of a Hitler. In short, they will want to be sure that emphasis on science is matched by emphasis on the humanities and the cultivation of democratic principles.

Similarly, the virtues of television will have to be weighed against the personal needs of the individual child, so that a useful teaching aid will not be misused as a teacher substitute. Trial and error may be the only way to proceed on this front, with the trial gradual enough to prevent any serious error.

As for grouping, no community is likely to go far wrong that keeps in sight the goal of giving each child the maximum opportunity for full development, socially as well as intellectually. Obviously this objective can be realized in different ways, depending in part on the personnel and resources available. Are classes small enough or flexible enough to allow good teachers to give their charges a high degree of individual attention? If so, the risks of separating the gifted children might well be avoided. Are classes so large that teachers have difficulty getting across a minimum program? Then grouping in one of its many forms may be worthwhile.

Using such criteria as these and guided by professional educators, parents can, and no doubt will, do much to mold the schools of the future. ...THE END

Why Young Mothers Are Tired

(Continued from page 43)

news of a raise and asked her out on the town to celebrate. Similarly, a compliment about the meal she's prepared or the way she's handled a problem in connection with the children can be more refreshing to her than a two-hour nap. On the other hand, a husband's failure to notice her new hairdo or to remember their anniversary can take more out of her than a week's ironing."

A woman's feelings about herself and about how much she is appreciated, however, are only part of the story. Our culture patterns and American way of life may also add to her burden of fatigue.

"It's always easier to make the best of one's lot when there's no alternative," says Dr. Harold G. Wolff, neurologist of Cornell University School of Medicine and well-known authority on the effects of emotional stress. "In countries where all women are restricted to domestic work, they accept long hours and hard work with little complaint. But in countries where they gain the freedom to choose between housework and a job in business or industry, the result is anxiety about making the wrong decision. This anxiety is the source of a great deal of frustration and fatigue."

Dr. Ruth Hartley, Professor of Psychology at the City College of New York and a leading authority on the changing roles of American women, points out that "the feeling that she is over-worked and under-appreciated is partly the wife's own fault and partly the fault of the times in which we live. The conditions which make a woman feel exhausted," says Dr. Hartley, "are to be found in the nature of the role she is called upon to play as a modern American wife and mother."

What is that role?

Dr. Robert L. Faucett, of the Mayo Clinic, described it to a recent meeting of the American Medical Association. "It's really a multiplicity of occupations including those of wife, companion, mother, sexual partner, cook, chauffeur, financier, teacher, and often auxiliary breadwinner. Considering how little prestige a woman gets from doing all these things, it's a minor miracle that all housewives don't suffer from overt symptoms of stress."

In a study financed by the Baruch Committee on Physical Medicine and the U. S. Navy, a team of psychiatrists studied a hundred chronic-fatigue patients, about half of them women. Like Dr. Schwab, they noted that fatigue of any kind is a signal that something is wrong.

Physical fatigue protects the organism from injury through too great activity of any part of the body. Nervous fatigue, on the other hand, is usually a warning of danger to the personality. Often it reflects the way the individual sees himself in relation to the rest of the world. "This comes out very clearly in the woman patient who complains bitterly that she is 'just a housewife,' that she is wasting her talents and education on household drudgery and losing her attractiveness, her intelligence, and indeed her very identity as a person," explains Dr.

Harley C. Shands one of the co-heads of the Baruch project.

In industry the most fatiguing jobs are those which only partially occupy the worker's attention but at the same time prevent him from concentrating on anything else. Many young wives say that this mental gray-out is what bothers them most in caring for home and children. "After a while your mind becomes a blank," they say. "You can't focus on anything. It's like sleepwalking."

At Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, psychiatrist Dr. J. Wendell Muncie analyzed some factors which produced chronic fatigue in his patients. The first on his list was "monotony unpunctuated by any major triumph or disaster." It sums up the predicament of many a young mother.

One of the most tiring things about keeping house and bringing up small children is the feeling of being carried helplessly along on a tide of washing, cooking, dusting and diaper changing. The worst of it is that mothers often feel they're not getting anywhere because they can't see the results of their work. Helping a couple of toddlers on and off with snowsuits may consume half an hour. Toilet training, teaching a child to pick up his toys or tie his own shoelaces, all take endless time—day after day after day. With children, of course, you do eventually see change and growth. Household chores are something else again. A woman dusts the house only to see it get dusty, or washes and irons clothes only to see them get soiled, or cooks a meal only to start another one a few hours later.

Just how bad this makes her feel about her chosen role was high-lighted by a study conducted recently at the University of Michigan. Sociologist Dr. Robert S. Weiss and his team of researchers studied 569 women, both married and single. "What are some of the things which make you feel useful and important?" the women were asked.

Housework rated very low in personal satisfaction for all of them. Fewer than half the married women said it made them feel useful and important. The unmarried women liked it even less. Only about one in five said it gave her a sense of worth. Among the women who had paying jobs, the overwhelming majority, married and single, felt that the jobs were more satisfying than housework.

This, of course, does not mean that a career is the alternative to fatigue for a young mother. If anything, the working mother may have more troubles than the housebound young matron. Since her salary is seldom enough to permit her to hire full-time help at home, she still has a large part of the housework and cooking to do at the end of a day's work at the office, store or plant. Instead of seeing too much of her children, the working wife often feels she sees too little of them.

Whether a mother works or stays at home has little to do with another of the causes of extreme fatigue—tension and worry.

"I'm so used to feeling tense that when I'm calm I get nervous," a young mother told Mrs. Eda LeShan, a director of the Guidance Center at New Rochelle, New York. Mrs. LeShan has found that worry about doing the wrong thing takes more out of many young mothers—particularly first-time mothers—than the actual work they do.

This is true of almost everyone who has to adjust to a new situation. For example, a study by the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory confirmed the common observation that freshmen get far more tired than upper classmen. Traveling for the first time in a foreign country, moving to a new city, going on a honeymoon or learning a new job often produce spells of exhaustion. The explanation is simple: When you're afraid of making the wrong move, fatigue makes it hard to move at all. And new mothers are constantly afraid they will make mistakes that will have terrible and lasting effects on their children.

"A mother doesn't get nearly so tired when she discovers that her child's problems aren't necessarily her fault," says Mrs. LeShan. "Usually they aren't. She isn't failing as a parent when her child bites people at two, hoards his toys at three, is afraid of the dark at four, or shy at five. Problems like these are part of a child's normal development."

Being tiresome also comes naturally to small children. They never stop demanding except when they are asleep. They have absolutely no understanding of privacy. If they don't get a mother's full and undivided attention instantly on demand, they nag or sulk or fly into a tantrum.

Very often when she's tired, a woman will display some of the temperament of a child. She is, for instance, likely to use any excuse to weep or start a quarrel. "In most cases of chronic fatigue," says Dr. Shands, "the patient feels rejected, angry, frightened or enraged in circumstances which prevent any adequate expression of these feelings. When she finds an outlet for these suppressed emotions, her fatigue disappears."

Quarrels aren't the only way to get rid of grievances. In fact, such explosions can usually be avoided if a wife feels free to complain about her work. It's a wonderful safety valve, and her husband should encourage her to use it.

He should also encourage her to pamper herself. A stock character in movies and soap operas is the giddy young wife who has not yet learned to take her homemaking duties seriously enough. But in real life the young wife is far more likely to be too grimly conscientious and self-sacrificing. An occasional silly new hat, some out-of-season strawberries or a new shade of lipstick can make her feel much less self-sacrificing—at least briefly. Similarly a few minutes' singing or dancing with her child is fun for both of them and a good break in the routine.

One reason that young wives find homemaking so exhausting and at times so discouraging is that they hold themselves to impossibly high standards. During the last couple of generations, living conditions and child-rearing practices have changed so much that there are few customary ways of doing things. Instead of simply following in her mother's and grandmother's footsteps, today's wife has to adjust to new conditions. She learns homemaking from magazines, books, movies and home economics courses. In many ways these agencies have done too well. In their zeal to instruct, they often go overboard on fancy recipes, elegant décor and lavish entertainment patterns.

"Many a housewife knocks herself out trying to achieve a standard of elegance that is almost impossible without wealth and servants." Dr. Hartley has found. "The worst of it is that women hold each other to these standards on pain of being condemned as 'sloppy housewives.'"

In the old days housewives also kept up appearances, but practically every house then had a parlor which was closed up tight and used only for company. Modern wives laugh at this. The laugh, however, is really on them. For the old-fashioned parlor was always clean, always picked up. The housewife didn't have to worry about company dropping in unexpectedly; it didn't matter so much if the rest of the house was a shambles. It does in modern houses. The only solution is not to care what neighbors think.

Some of the wives Dr. Hartley has interviewed make a list of avoidables, expendables, and postponables. Do the children really need a pet dog or cat right now, or can that wait till one of them can help take care of it? The laundry has to be done, but is it necessary to press things like underwear, sheets, pillowcases, and pajamas? Everybody has to be served at least three meals a day, but do they need fancy sauces and pastries and desserts? Can't the dishes be allowed to dry on a rack? Or how about using paper plates and cups for the quick meal of the day?

All authorities agree that a baby sitter, hired on a fairly regular basis, is one of the most useful extravagances to which a wife can treat herself. It's a mistake to wait for some special occasion when she and her husband are invited out. The important thing is for her to have a little time she can call her own, even if she uses it merely to take a walk or to catch up with her reading.

Since the demands of housework and child rearing are not very flexible, there is no complete solution to chronic-fatigue problems. Many women, however, can cut down fatigue if they stop asking too much of themselves. Inevitably everyone makes mistakes, does some things badly and has shortcomings and limitations. By trying to understand realistically what she can—and, more important, what she cannot—do, a woman may, in the long run, be a better wife and mother. Albeit a tired one. . . . THE END

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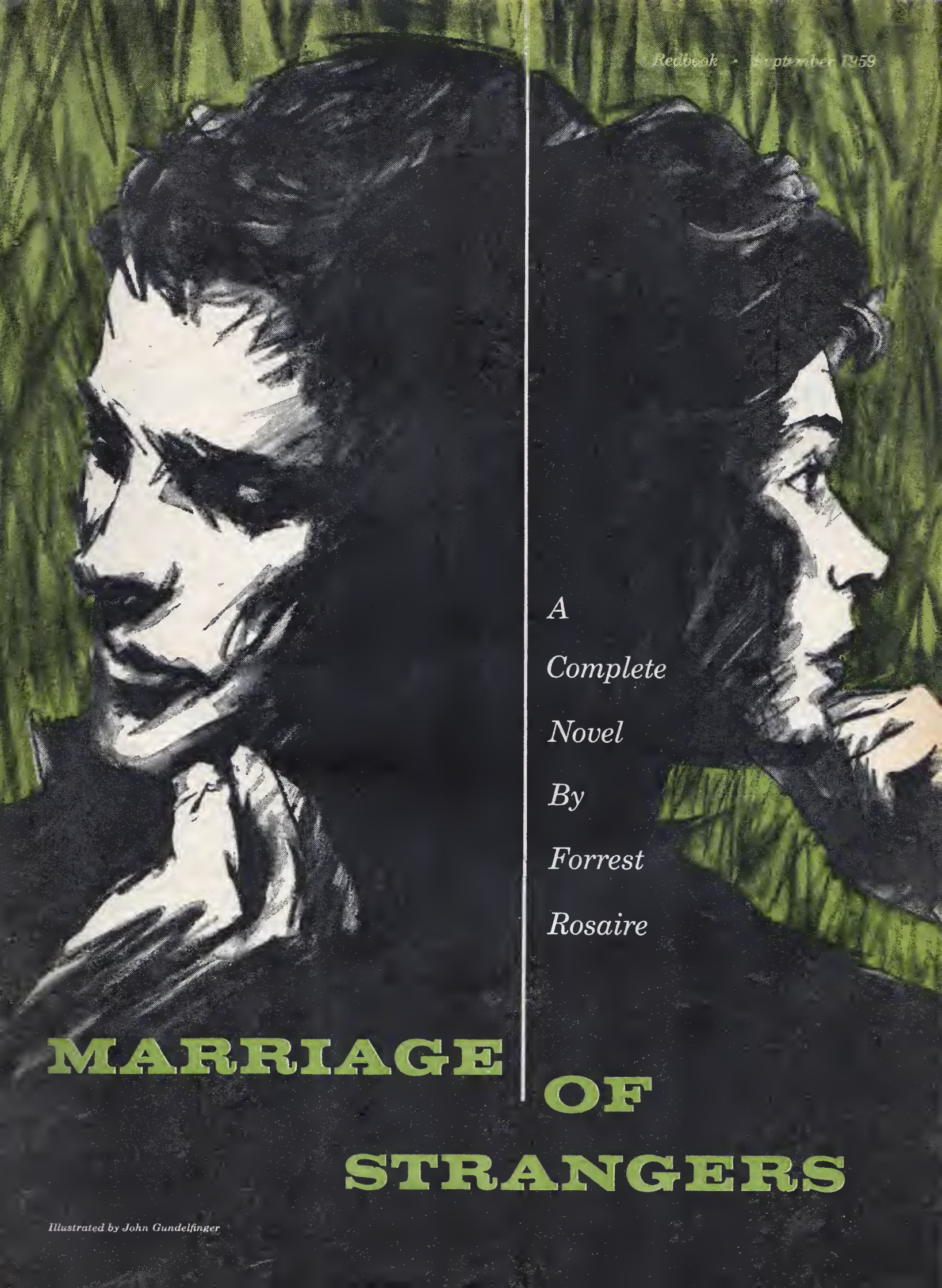

A Complete Novel By Forrest Rosaire

MARRIAGE OF STRANGERS

Illustrated by John Gundelfinger

MARRIAGE OF STRANGERS

by Forrest Rosaire

When they met it was as if lightning had struck; in two weeks they were married. Yet nothing in her sheltered life had prepared her for his fierce pride, his dark jealousy, and she wondered: Is love enough?

Midge Crandall hadn't exactly come to say good-by. She stood in the disarray of Edie's last-minute packing, uttering dire predictions and ominous warnings like some gloomy bird of catastrophe. In fact, in her sleek black sheath and with her beaklike nose, she looked something like Poe's raven in spike heels.

"It's so risky, Edie!" she insisted. "Such a gamble! It was bad enough to plunge headlong into marriage with some boy you hardly knew. But to let him drag you off to California on the chance of a job that may not even materialize . . ." She made a clucking sound with her tongue. "It's so unlike you, Edie. It's been such a shock to your parents."

"Not at all," said Edie, passing in front of Midge with an armful of odds and ends she was discarding. "Dad and Mother are used to the idea by now, and it's certainly not a gamble. Roy has a good job promised out there."

"Oh, promises!" Midge cried, with a flourish of her bony hands. "Naturally he'd say that. Not that I'm saying anything against Roy, but you must admit he's not too stable or farsighted. Anybody that would quit in the middle of an engineering course——"

"What did you expect him to do?" Edie asked. "Keep on going to school and let my parents support us? There's already been too much talk about his sponging on Mother and Dad because we're living here with them." She turned on Midge in exasperation. "Why aren't you at the gift shop?"

"Your father gave me the afternoon off," said Midge. She seemed unperturbed by Edie's irritation; as manager of Edie's father's gift shop she considered herself privileged in the Hill household, very nearly a member of the family. "I just thought I'd do my last-minute best to keep you here. The fact is, Edie, if you'd put your foot down, you could stop this nonsense of Roy's."

"I'm not in the habit of putting my foot down," said Edie, without realizing how transparent this remark was. Twenty years old and an only child, she had always been submissive to decisions made for her. She looked very young and untried as she faced Midge, her full lips slightly parted, her hazel eyes wide and clear. "Naturally I'm sorry Roy isn't finishing college, but this Los Angeles job is a good one. His brother is the sales manager for Kalifornia Korn Kracknel and wants Roy working for him. He even advanced Roy the money to go." She added defiantly:

This novel, like all other novels printed in Redbook, is purely fiction and intended as such. It does not refer to real characters or to actual events. If the name of any person, living or dead, is used, it is a coincidence.

"Korn Kracknel is a kind of fancy cracker. They eat it like mad in California, and all kinds of salesmen are just crazy to get jobs with the company. How can you call it nonsense when the job is being held for him? I know Roy has never done any selling, but I'm sure he'll make a first-class salesman."

Midge was not listening to her. Her sharp eye had spotted something among the odds and ends Edie had discarded. "What's this?" she exclaimed, poking into the wastebasket and coming up with a photograph folder. It was the graduation portrait of a young man, blonde as a Viking, almost too classically handsome, smiling out from beneath his mortarboard.

"Why, it's Colin!" Midge cried, sucking in a surprised breath and giving Edie a wounded look. "How could you, Edie!" Colin was Midge's younger brother, and since there were just the two of them, she doted on him with all the affection of her thirty-six years. "Surely, Edie, you weren't throwing Colin's picture away!"

Just at that moment Roy came to the doorway. His dark, homely face was ruddy from the cold spring air. He grinned at Edie and then snapped his fingers. "I forgot the traveler's checks," he said. "Come on, hon. Leave this mess and come down to the bank with me." He glanced suddenly toward the corner of the room where Midge was standing "Oh, hello, Midge. I didn't see you."

"Quite all right," said Midge, not looking at him but continuing to gaze at her brother's picture. "It doesn't do him entire justice, but it's the best picture he ever had. It was when he got his law degree. I believe he had only this one enlargement made. Naturally he gave it to you, Edie."

"What's that?" asked Roy, coming around for a look.

Edie bit her lip. There are more enviable situations, when you are three weeks married, than to have the photograph of your former boy friend displayed in front of your husband. "We'd better hurry, Roy," she urged. "The bank will close in ten minutes."

"Sure," said Roy, still leaning over Midge's shoulder.

"It was nice of you to keep it, Edie," Midge said. "I won't read the inscription on it; I know it's private."

She continued to hold it out for Roy to see.

"Roy, come on. We've got to get the traveler's checks!"

"I won't keep you," said Midge, closing the photograph folder with fond solicitude. "Would you mind awfully, Edie, if I took it now?"

"Of course not," Edie said, halfway to the door. "Keep it, or give it to Colin when he comes back to town."

"Oh, he's already back," Midge said.

Something electric seemed to charge the air.

"Oh, Colin's back, eh?" said Roy.

"Yes," Midge said, still addressing Edie, "he came home this morning. He was down in Florida attending to some legal matter about that property of your aunt's." She sat down on the divan. "If you don't mind, I'll wait here for your mother. I won't say good-by now. We'll be over later this evening."

Outside in the car Roy gave his wife a sidewise look. "Interesting," he said.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," she exploded, "I didn't have any idea it was there. I threw it away and she fished it out of the wastebasket!"

"Well, don't be so defensive about it," he said. He was grinning now as he turned the car toward the bank. "I meant it was interesting that Colin is back in town. If I'm not mistaken, he left on the day of our wedding. Do you suppose he's come back to do something spectacular, like throwing himself under a truck?"

She couldn't manage a laugh. When you genuinely like somebody, and have caused him pain, it's hard to make fun of him. "It wasn't that acute," she said. "It just kind of hummed and drummed along while he was in law school. We were just good friends and that's all there was to it. I don't even remember what it says on the photograph."

"It says: 'With hope for soon,'" said Roy. "That doesn't sound humdrum. 'With hope for soon,'" he repeated. "It sounds as if he were looking ahead to the time when he got his practice going, as if he had already staked his claim on you."

"Colin never staked any claim on me," Edie said, "and I don't like to talk about him this way. I respect him. I've known him since we were children and he's fine all the way through. Midge started all this, and you know why."

"Sure I know why," said Roy. "It's because she figures the still waters are still running deep, and any marriage to a meatball named Roy Gavin is just temporary."

"What still waters?" demanded Edie. "You mean between Colin and me?"

Roy grinned up at the Missouri sky. He replied obliquely: "Angel, why do you always stand up for him?"

Edie opened her mouth and closed it again. Was there any way to explain to him that her sympathy and liking for Colin had nothing to do with the deeper things inside her? Every awakened depth she possessed, every tenderness and hunger of her young nature, were centered on Roy; no one else existed for her that way. How could they have such a pointless and ridiculous argument? Of course it was half banter, but still there was something in his jealousy that disturbed her. Sometimes she thought he even resented her parents' love for her.

"Look, Roy," she said, "if, as you say, he wanted to marry me and instead I chose you, doesn't that prove whatever I'm supposed to prove? How silly all this is! You just let Midge stick you with a needle as big as her spike heel. Can't you see why she did it? She dotes on Colin. She's always babied him, and anything he wants she tries to get for him—me included. And then because she works for my father, I think she'd—well, like to marry her brother to the boss's daughter. It would put her in solid. Anyway, to me it's sort of pitiful the way she keeps on pitching for Colin." She gave a start. "Oh, look—there he is!"

They had just turned into the bank parking lot, and ahead of them Colin Crandall was getting out of his car. He headed toward the bank, not seeing them, his handsome face in profile, his tall body moving swiftly.

"You go in," Edie said. "I'll wait here, or"—she pointed next door to the bank—"I'll be in Dad's shop."

"Okay," said Roy, agreeing with the diplomacy of this maneuver. A fishbowl is more private than a bank in a town the size of Crestview, he knew, and enough tongues had been wagging about the three of them already.

Edie crossed the parking lot and entered the back door of her father's shop. What crosscurrents tug at you on your last day at home! she thought. As soon as she was inside she felt a rush of something like homesickness, for she would

not set foot in the shop again for a long time. She loved its ruby glass and delicate porcelains, its shelves of delicate figurines, the iridescent rainbows the sun made dancing from case to case. The shop had a reputation, even tucked away in a sleepy town, because of the unerring good taste of its merchandise.

Her father was busy with some tourist from the highway. Edie was proud and her heart swelled as she watched him, fragile as a piece of porcelain himself, leaning forward to exhibit a piece of Delft to the customer. Behind that very counter she had met Roy, on a Tuesday five weeks before.

Oh, how a single hour can shift the axis of your life! she thought. Up until then her days had been unrolling as smoothly as a bolt of cloth, and it was almost a foregone conclusion that in six months or a year she would marry Colin Crandall. That's how it was in Crestview; certain combinations, by force of custom, became inevitabilities. She had always gone with Colin to this affair or that, ever since high school, and their pairing off had become as accepted as an engagement. Only something overscrupulous in Colin, the knowledge that he had still to establish himself, had kept him from making their engagement definite; but he took for granted, as the words on his photograph showed, what would eventually happen between them.

All that had been knocked galley-west by a twenty-three-year-old stranger who wanted a hundred-dollar chess set. It was pure luck that Edie waited on him, for she helped out only on Midge's days off; and it was also luck that Roy had misread the price tag through the window. Otherwise he would certainly never have come in. He had exactly ten dollars in his pocket and the chess set seemed a happy inspiration for the birthday of his brother in California. She would never forget the look of consternation on his face when, standing with the wrapped set in his hands, he found he was ninety dollars short.

What did it matter, when life's white lightning had struck? In five minutes they were laughing about it and Roy had forgotten his three-thirty class at the engineering college. It seemed as though music had burst out in the shop and the bare buds outside had bloomed into spring. No other customers came in, her father was busy in his office, and they talked until Roy had to run for his janitor's broom.

He worked, he told her, as a part-time janitor at the college, plugging his way through on a scholarship that didn't pay for his keep. He had spent his boyhood in a St. Louis orphanage, done a hitch in the Marines, and had eighteen months of college still to go. Like Edie, he had a program ahead of him, markers set out for his feet to follow. But some emotion that had no respect for programs had whirled up in them—and they both knew it; they could not put it off. They tried; they tried for two weeks. But they were honest with each other and knew that white lightning cannot be stored on a shelf or doled out by millimeters or locked in a freezer for eighteen months. So they went to Mr. and Mrs. Hill and said: "We want to get married."

Edie smiled now, remembering the shock on her parents' faces. They hardly knew Roy, and with his threadbare suit and black brows he must have looked like a gambler down on his luck. Now that they did know him, and really liked him, their one regret was that he would not let them finance the rest of his schooling. They had argued about it—the argument had gone round and round and Edie had pleaded with him too—but Roy was adamant. He had certain old-fashioned ideas. One of them was that a wife did not work to help out, and another was that a husband did not free-load on his in-laws. The most he would accept was to stay at the Hills' house while he wrote his brother for the Kracknel job and wound up his school term.

At that moment she thought she heard him outside and opened the back door of the shop. She almost collided with Colin Crandall.

"Edie!" he said, stepping back. His handsome face, jarred out of composure, showed deep strain around the gray eyes. "I—" he stammered, gesturing toward the shop. "I was looking— My sister— I was looking for Midge."

Edie, no less discomfited, began wrenching at her coat cuff. She had caught it in the door and stepped outside to free it. This gave her a moment to arrange a smile. "Hello, Colin," she said. "Midge isn't here. I believe she's home talking to my mother."

"Well, no matter," he said. He passed his hand over his blond head, looking away from her across the parking lot. She could see the contraction of muscles in his jaw. "I haven't had a chance," he said, "to wish you—every happiness, Edie."

As he spoke, slowly and stiffly, every word hurt her because of the pain to him. It seemed so wrong, such a sorry twist in things, that their lifelong friendship should be blighted. It was almost as difficult for her to reply.

"Thank you, Colin. We'll be gone tomorrow. We're going to Los Angeles."

"Yes," he said. Neither of them was looking at the other; both were staring unconsciously at the bank door where Roy would emerge. "Midge told me you were going. I hope you have a good trip, and——"

At that moment old Mrs. McMurtree, half deaf and with a vicious tongue, came out of the bank, leaning on the arm of her sister. "Did you see him, Emily?" she brayed in a voice like a calliope. "Big as life and bold as brass, standing at the cashier's desk buying traveler's checks! 'Going to California,' I heard him say! Now who do you suppose is paying for the traveler's checks?" She cackled raucously. "Talk about clover—first you live on your wife's parents and then you let them give you a trip to California! What fat luck for a penniless young pup!"

To both Edie and Colin it was too excruciating for embarrassment; it was paralyzing. The worst thing was that Roy was coming out right behind Mrs. McMurtree. He could not have missed hearing what she said. He stopped short. They saw a flush of crimson cross his dark face.

Edie was unaware of the sister's frantic nudge, the old lady's squawk of realization. Colin had started toward Roy. Apparently he thought it would be less embarrassing to walk forward than to skulk away. He went stiffly up to Roy. "Congratulations," he said. "You're a very lucky man."

This conventional remark, under the circumstances, had a most unfortunate sound. Roy's eyes widened and

then narrowed; they looked black and hot as coals. "Thanks," he said sharply, "for the happy way you put that. This town is full of great people. When I want better, I'll look under a rock." He shoved past Colin and came up to Edie. "Let's get out of here before I really blast off."

"Edie, it's nothing," her father reassured her. "Just the bile of a scurrilous old woman and an innocent remark that happened to drop in a bad context. I'm sure it's nothing Roy will take real offense at."

"Of course not," her mother said soothingly. "Just forget about it, baby. It was what the French would call a *contretemps* and we all know Roy is generous enough to overlook it."

"But they're coming over!" Edie exclaimed. "Midge said, '*We're* coming over,' and that means Colin too. Good lord, they'll be here any minute!"

It was an hour after dinner and they were in Edie's bedroom—Mr. Hill with his thin and sensitive face, Mrs. Hill with her calm gravity, and Edie as jumpy as a damp kitten. Edie had closed the door and was trying to keep her voice down, because Roy was somewhere about.

"Yes, that's true." said her mother calmly. "Midge told me she had a going-away present for you—and I suppose it's from Colin too."

"You know how hotheaded Roy is! I don't know what he might do when Colin comes in." She looked from her father to her mother. "What'll I do?"

"Well," said Mr. Hill, taking out his bulldog pipe and crinkling his blue eyes in an amused way, "why don't you ask Roy? This is nothing to call us in about. Go to him and——"

The door suddenly opcned and Roy entered what was, after all, his bedroom as well as Edie's. "Oh, excuse me," he said. He stood blinking at them. "I didn't mean to . . . Edie, your aunt's here and she's brought something for you."

"Just a little thought for California," called her aunt, coming up the stairs. She came puffing into the bedroom, clasping a flat box against her short and stubby body. "Just a little thing I picked up in Florida."

"Half a second, Peg," said Mr. Hill, holding up his pipestem to interrupt her. He spoke to Roy. "I understand there was some little incident at the bank, and Edie is afraid you might be harboring some—ah—feeling."

"I heard about that!" Aunt Peg said. "I think Roy conducted himself very well."

"The point is," went on Mr. Hill with his patient smile, "that Edie is worried you might flatten Colin's profile if he drops in with his sister, as he is about to do any moment. You won't spill any blood on the rug, will you, Roy?"

"What?" exclaimed Roy. "Is that what the conference is about?" He gave Edie a surprised look. "Well, why didn't you come to me about it?" He said to Mr. Hill: "I guarantee I won't move a muscle. If you like, I'll get out of the house while they're here."

"That won't be necessary," said Mrs. Hill, taking his hand. "I'm sure they'll only be here a moment, and I'll never have you leave my house for any of the Crandalls."

When Roy really smiled it was something to see. "Thanks," he said and pressed her hand. "As a matter of fact, I'll be storing my engineering books in the garage so I won't even be inside. Lord, Edie, do you think I've still got a chip on my shoulder? I realize the guy was only trying to be polite."

Edie got up and threw her arms around him. "Darling, forgive me. I'm such a fool."

Aunt Peg chortled. "Now that that's over, let's look at this," she said. Out of the box she drew a white blazer. "This is to slay California in, Edie."

"Oh, Aunt Peg!" Edie slipped it on. The soft white flannel set off her seal-brown hair and clear wide eyes.

"Lovely!"

"You're uncanny, Peg!"

"Miss Knockout!" said Roy. "Miss Missouri Waltz!"

She kissed her aunt with her mouth unsteady. In the mirror she had seen her parents' eyes, a look that said: *This is how we'll remember her.* Something like desolation caught at her. You never knew what home really meant, she thought, until you started to go. Her father's steady smile, her mother's grave eyes—she felt if she turned to look at them she might break down.

The doorbell rang downstairs.

"You go answer it, Edie," said her father. "We'll sit with Peg a moment." Maybe they too wanted an instant to retrieve themselves, Edie thought.

Roy came with her to the bottom of the stairs. "Is it all right?"

"Oh, sure!" She kissed him quickly and went to the front door. He went out the back as the Crandalls came in.

"We can only stay a minute!" Midge said. "I forgot about prayer meeting." Her sharp eyes darted around. "Where are your mother and father? Aren't they going? I saw your aunt's car outside."

"They're upstairs," said Edie. "Yes, they're going too. Sit down, Colin." He looked as if he wished himself anywhere else, Edie thought. Midge had probably dragged him by main force. He held a package behind his back, something oblong and a little too big to conceal.

"We wanted to—" He gave up whatever he had planned to say and held out the package. "It's from us, Edie."

It was an overnight case of morocco leather. "Oh, Midge, Colin!" Edie cried as she opened it on the divan. It was lined in green satin and completely fitted. "It's beautiful. Too beautiful. You should *never* have done it!" She was still exclaiming over it when the telephone rang. "Excuse me a minute."

It was their minister, wanting to remind her about a church connection in Los Angeles. "You should look up Dallas Green," he said. "Do you remember Dallas?"

She remembered him very well, a magnetic young man who had been their assistant minister a year ago. "He was always fond of you, Edie. He has a church out there now. Be sure to look him up."

"Oh, I will."

He gave her Dallas Green's address and they chatted for a minute. "Well, good-by, Edie. Good luck to you out there. We're certainly going to miss you."

When she came back from the hall Colin was alone in the living room. He looked ill at ease; he was walking up and down with short, uneven steps.

"Midge took the bag upstairs to show your folks," he said. He said it wryly, as if self-conscious about his sister's pushing ways. He picked up his coat. "Well, I'll be going along. Midge will probably wait and go with your father and mother."

Edie went out with him to the porch. "It's one of the loveliest gifts I think anyone ever gave me, Colin."

He turned where the wistaria vine, leafless in the moonlight, made loops of gold across a corner of the porch. His face had a drawn look. "Edie, if anything goes wrong out there"—he took both her hands—"remember, I'm here. I'll always be here, Edie."

She had had her share of unenviable moments in the day, but this was the most disconcerting. She had not expected this from Colin—it was totally out of keeping with his overscrupulous, contained nature. The long friendship between them called out for a soft answer—and what soft answer was there? She could only press his hands and try to shift to some innocuous key, as if misunderstanding the import of what he had said. "Why, of course, Colin! If anything ever went wrong, I know I could turn to you and Midge. After all, you're about my oldest friends."

Roy, coming along the driveway from the garage, saw them plainly silhouetted against the wistaria vine, close together, Colin holding Edie's hands. All the banked fire of his afternoon's anger rose to wild heat. It was an almost intolerable moment, a surge to white-hot violence. Roy turned abruptly on his heel and went back to the garage. I can't spoil her last night at home, he thought. He's only telling her good-by.

He sat down on a log of firewood with his head in his hands. Tomorrow they would be gone; all this would be behind them. But would it ever be behind her—the associations, the ties, the affections that bound her here? The hardest to accept was her affection for Colin—and Roy could hardly call it anything else; it came out whenever she mentioned Colin. To Roy's intense, jealous imagination it was a sort of permanent thread in her life, beginning in childhood, growing through high school, emerging thereafter into an unspoken engagement. It had long, deep roots, deeper probably than Edie was aware of.

As an orphan, one who had never really belonged, Roy was accustomed to thinking of himself as an outsider; even now he could not believe that something so precious as Edie's love could by rights be his. He had an almost fierce desire to fend others off, to guard Edie closely, to see rivals where none existed—and an almost fatalistic conviction that Colin was somehow planned by nature to be the right man for her. Colin was "in"—a favorite of the town, handsome, well spoken, admired on every hand, a natural partner for Edie. His father, dead three years now, had been Crestview's most respected lawyer, and Colin was confidently expected to step into his shoes. Roy himself had never been "in." His two years in Crestview had been those of a stranger, living in a cheap boardinghouse near the college, supporting himself by menial work, spending his free time studying. He had developed a kind of hostility, a lone-wolf attitude that had not helped him to make friends.

Sometimes he felt, in a kind of despairing way, that it was the attraction of opposites—Edie was so unlike him. She was openhearted, spontaneously friendly; people smiled when they saw her. On the days she worked in the shop, her father said, they sold twice as much. She was everybody's pet—that was the trouble. She had been too much coddled and loved.

He didn't blame her parents; the Hills were wonderful people. But having had Edie a little late in life, Roy thought, they had wrapped her in cotton wool, taken all the knocks for her, smoothed out her life in advance. Unconsciously, through too much love, they had made her dependent on them—too dependent, so that she looked to them for solutions. Like tonight, when she had gone to them about that incident at the bank.

Roy shook his head. Leaning on her parents seemed natural to her; she was really unaware of it. At heart she wanted to stay in Crestview—he was sure of that. Instinctively she wanted to incorporate him into her family and let the Hills make everything easy for him too. To this his own instinct was stubbornly opposed. He felt he and Edie must get away, encounter reality on their own terms. Ahead of them was their own life, something new and challenging that they themselves must face, and even the best-intentioned parents in the world could not take the brunt of it for them.

To wean her from her strong home ties was one reason he had taken the job in Los Angeles. It wasn't so much a matter of applying for the job as accepting it. For two years his brother, Warren, had been urging the job on him, insisting that he come to California and give up the tomfoolery with the books. Warren, twelve years Roy's senior, was a self-made man who thought higher education unnecessary. Why, he kept urging in letter after letter, should Roy fritter away his time with books when he could eventually be earning two thousand a month as a Kracknel salesman? The company was small but rich. As sales manager, Warren could put Roy into an easy territory, help him, drum selling into him, boost him from behind; it would be a quick road to the big money. As a lever to get Roy to comply, Warren had never helped him with his college expenses. In a way it had been a tug of war between them—Warren pulling hard at him, and Roy stubbornly keeping at his engineering course.

Edie knew about this and, knowing Roy's devotion to engineering, had begged him to let her work full time at the gift shop. That way they could have taken a small apartment in Crestview and he could have finished school. But no; his pride would not allow that. In his view, a wife should be a homebody and a husband should carry the load. He had been stubborn about it, and Edie, conditioned to having decisions made for her, had given in without too much argument.

To quit school had been a defeat—Roy realized that—but he felt compensated by the idea of the big money. In California they would have everything they wanted: a nice home of their own, a couple of cars, no nagging worries, a cushion of money in the bank, tall windows and a green lawn, the perfect setup to start a family. The picture was really irresistible—how lucky they were to have a prospect like that! So it had been easy to choke down any sense of defeat when he had written his brother to say he had finally given in and was asking for the job. And Warren had answered with a large check, telling them to see the country on the way, to take their time and have a real honeymoon en route to California.

With all that before him, how could he sit here so shaken? How could the sight of two pairs of clasped hands overturn all his confidence? She was so young—was she really his? Was what she felt for him merely a romantic impulse on her part—a fascination with the lonely independence he represented, so unlike her own sheltered life, and so an infatuation with pure novelty? He didn't know. He only knew that he loved her beyond thought or knowledge. And for that very reason he must not let her see what a jolt he had had tonight.

The church bell began ringing for prayer meeting. The light had gone out in the living room—he knew the others must have gone. He got up and walked to the house.

He was in the kitchen when Edie came out to meet him. "Are you all right?" She looked anxiously into his face. "You were out there so long!"

"I was just checking the car." He laughed. "The old heap's got a long way to go."

On the dining-room table was a bag he had not seen before. "What's that?"

"Oh, it's a present"—she twisted her fingers together—"Midge gave me. An overnight case. Really much too much."

From Colin, he thought. Principally from Colin. "It's very nice," he said. "It's really handsome."

Something in his tone made her say: "It seems so one-sided, everybody giving me things and not giving you anything."

"Why, they gave me you!" Roy said, catching her in his arms. He held her almost desperately against him. "You're all I want; you're my dream and my darling and my whole damned life!"

She clung to him with all her strength, fusing her body with his, trying to warm that one desolate corner inside her. Even the tolling church bell seemed to be saying: Good-by, Edie. We'll miss you.

CHAPTER 2

"Oh, we had a wonderful trip!" Edie said, her hazel eyes sparkling. Happiness glowed out from her; she had a wind tan from the days on the road, and the California sun made high lights in her brown hair. "It was perfect—every minute of it! We saw Denver, Salt Lake, Rocky Mountain Park, Bryce Canyon, Lake Meade—we saw everything, Warren, thanks to you!"

"Yes, thanks to you, Warren," said Roy, smiling across the patio table at his brother. The smell of barbecued steaks still hung in the air, bees buzzed over the swimming pool, and beyond the scallops of the bright-striped awning the garden was a riot of flowers. "We even won back a little of what we owe you. Last night in Las Vegas Edie won forty dollars at roulette!"

"Good girl!" Warren said, mopping his bald head against the heat. "As for owing me, you don't owe me a cent, and I'll throttle the first one that says otherwise!" He laughed his rumbling, tremendous laugh, holding up his bearlike hands. "But I'm glad to hear that Edie took Las Vegas. A little different from our honeymoon—eh, Arlene?"

"You're so right." Warren's redheaded wife, untying a bib from the baby in the high chair, wrinkled her pretty nose. "The first weekend we were married Warren dropped a thousand dollars at the Sands. Of course every weekend after that we had to go back to try to recoup, and we ended up—well, I hate to think about it! Now that we've got little Warren we're not so foolish." She smiled at her husband. "Lift your two hundred pounds, big boy, and pour Edie some more coffee."

"No, no!" Edie protested as Warren heaved his powerful bulk from his chair. "I couldn't drink another drop. Arlene, it was marvelous! You don't know how good it is to taste home cooking again."

"Just put the emphasis on the word home," said Warren, patting her shoulder with surprising gentleness. "Because that's what this is, your home, as long as you care to indulge me. I followed your whole trip on the map. Isn't that right, Arlene?"

"That's right," Arlene said, smiling. "He put up a map in the dining room, just like a general following a war, and stuck a pin in it every time we got a new post card from you."

"Heck, how long have I been trying to get you out here?" Warren said gruffly, beetling his black brows at Roy. The brothers' black brows were the only family resemblance Edie could see. Otherwise, Warren, with his massive frame and his almost totally bald head, looked something like an oversized Yul Brynner. "After all, we're the whole Gavin family and we ought to be together in a solid lump." He clenched his big fist. "Solidarity! But that's enough orating for the moment. Let's get inside out of this heat."

He reached for his infant son, hoisted him out of his high chair and tossed him high in the air. Edie's heart stopped. Warren cupped his huge hands and caught the baby deftly. He grinned at Edie. "It's good for him," he said.

Miraculously, the baby didn't cry. Edie gulped and smiled. "Arlene, let me help you with these dishes."

"Don't think," said Arlene as the men moved away, "that my hair doesn't turn gray every time he does that with the baby. But it's his way—you just have to get used to it. He's got a heart the size of a ham but he believes in ruggedness with a capital *R*. And the grunts and growls! Sometimes in the morning I think I'm eating porridge with Papa Bear in the storybook."

Edie had to laugh. She had been in the house only an hour but she felt perfectly at home with Arlene. How difficult her sister-in-law could have made it for her! She could have patronized her, looked down her nose at her, in this beautiful home on an exclusive hillside in Pasadena. But Arlene had thrown her arms around her and treated her as a sister from the start. Of Warren she was still somewhat in awe. It wasn't only his formidable size, his booming voice, his years and confident maturity; it was a kind of deep-down amusement he revealed, as if he con-

sidered her and Roy a couple of kids strayed from kindergarten, whose toddling steps he felt obliged to direct.

"We'll just put these in the dishwasher," Arlene said as they carried the plates and cups into the kitchen. "I really think I ought to explain, Edie, why Warren never helped Roy in college. It was because he was trying to force him to come out here. He was really, in his way, thinking of Roy's best interests, though I know it seemed ungenerous."

"Yes, Roy told me all about that," said Edie. "I could never think Warren ungenerous, after all he's doing for us."

Arlene did not reply immediately. "He believes in the hard way for everybody." She made a comical face. "Including me. With two cars and a jeep in the garage he suggests I walk ten blocks to the market. I think he'd like it better if I slung the baby on my back and went barefoot like an Indian."

There was something droll and puckish about Arlene that went with her turned-up nose and flaming red hair. She was twenty-eight but seemed almost Edie's contemporary. "You'd never believe," she went on, "what a war I've had to fight for my personal independence."

"Really?" Edie was surprised.

"Yes, for the first of our two years. I was supposed to be an ornament with a built-in apparatus for getting good meals. I was on a chain like a pet poodle and couldn't run around the block by myself." She grimaced. "I'm still having to fight for breathing room, really. I think it has something to do with being brought up in an orphanage. A deprived boyhood like that—it sort of makes them clutch too hard when they get something they value. What I mean is, you may run into something like that in Roy."

"Well, if I do," Edie said, smiling, "I'll call you."

"One thing about Warren," Arlene continued, "he sees Roy as just like himself. It's the way he sees the baby, too. It's a sort of exaggerated—what do they call it?—paternalism or something. . . . That's a beautiful blazer. Did you get it out here?"

"No, it was a present from my aunt."

In her scattershot way, Arlene seemed to be trying to get around to telling her something, Edie thought. Arlene asked: "Do you feel kind of faraway and uprooted?"

"Not at all!" Edie said. "I thought I would, but we had such a wonderful trip—really the first time we've been entirely by ourselves—that I just can't get over it. I've got that vacation feeling, as though I'm on some fabulous holiday that's never going to end!"

"Well, you've got to get your feet under you," Arlene said. "I mean, you've got to fall off cloud nine. The bump may seem really awful at first, but—" She paused and then muttered, "Oh, skip it. I don't think I've got the guts. Come on in and let's join the men."

She shepherded Edie into the living room. The baby was gurgling in his play pen and Warren stood before the large picture window. Roy leaned forward from a deep sofa. "I was just telling Warren," he said, "that we'd like to find an apartment near my territory."

A glance passed between Warren and Arlene.

"I can't help you, big boy," Arlene said to her husband. "You'll have to shoot your own horse." She walked to the play pen and leaned over the baby.

Warren rubbed his hands together, a brisk and reassuring sound. "Kids, you'd better get ready for a slight shock," he said. He took out a blunt cigar and clamped it between his teeth. "Because of the economic hesitation in the general picture, the company has decided to make certain adjustments. It's a matter of temporary policy. We're sort of treading water for the moment, waiting for the expected upturn to gather strength. We're not recruiting any personnel for sales territories at present."

Edie sat down on the sofa. She felt as if she were going to sink straight through to the bottom of the house. Warren's wording was a little high-flown, but his meaning was all too clear. She did not dare look at Roy.

For an instant there was silence in the room. Then she heard Roy's voice, dry and tight: "You mean there's no job for me?"

"Not at present." Standing before them, smiling around his cigar, Warren radiated enormous cheerfulness. "As I say, the situation's only temporary—it's no permanent disaster. Jack McGonigle, the company owner, has his finger to the wind and he'll reverse the policy as soon as signs indicate."

Arlene kept her face averted, leaning far down over the baby. Edie realized it was this that Arlene had been trying to warn her about.

"But why didn't you tell me this before we came out here?" Roy asked angrily.

"Well," said Warren with a heave of his shoulders, "when you wrote me, everything was all right. But between then and now policy has changed. What do you think I was going to do, wire you to scrounge for something else?" He put his big hands on Roy's shoulders. "I knew you wouldn't have got married without the promise of this job. And I *had* promised you. In fact, I'd been pleading with you for two years to come and take it. What was I to do? What would you do in my place? Good Lord, Roy, I'm your brother!"

He sat down and encircled both Edie and Roy with his giant arms. "Now look, kids, nothing in the world is going to happen to you. Nothing but good. You've run into a little rough weather, but that's the making of us all. So far as the job goes, Roy, I personally *guarantee* that you will have it." He said this with such emphasis that the sofa vibrated. "It hasn't disappeared—it's just postponed."

He blew out a great breath. "In a way it's a good thing, because you don't know anything about selling. This way you'll get a chance to learn. It would have taken some real shenanigans on my part to slide you green into a Kracknel job. I've done a fast reconnaissance among people who owe me favors and one of them is Barney Schottische. While there aren't many openings for somebody untrained in sales, Barney will take you on. You're not too proud to clerk in a liquor store, are you?"

Roy made no reply.

"Hell, it's just for the time being," said Warren. "You couldn't learn selling from a better man. Barney could sell bottled Schlitz to Mr. Budweiser. Besides, he's one of our customers; we feature Kracknels as a natural with cocktails or beer. So you'll be right in the middle of the company picture, learning the psychology of our liquor-store customers."

He slapped Roy on the back and got up. "Now let's take a tuck in our collective belts and girdles. Let's face

this thing with the old Gavin chin stuck out. Action, action—that's the remedy for a kick in the teeth!"

He swung around to Arlene. "You go get the car keys." He turned back to Roy and Edie. "On your feet, kids. You spoke of an apartment. What do you think Arlene and I have been doing since the goose fell off the hook? We've been running ourselves ragged around the part of Hollywood where Barney has his store. We've climbed up and down about sixteen thousand steps, and we think we've got an apartment that will be inside your budget. Come on, you tail us down the Freeway."

Numbly, like two swimmers underwater, they went outside and got into their car. To Edie, their movements seemed as groping and mechanical as those of robots. They were hardly aware of following the tall tail fins of Warren's expensive car. On the seat beside them were remnants of their trip: a jaunty souvenir hat, some desert flowers, matchbooks from a club in Las Vegas.

"Kick in the teeth!" Roy said after a while. "He really used the right words!"

"Roy, what'll we do?"

"Lord, I don't know. I can't even think straight!" Anger mounted in him. "What a sellout! What a boot from my own brother!"

"Roy, you can't say that. They were just sick about it."

"Not Warren. He thinks it's good for me. Like tossing the baby in the air!"

"Oh, no, Roy!"

"Why didn't he warn us? He could have wired us."

"But look what they've done for us!" She knew his anger was just a wild reaction against disaster. "Giving us the trip, and finding *something* for you to do, and hunting all over for an apartment . . ."

"Oh, I suppose so." He rubbed his knuckles hard across his mouth. "It's just the big shock—all we saw ahead of us, and to be sunk like that."

She couldn't answer. All the bright pictures and rosy plans had burst like soap bubbles. An hour ago they had been delighting in the California sun, thrilling to the blue swimming pools, the pastel houses, the picturesque mountains. Now what flashed by them on the Freeway looked like cheap stage scenery, jerry-built rows of false fronts, collapsible as cardboard. The fabulous holiday feeling had vanished. Oh, if they had never come! Edie thought. If only they had stayed home!

"Roy."

"Yes?"

"What are we going to do?"

"I don't know." His face came around with a twisted look. "I feel so responsible—dragging you all the way out here to such a horrible bust."

"Honey, you're not responsible! You didn't have a thing to do with it. Neither did they. It was just a terribly bad break all around."

He stared miserably ahead. Embankments, overpasses shot by. A gray substance thickened the air, hovering like dirty wool over the downtown buildings; they were in the Los Angeles smog blanket. Their eyes smarted; a stale smell was in their nostrils. Other freeways swarmed in on them; they had difficulty keeping Warren in view. The city, like a grim and unlovely maw, seemed stretched out to swallow them. The sunlight was blotted out; buildings loomed as through dirty sea water.

"Roy."

"Yes?"

"Why can't we go back?"

His head whipped round. "Go back!"

"Yes. We've still got over a hundred dollars."

"But it's Warren's. I've got to pay him the whole sum back."

"But he'll never take it. You know he won't!"

"I'll pay him anyway!" His knuckles were white on the steering wheel. "That was my big mistake—letting him help me."

"But it's what a brother's *for*. It's what *I'm* for! Oh, let's go back! You're not cut out to be a salesman—I've felt it all along. Finish your engineering course—it's the one thing you wanted to do. I can work at the store—Dad wants me, I love it, and he'll give me a full-time job. We can have our own place. We don't care if we have to skimp; in eighteen months you'll be what you really set out to be!"

"I can't do it." His mouth was set. "Do you think I could free-load on you? We've been over all that." Again he rubbed his hand hard across his face. "This is something temporary, this liquor-store job. That's what we're forgetting. It may only be for a couple of months."

He took a deep breath; she could feel the muscles in his shoulder set solid. "No, hon, I couldn't go back. It's out of the question. I'll learn salesmanship—it's just like anything else. The really big future is here."

She gave up, but she was not convinced. There were so many ways they could have wangled it. Aunt Peg owned a whole building in Crestview and would have given them an apartment for practically nothing. The debt to Warren could certainly be deferred for eighteen months. There were many things Roy could have helped with in the shop—her frail father had often wished for a pair of strong arms around the place. But Edie's habit was to cancel out her own opinion before an older judgment. Roy was a man, her husband, and he knew what was best—certainly what was best for himself and his own future. She forced down the protesting and desolate feeling inside. She gripped her hands together and stared at the alien signs of the Hollywood Freeway.

She didn't know at what street sign they turned off and went down the ramp. The neighborhood had a fly-blown look; she saw barber poles and rickety balconies, houses and stores shouldered together. Men in undershirts stood picking their teeth outside restaurants.

"What's that he's pointing at?" asked Roy.

They were turning a corner, and ahead of them Warren's left arm was gesturing at a building. Edie looked. She saw a window display of bottles, splashes of red and green, a large neon sign saying BARNEY'S.

"It's the liquor store," she said. "That's it."

Neither of them said anything. They passed small hotels, peeling façades of unidentifiable buildings, grassy strips that shot back into woebegone lawns, brassy cleaning establishments and queer, gingerbready residences cheek by jowl. Half a mile farther on they came to a broader street. Warren pulled up before an apartment building.

He got out of his car and strode back to them with a sunny smile. "This is it." He pointed up at the cracked

front, which rose eight stories. "Of course it's not the Wilshire district, but it's convenient—you can walk to Barney's."

Edie went swiftly to help Arlene with the baby. "He's a darling. How does he ride in the car?"

"Oh, fine." Arlene's quick glance thanked Edie for the forgiving gesture. "You understand, we really combed the neighborhood—this is the cream of the crop. There's not much choice unless you go to the newer part of Hollywood, and that's miles away. Warren put in a real pitch and got them down to seventy-five dollars a month."

She pressed Arlene's arm as they walked in. "Thanks for all you've both done."

The apartment wasn't too bad. They went up in a wheezing automatic elevator to the top floor, and the manager let them into a square living room. It was carpeted in a dull green with symmetrical marks where the let-down bed rested. The manager stood on a worn place near the bathroom door while he pointed out the view from the windows. The walls were a pale chocolate color and the sofa was orange. Tendrils of plastic greenery curled out of a bowl on the end table. The cushion of the upholstered chair had been burned by a cigarette.

The living room was about all there was; in it were a dressing room and a clothes closet, tagged on like afterthoughts. The narrow kitchen had a folding table in it. The refrigerator was doll-size, but the pots and pans were spotless. The stove looked brand-new and so did the dishes. Some of the cutlery was battered and bent, but their own silver and linen, along with their other wedding presents, were being shipped from Crestview.

They walked around and opened the refrigerator and took turns squeezing in to sit at the table. They looked out the windows at the other buildings rearing up through the smog and thought of the endless search they would have if they passed this up. It all seemed unreal to Edie.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Warren. "Of course you can stay with us and look further; we'd like to have you forever. But I was thinking of the drive. Barney'd like you to start as soon as possible."

Roy looked at her with a bewildered face. "What do you think, honey?"

"Oh—I don't know." Then she went up and hugged his arm hard with hers. "It's okay. It's fine. Let's take it."

CHAPTER 3

Her sense of unreality carried her over the first few days. It didn't seem real that Roy was handing out pints of whiskey over a counter or she was boiling spaghetti above the sleazy roofs of Hollywood. She cooked a lot of spaghetti that week because they were trying to make their winnings at roulette carry them over until Roy's first pay check.

She didn't have time to be homesick. The kind of cooking she had learned from her mother called for the best cuts of meat and plenty of butter; now she had to hunt up economy recipes, read the throwaways for specials, ransack the neighborhood for sales. She didn't do too well at first. She bought too much, couldn't store it in the tiny freezer space in the refrigerator, and some food spoiled. Her baking, in the unfamiliar stove, didn't come out as it had in her mother's house. Sometimes Roy came home to find her with all the windows open, fanning out the apartment with a towel.

But their dinners in the cramped kitchen were always resolutely cheerful. They tried to make a game of things; they called Barney Schottische the Enemy and the apartment their chocolate-colored foxhole.

Barney was by no means inimical. He had stopped in the first night to say hello—a tough, breezy, nervous man with a great respect for Warren. He had a thriving store with a high rate of insurance; Roy didn't tell Edie that the high rate of insurance (Lloyds of London were the only ones who would insure him at all) was a result of the relative frequency of holdups at the store. What Roy did cull out of his day behind the counter were the funny incidents to tell Edie, such as the man who came in with an earthenware crock, set the crock on the floor and shared a bottle of sherry with his bulldog. There was also the wino who ran in yelling, "Fire! Fire!" for the express purpose of making off with the biggest item in their window display, a magnum of colored water labeled "Imported Champagne."

Some of the incidents Roy tried to make funny were not so amusing. There was what the clerks called the Blank-Eyed System, which applied to feminine soaks. These ladies of the neighborhood, mostly living alone in seedy hotels, would come in with a great show of respectability and pass through the store with an angry look. At the far end of the counter Roy or some other clerk would hand them a bottle of their favorite tipple concealed in a paper bag. Sometimes the smile ebbed from Roy's face, between swallows of coffee, and she could glimpse his loathing for it all.

Occasionally Edie had a household adventure to tell. There was the time the elevator began going up and down like a pogo stick, with her inside. She was rescued by another tenant on the floor who ran down eight flights to pull the emergency control at the bottom. In this way she got to know Sally Anne Crawford, who lived alone across the corridor. Sally Anne was a widow of thirty who was out working most of the time, but at least she was somebody to say hello to now and then in the hall.

Of course Warren and Arlene did not leave them in the lurch. They had them over for meals, they sunburned them in Warren's boat, they took them to Arrowhead, Disneyland, the Farmers' Market, the ghost village at Knott's. They made strenuous efforts to introduce them to people, but their friends were the type who drove high-powered cars and fished for yellowtail off Manzanillo and dropped over to Honolulu for the weekend. Roy and Edie began tactfully to try to dodge these invitations, but one that they could not dodge was to meet Mr. McGonigle.

Since he was the president of the Kracknel Company, they expected a high-powered type, somebody even bigger and balder than Warren, with a cigar twice as thick. Instead, Jack McGonigle turned out to be a slight man, fifty-

ish, with neat gray hair, an inconspicuous gray suit and a quiet manner. He refused cocktails and did not go in for a swim; he watched Warren disport like a whale in the pool while he sniffed one of Arlene's garden blooms and discoursed to the rest of them about the variety of native California flowers.

Roy knew he ought to make a good impression, but although Arlene kept trying to throw the conversation to him he couldn't find anything to say to this mouse-gray man who looked at him in an absent-minded way and asked him if he knew the Indian paintbrush.

"No, sir," he said. "We haven't been here very long. We saw some beautiful flowers on the way out, whole acres of them, in the desert."

"They were unbelievable!" Edie said enthusiastically. "I picked some of every kind, but they don't last very well."

"You're not supposed to pick them." McGonigle said with a thin smile. "You'll have to learn our customs out here." He turned to Roy. "What exactly are you doing?"

"I'm working in a liquor store."

"Oh?" McGonigle drummed his thin fingers. "What do you think of the retail liquor business?"

"I think it's tragic," said Roy. "I don't mean selling to customers who come in now and then, but selling to the habitual daily drinker who can't stay away. It has its effect even on the store owner. I mean, my own employer is pretty hard-boiled, but he gives a terrific lot to charity just because his conscience won't let him sleep too well at night."

"Edie, give me a hand with the salad, will you?" Arlene called.

In the kitchen she caught Edie by the shoulders, with her face screwed up in a wry grimace. "Good grief, put a bug in Roy's ear! He's not supposed to talk that way. He's supposed to talk volume, output, how to increase business, make more sales. If he's got an idea for selling muscatel to Indian papooses or camels to cowboys, that's okay. Otherwise he must be *enthusiastic*—talk big, tell what *he* added to the gross this month, fib a little. Fib a lot—but sound like a live wire."

"But he can't talk like that."

"He's got to learn. This is like an oral interview. Don't let that absent-minded manner fool you—Jack McGonigle isn't just sitting there smelling my flowers."

Edie managed to get Roy away while the table was being set. "Arlene says you have got to talk big and enthusiastic about selling liquor. She says this is just an oral interview."

"Is it?" Roy looked dejected. "Well, what can I say? I can't boast about what I haven't done."

"She says that's what you have to learn."

Roy got his stubborn look. "I think McGonigle would rather I'd be honest."

During the course of dinner Roy, perhaps too aware of what a dud he had been, volunteered even less. Warren kept swinging the topics of discussion around to him, creating openings, giving him leads; but Roy would not run with the ball.

McGonigle seemed somewhat amused. Toward the end of dessert he said to Roy: "You don't think the retailing of Kracknels is tragic, do you, young man?"

"No, sir," said Roy. "I think they're very fine crackers. I honestly like them."

"Hm," McGonigle said. He stroked the side of his lean jaw for a moment. Then he folded his napkin and said to Arlene: "Well, that was a very nice dinner, as always. Will you come up and be the cook at my hunting lodge?"

Arlene, somewhat taken aback, blinked at him. "I didn't know you had a hunting lodge, Mr. McGonigle."

"I haven't," he said smiling, "but I've got a piece of wilderness property, and I don't know what else it's good for. I was telling you about it, Warren—you remember, that couple of hundred acres I had to take for a bad debt. It's away back in the mountains and I don't even know where the property lines run. It's a problem, owning a mountainside that only the jack rabbits know anything about."

In this way he switched the subject completely away from Kracknels and Roy, and he did not return to either the rest of the evening. Edie and Roy went home feeling very subdued. "I don't care," Edie said stoutly. "You were perfectly right about selling liquor to alcoholics. And what you said about Kracknels was good. It sounded real."

"I don't know," Roy said. "I guess I just can't put on an act. I'll probably hear from Warren about this."

He was right—the next evening Warren came charging over to the apartment with a thoughtful scowl on his face. "I'm not saying you conked out," he said, tramping up and down the small living room. "I'm not saying you made a bad impression—because you were sincere, and sincerity is an effective method of selling. But you stayed in your shell. You didn't *give*. This is something in yourself you've got to lick. You're not friendly enough."

Roy's mouth tightened. "I never could slop over people."

"That's not what I mean. You don't give enough from the inside. You're all right if somebody asks you something, but you don't reach out to them. You hold off from people. This is fatal in selling."

He paced up and down, puffing blue clouds of cigar smoke. "Let's say," he went on, "that the impression you created was not bad, not good. It was just more or less minus. Jack McGonigle is a busy man with a lot of things to think about. To him you're just like any other Joe Blow he might meet. He probably forgot about you in ten minutes. Now the thing to do"—he stopped and clenched his hamlike fists—"is to *make an impression on McGonigle!*"

He said this with such force the room reverberated. Roy sat staring at his hands. "How? I can't talk to him any other way."

"Then you've got to *do* something. That's what I've come to talk about. I've got something constructive—an idea." He sat down astride a chair. "Can you do surveying?"

"Yes."

"You remember that piece of wilderness property he was talking about last night?"

"Yes."

"All right, you're going to go up and survey it for him." He waved his cigar. "I've read the legal description. I know where it is. It's not much over a hundred miles from here, back over the hump beyond Big Bear. It's called the Palomino area. You've been to the mountain resorts—we drove you as far as Arrowhead—so you know the general

direction. I'll get you the property description and you can get some mountaineer up there to guide you in. It's going to be rough—I'm not kidding you. You may even have to take a sleeping bag and pack in. I'll let you have my jeep, and I'll borrow the surveying instruments and whatever equipment you'll need. It'll be a rugged job and may take a lot of time."

Roy was staring at him. "When am I supposed to do this?"

"On your weekends, or whatever days you have off from Barney's."

"What'll he pay me for this?"

"Pay you!" Warren looked scandalized. "Good Lord, man, you're doing this for free! That's the whole point of my idea!" He slammed his big hand on the chair back. "You've got to *impress* McGonigle! Since you can't do it by talking, you've got to *do* something for him! A favor! Such a big favor that he can't possibly fail to overlook it!

"Just figure it for yourself. Suppose you're a busy man with a piece of property that bothers you because you don't know anything about it. Now here comes along a young fellow who surveys it for you—free, for nothing, out of the goodness of his heart. What could make a bigger impression? It's something he'll never forget." Warren raised a big forefinger to emphasize his point. "Remember this: The first principle of selling is to do the customer a favor. And *your* customer right now is Jack McGonigle."

Edie had held herself in as long as she could. "Do you mean Roy will be gone on his days off?"

Warren turned to her gently. "It has to be, Edie. There's no use doing this unless it's done promptly and efficiently. If he stalls along, or only goes up there now and then, it'll look like he had a good impulse but procrastinates." He turned back to Roy. "Naturally McGonigle isn't going to let you do this for nothing. When you get through he'll probably hand you a sizable check. But it's the *impression* you make on him. It's the *favor* you're doing." He got up. "You think it over. I'll go get a transcript of the legal description."

When he was gone Edie and Roy sat staring at each other. "Roy, we'll never have any time together!" she cried. "Why should you do this for a rich man who doesn't even need it? You know what it sounds like to me? It sounds as if Warren's not too sure he can guarantee the Kracknel job."

"Yeah," Roy said, "that's what I was thinking. I have to do something special to get myself in. The job isn't just going to happen; I've got to make it happen." He sat with a bleak look on his face. "If that's the case, I've got to do it, that's all. Warren's probably right. If I do the man a favor like that, he can't turn me down when it comes to hiring. And it's not just getting the job—our whole future will be tied up with Mr. McGonigle. It's a way of getting in solid with the big boss."

"But you'll be gone every weekend!"

"Well, not weekends, because I won't have many weekends off. It'll mostly be weekdays. Don't you think you could go over and stay with Warren and Arlene?"

"Roy, you know how it is over there—all their big-time friends coming over, the mink coats and the chatter about Jaguars and cabin cruisers." She swallowed hard. "Well, don't worry about it. I can find plenty to do. And what's one night? Look at Sally Anne Crawford across the hall—she's always alone."

He drew her to him on the orange sofa. "Honey, it won't be for terribly long. I'll give the surveying everything I've got. It may make the big difference in our future."

CHAPTER 4

She knew what would be waiting for her in his absence—homesickness. She had been keeping one jump ahead of it, like someone trying to outrun a pursuer, by keeping busy, never leaving her hands unoccupied, not giving herself leisure to think. But now that she had learned to manage her household chores better and had her work pretty well organized there were already gaps in her day, spaces when pictures flooded in, images, recollections—wild longings to be home again that tore her like physical pain. The first days Roy was away happened to be Thursday and Friday, and although she had saved a lot of laundry to do, she had it all hung out on the roof by noon on Thursday.

She fixed herself some lunch and thought what a fool she had been not to go over to Warren and Arlene's. They didn't know she was alone here. She had the car, since Roy had taken Warren's jeep to the mountains. She worked furiously at mending and cleaning during the afternoon and about five o'clock she called them. There was no answer. Then she remembered Arlene's saying something about going to San Diego to visit her mother. So that was out.

She was coming down from the roof with her basket of clothes when she met her neighbor from across the hall. Sally Anne Crawford was unlocking her apartment door. "Hi," she said to Edie, smiling. "Been playing pogo stick with the elevator lately?"

They usually exchanged a laugh about Edie's rescue from the elevator. Sally Anne glanced at the basket of clothes. "Looks as if you've been keeping busy."

"I'm trying my hardest to. My husband's out of town."

"Oh?" Sally Anne tapped her key against her chin. She drew in her lower lip and seemed to consider. She had tolerant eyes and a wide, humorous mouth. "Have you anything to do this evening?"

"Nothing but the ironing. I'd just as soon save that for tomorrow."

"Well," said Sally Anne, "this is kind of a favor. I really shouldn't ask. I've got some work to do tonight over on the East Side—door-to-door interviewing. It's kind of a rough neighborhood and I'd very much like some company. Do you feel like coming along?"

"Of course!" Edie cried. "I'd be glad to. Just let me put this basket inside—or look, have you had dinner? Come on in and let me fix something!"

In five minutes they were scrambling eggs on Edie's stove and dividing the carton of chop suey Sally Anne had

brought home with her. They laughed over their mixed-up meal and Sally Anne explained why she had to work tonight.

"It's a rush job," she said with a cheerful shrug. "I do market research, you see, and they're always throwing rush jobs at me. I'm supposed to contact forty Mexican housewives before Saturday. I have to ask them some questions and leave them a box of tortilla mix."

"Tortilla mix? What's that?"

"Well, it's the bright new idea of a flour company here in town." Sally Anne offered her a cigarette. "The Mexicans eat a lot of tortillas and they're very particular about them. So this flour company got the idea of mixing a combination of flours for them. I'll leave a five-pound sample with these housewives and see if they like it. If they do, the flour company will start marketing the mix. That's what market research is—finding out what people really want to buy."

"It sounds kind of interesting," said Edie. "I've heard about this door-to-door interviewing. Do you like it?"

"Oh, it's a rat race but it's kind of fun." Sally Anne grinned tolerantly. "You meet all kinds of people. You get a door slammed in your face sometimes, or a wolf tries to get fresh. My trouble on this job is that I don't speak Spanish."

"Say, I know somebody who speaks Spanish," Edie said. "And it's high time I looked him up." She went to her bag and got the address of Dallas Green. "This is a friend of mine who used to be assistant minister in my hometown church. Isn't this address somewhere over on the East Side?"

"So it is," said Sally Anne, looking at the slip of paper. "It's not far from where we're going. Well, that's fine—you can drop in on your friend if you get bored." She glanced at her watch. "Maybe we can get over there while it's still light."

When they reached the neighborhood, Edie understood why Sally Anne hadn't fancied going there alone. Jukebox music blasted from dark doorways, and furtive shapes skulked through the glow of traffic lights. But appearances were deceiving. In their first Mexican cottage they were received royally and invited to drink coffee while the family smiled from the dinner table with flashing teeth. The attractive and sparkling-eyed young girl who had let them in spoke perfect English and was a freshman at U.C.L.A.

"Sure, we'll try the mix," she said. "I know all about the pretesting of products—I'm studying business administration. I'll get Grandmother to try it too. Have you got a questionnaire you want us to fill out?"

"No, but I'll be back in a week." Sally Anne fanned her face in relief. "Whew, is this a break! I've got forty of these boxes of mix to place with families."

"I could give you some addresses." The girl thought for a moment. "The trouble is, people around here have been taken in so often. All kinds of rackets and schemes have been worked on them. So they've grown suspicious. They'll pretend they can't talk English."

To Edie it was like a revelation—the smiling dark faces, the hospitality, the friendliness to two total strangers. The girl neglected her dinner to write down a list of names and addresses. Edie realized part of Sally Anne's success was in her approach—so simple, so direct, a kind of natural integrity to which people responded.

The girl came with them to the door. "I wish you luck, but I can't promise anything. That first address is up there around the corner past that church."

At these words Edie turned to her. "Do you happen to know a man named Dallas Green?"

"Oh, of course! Everybody around here knows Dallas Green!" She smiled broadly at Edie. "If you know him you won't have any trouble. That's his church up there. It's not just that he's a minister, it's what he does for people. He broke up the worst teen-age gang around here. Look—if anyone starts closing the door on you, just mention his name."

It was amazing. As they worked their way through the various addresses, the name Dallas Green opened doors like a magic word. Cold stares softened and suspicious faces relaxed, and they were invariably invited in. Housewives accepted the mix without question, and if there was a language difficulty, someone was brought in to interpret. By ten o'clock they had successfully placed fifteen of the samples.

"Well, that's enough for tonight," said Sally Anne. "The rest can go till tomorrow." In pure exhilaration she threw an arm around Edie. "Sweetie, you're terrific! Where do you get these friends? I've heard of good ministers, but this one's a miracle man! I feel I owe him a personal debt of gratitude."

"Let's drop in and say hello," said Edie. "I've been meaning to do it for weeks. It's late, but maybe we can find him home."

Dallas Green's address turned out to be a dingy two-story building with a grocery downstairs. The proprietor smilingly waved them up a narrow flight of open stairs to the left. They walked up the worn stairway and looked into an open window. Inside, a tall man was sitting at a table. His powerful shoulders were hunched and his long arms moved rhythmically as he stitched at some kind of garment, gaudy orange and blue. His craggy face wore an expression of intense concentration. Every now and then as he worked his tongue came out like a small boy's, and as they watched he stuck himself with the needle.

"Is that he?" whispered Sally Anne.

"Yes," Edie said, smiling. The apartment inside was the height of disorder. Books, papers, a loaf of rye bread and a bunch of bananas littered the furniture. More of the orange-and-blue garments were strewn on the rickety sofa. The tall man, sucking his pricked thumb with an expression of disgust, glanced at the window. He blinked.

"Edie!" he exclaimed. He sprang up and opened the door. "Of all things! Edie Hill! Where did you come from?"

She felt the tremendous magnetism this sharp-featured man always exerted. At the age of 32 his face was seamed, weathered, harshly grooved; but so might the Pied Piper of Hamelin have been homely, Edie had always thought, with some magic about him that was irresistible. She gave him both her hands. "Hello, Dallas. It's not Hill any more; it's Gavin. I've come out here with my husband."

He said a remarkable thing: "I knew it wouldn't be Colin." Then he suddenly saw Sally Anne behind her. "Oh, forgive me—I thought you were alone. Come in, won't you, please?"

She introduced Sally Anne, and Dallas tried to make room for them to sit down. He stood holding a bunch of bananas and an armful of the orange-and-blue garments. "It's a terrible mess," he said. "There are ten of these basketball uniforms to get ready."

"Oh, is *that* what they are!"

"Yes," he said, giving a wry, hopeless look at the garments. "We've got a game next week—the boys, that is—and what's a basketball team without uniforms?" He grinned at them. "They're really undershirts, but we dyed them. The colors turned out all right, but there's the team name to be put on." He raked a hand through his disheveled hair. "Why did I ever suggest a name like Tall Tigers? The boys aren't tall and they aren't tigers, and it's an awful lot of letters to sew on!"

"But won't the boys' mothers do it? The people around here certainly think the world of you!"

"Oh, sure they'd do it, but the uniforms are supposed to be a surprise. The boys don't want anyone to know about them until they get out on the court." He tossed the basketball shirts on the table. "But tell me—where do you live? When can I meet your husband? How is everyone back in Crestview?"

While she talked to him it all seemed to come back—the days in the choir, socials in the church basement, Dallas dressed up as Santa Claus for the primary class, her mother baking cakes for church suppers. It seemed as though both she and Dallas had left something wonderful and safe for a chancy, ragged existence in this smog-choked city. She had to force longing away with an almost physical effort.

She was glad when the conversation became general and Sally Anne told him about the tortilla mix. He laughed and laughed. "If it's a good mix, maybe it'll swell my congregation. As it is, I'm a sort of curiosity around here."

"Not a curiosity, a legend." Sally Anne's voice was warm. "I feel rather cheap for trading on what you've done."

"I've really done very little," he said, almost embarrassed. "I was lucky with a few boys." His craggy face looked tired. "You think so big and you achieve so little."

When they were going, Edie picked up the basketball shirts. "I'm going to sew these letters on for you."

"Oh, will you?" His face lighted up. "Edie, you're a lifesaver! I won't need them for a week. I'll come over and get them."

On their way home Sally Anne said, "I never met anyone like him. Will you let me do some of those shirts?"

"Sure," Edie said and then hesitated. "If you'll let me come with you tomorrow," she added.

She had been going to say: If you'll stay with me tonight. But it seemed so cowardly, and surely if she did the ironing she would be tired enough to drop off immediately. And to her great relief that was what happened; she went promptly to sleep without a thought of home.

Sometime after midnight there was a pounding at her door. She sprang up and let in Sally Anne. "Sweetie," cried Sally Anne, "what's the matter? What are you crying for?"

"Crying? I didn't know I was crying."

"Are you lonely? Do you want to come in and stay with me?"

Edie sat down on the sofa. "Sally Anne, I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm dying of homesickness. I can't tell Roy. It's—like treason or something. He'll never understand."

Sally Anne got a robe and put it around her. "Just take it easy. You're a little jittery, that's all. Can't your folks come out here for a visit?"

"Not at present. It's the busy season in my dad's shop. If my aunt came out, it'd kill me when she went back."

"There, there." Sally Anne smoothed her hair and patted her, like an elder sister. "For you to be this homesick, it looks as if there's something wrong here."

"Oh, no!" cried Edie. "Not a thing. We're perfect together—Roy's wonderful to me. It's that I have so much time to myself. At first I was busy all the time—but now I don't know what to do with my days."

"Maybe you could do door-to-door interviewing too. There's quite a little free-lance work."

"Oh, do you think I could?"

"Why not? You'll be out with me tomorrow. I'll start breaking you in."

This buoyed Edie, though at the back of her mind was the knowledge that Roy did not want her to work. The next day Sally Anne let her make some of the Mexican placements herself; she encouraged her, corrected her gently, supervised her in a wise and tolerant way. Edie came back with a feeling of accomplishment and was in much better spirits when Roy came home.

He looked tired and dead-beat from his wilderness trek. "It's beautiful country," he said, "but it's the devil to get around in. The jeep used a terrific lot of gas and I'm going to have to hire a rodman."

"A rodman? What's that?"

"It's a helper you've got to have in surveying. I can get a fellow up there pretty cheap, but I'm going to have to use the money I was trying to save to pay Warren back."

This seemed to be the opportunity Edie was waiting for. "Oh, Roy," she said with enthusiasm, "don't worry about it. I'm learning to do door-to-door interviewing. It's market research—what Sally Anne Crawford does. She's breaking me in and she thinks she can get me work."

She told him about last night in the Mexican section, the visit to Dallas Green, the placements she had done today by herself. He listened in a perturbed way. "At night? You were in that neighborhood at night?"

"Only because it was a rush job. And everybody was wonderful to us."

"That was pure luck, because of your friend the minister." He took both her hands. "Please don't do it again. I'd have been worried sick if I knew. You don't have to do that sort of thing. It's not necessary. I'll pull us through."

"But I *like* the work. It's interesting—I meet people! I've got a lot of time; I want to help out."

She seemed to have hurt him in some way. "Are you losing confidence that I can make the grade?"

"Oh, no, no, but it's—something for me to do, Roy. I don't want to just sit here! It's nothing that can hurt me—Sally Anne does it all the time."

He had that stubborn look. "It's just not the thing to do. We could have stayed back in Crestview if I'd wanted you to work. Does Arlene work? Does your mother work?" He picked up one of the basketball shirts. "How about church activity? That minister seems to need a lot of help."

She felt his stand was based purely on pride, and it was no argument to cite Arlene or her mother. Arlene had a baby and her mother did work, often, whenever they were hard-pressed at the gift shop. But she looked at the tiredness and strain in his face and decided not to press the argument.

When she told Sally Anne about it, Sally Anne said: "I'm sorry, sweetie, because you're a born worker. It's very bad to turn a born worker into a bird in an ungilded cage."

When Arlene heard about it, she said: "You should have taken the job and told him to go fly a kite. I told you, Edie, these Gavins want to fence their women in. Don't kid yourself—you lost a big battle in the War for Independence."

To both of them she defended Roy's position as best she could, but down inside herself something kept asking: Is this a partnership? The incident seemed to expose the roots of something that had been wrong from the beginning. Stubbornly and unreasonably Roy wanted to carry the whole load. What was her share? Was she to sit idle, an ornament on a shelf, while he worked and wore himself out at something that was not even right for him? Their future had seemed so assured, back there in Crestview, where his whole heart had been in his engineering course.

But oh, don't think of Crestview! she warned herself. Don't think of the rambling white house, the wistaria breaking into bloom, the serene eyes of your mother, your father's steady smile, all the security and peace back home. Polish the furniture, wash the windows, scrub the kitchen. Try to keep busy in your chocolate-colored foxhole.

CHAPTER 5

Their one wonderful time was the weekend Roy took her up to the mountain wilderness. He shouldn't have done it, since it set back his work, but he had been surveying for a solid month and something seemed to explode in him. He had the weekend off from Barney's and came running in with an armful of camping equipment.

"Come on, Edie! Get the coffeepot and your shorts and let's take off! We're going up to the Palomino!"

It gave her the same foot-loose, sky-high feeling she had known on the trip out from Crestview. The jeep bumped them up rocky passes where dislodged boulders tumbled behind them. Startled birds wheeled around them and the air smelled of spruce and pine. They passed blazed trees and strips of red flagging flying from crags that marked the lines of Roy's surveying. They zigzagged past ferns and flowers and cliffs with dripping, watery faces. They came out on a flat crest and stood staring down at a checkerboard of green wilderness.

Mr. McGonigle's land was a huge spoon bowl in the mountains. Up on the gentle, symmetrical slopes great trees rose, sweet-smelling cedar and blond ponderosa pines, whose trunks they could not have spanned with outstretched arms. Above them the sky was as wide as the world, and between the ranks of trees flashed a mountain stream.

The beauty of the place made Edie catch her breath. "I've never seen any place like this!"

"I had to bring you up here!" His face was radiant too. "What does it make you think of?"

"Of—of the world made new."

"That's it!" He swung her off her feet. "The hell with Mr. McGonigle! Today it belongs to us!"

They threw off their worries and had their day in the open. They ran down the aisles of trees on a carpet of springy pine needles. They shouted and scrambled like two children. They climbed terraces and laughed at the striped heads of chipmunks bobbing out of holes. They stretched out on the sun-scoured crest among tall flowering yuccas and clumps of manzanita. They tried to catch fish with their fingers and splashed each other with mountain water. Toward evening they camped by the edge of the stream and watched the sunset fade from gold to rose on the mountain walls above them.

"In my mind somewhere," said Edie, "was a picture like this when I used to think of California. Not the Miracle Mile and the freeways and the smog and all that." She caught his arm. "Listen to the hush."

The silence was almost tangible enough to hear, primitive and endless, a crystal presence, dwelling among the tree trunks and giant rocks and reaching up to the emerging stars.

"Why do they call it the Palomino?" she asked. "Is it because there are so many shades of gold at twilight, like on Palomino horses?"

"I don't know," said Roy, "but they did find gold up here once. It was back in the early days—maybe as far back as the Spaniards. Do you see that opening in the cliff face? There's a mine there—the remnants of an old glory hole, which makes me think it was Spanish. I never would have known about it except that there was a landslide one week that uncovered it."

"Oh, no!" She made a protesting face. "Do you mean Mr. McGonigle, with all his money, has got himself a gold mine too?"

He laughed. "It's worthless—all worked out and abandoned long ago. Do you see that hill in back of it? That's what they call the tailings of the mine—the rock they dug out and worked for gold and then threw away. Look at the size of it! They sure tore up the scenery in those days."

"Well, I don't care; it's all overgrown again and looks brand-new." She put her head against him. "If we could only live up here instead of in the apartment!"

He stroked her hair, surprised. "You'd really like to live up here?"

"I'd do *anything* to be here!"

"Maybe we can come up when I get my vacation. I don't think Mr. McGonigle would mind. We might be able to get a trailer in over there where the stream flows out."

"Do you think we could?" She clung to him with her eyes closed. "Up here we can find ourselves, somehow. Do you remember the first day you came into the shop?"

"Yes indeed."

"And how we talked and talked and nobody else seemed to exist?"

"Nobody else does exist. I don't care what we have to go through. You're all there is."

"Oh, Roy, don't you think we have something—almost holy? I mean, here I feel it. Here I *know* what we have."

But when they came down from the mountains it was the same pattern over again—the smog, the liquor store, the cramped apartment, the homesickness. Roy was aware of the homesickness; he had wakened to her sobbing in her sleep, heard the broken words that were only too easily deciphered. It gave him a feeling of futility and despair. Shouldn't this be home to her, where they were together? No matter how bad the apartment was, it was home to him because she was there. He had black moments when he feared he might come home from the liquor store and find her gone.

On her side, since her defeat about the door-to-door interviewing Edie had tried to immerse herself in church work for Dallas; but here too she had suffered a check. The fact was that Roy did not like Dallas. On the first occasion he had met him, when Dallas came for the basketball shirts. Roy had seemed shocked to find the minister so young. His magnetism, his talk of Crestview, his genuine fondness for Edie, had turned Roy stiff and hostile. Thereafter he did not participate in anything to do with the church. He did not go to see the Tall Tigers play; he begged off from services he had time to attend; he received Dallas coolly when he called. Edie could not discuss the Sunday-school class she was forming; Roy listened in silence and at the first opportunity changed the subject. Yet what was it in him? she wondered. It seemed incredible that he could be jealous of such an openhearted man as Dallas.

The net effect was to make her gradually withdraw even from this outlet. She transferred her Sunday-school class to Sally Anne, who now went every Sunday to the church on the East Side. Edie had the miserable knowledge that nowadays when Dallas needed help, he called across the hall and refrained from stopping in at the Gavin apartment.

Truly the walls seemed to be closing in on her. Loyally she put it all down to the strain Roy was under, and she knew that the strain was increasing. Warren was giving him an intensive course in Kracknel marketing; two or three nights a week the brothers were closeted in Warren's office. It seemed to Edie that she scarcely saw him now except at mealtimes, when they talked nervously with long gaps in their conversation. Something was building up, a tension between them, that they both were trying their best not to see.

The call from Midge Crandall was a stunning surprise. The fact that the long-distance operator had said San Francisco seemed unbelievable. "San Francisco!" Edie kept repeating. "How on earth did you get to San Francisco?"

"We drove out," Midge said casually. "We're staying at the Mark Hopkins. Colin had a probate matter to take care of out here. He's doing well now—perhaps you've heard. The busy season's over in the gift shop, so I took my vacation and came along with him. Of course I've got all kinds of messages for you from home."

"Oh, Midge!" She could hardly get her breath. "How is everybody? How's the shop? When will you be down here?"

"Edie, it breaks my heart to tell you, but we'll only have one day in Los Angeles."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, it's a terrible shame, and we'd planned to have another week in California. But this morning Colin got a wire from his secretary that a court case had been changed on the docket, so we have to be back home by Monday morning."

"But I'll hardly have a chance to talk to you!"

"And I'm being cheated out of a stay in Las Vegas," Midge complained. "Some friends of mine there had promised me a wonderful time, and now we'll have to just whisk through the place. We're going to have to drive around the clock to get home by Monday morning."

"When will you be down here?"

"On Friday. It may be a little late, about five thirty."

Edie was doing some rapid calculating. The Fourth of July week end was coming up, and by luck in his rotation at Barney's, Roy would have the week end off. He would be doing his surveying on Saturday, but Friday night he would be free.

"Friday will be fine," she said. "Roy will be here, and of course you'll come for dinner. I'll tell you what, Midge—give me a ring as soon as you and Colin get into Los Angeles."

She was excited far beyond the mere possibility of seeing Midge. It was like a tangible communion with home, like a channel reaching straight into her parents' living room. The thrill, the lift inside her, was plain enough to Roy when she told him the news.

"You'll be here, won't you?" she asked him eagerly. "You're not working with Warren that night?"

"No, Warren will be working on his boat." He shrugged his shoulders. "It's okay. We'll do whatever is expected."

Friday was five days away, and she wanted everything to have the smartest appearance possible. She polished every inch of wood and metal in the apartment until it shone; she arranged to borrow a gate-leg table from Sally Anne Crawford and flowers from Arlene; and she unpacked the lace tablecloth that was the pride of her wedding linens. She read the throwaway ads assiduously and scoured the neighborhood for a sale on frying chickens. Friday evening by five o'clock she had everything ready—chicken seasoned and floured and waiting for the pan, vegetables washed and peeled, salads in the refrigerator and a deep-dish apple pie sitting on the oven shelf. She was waiting only for the call from the Crandalls. At five thirty the telephone rang.

"Hello," said a crisp voice. "Is Roy there?"

"No, I'm expecting him any minute." She thought she recognized Barney's voice. "Is this Mr. Schottische?"

"That's right," said Barney. "Roy left a few minutes ago—I thought he might be home by now. I just wanted to tell him not to forget his card for the line-up. We're due at the station on Monday."

"Station? What station?"

"The police station. Didn't he tell you about the holdup?"

"No." Edie's throat contracted. "You mean a holdup at your store?"

"Oh, sure—it's no novelty. This was about two o'clock yesterday—the first one we've had in broad daylight. Some hophead, looked like, in need of a fix. He got the contents

of the cash register, which wasn't too heavy. He would have got the big bills in my pocket, but while he was frisking me Roy made a dive at him over the counter. He put a bullet into the ceiling and ran with what he had."

She hung up and stood numb and frozen. A holdup yesterday. Roy diving at the man over the counter. And he hadn't told her. He hadn't told her a word! She could picture the robber's determined face, Roy's sudden lunge, the bullet blasting through the ceiling. When Roy came in she was gripping the sofa with both hands.

She threw her arms around him. "Honey, why didn't you tell me!"

"What?"

"The holdup! Barney just called me."

He detached her arms from around his waist. His face looked harassed and fatigued. "Damn Barney anyway. What did he tell you for? Hasn't he got any more sense?" He tossed his hat on the sofa. "It didn't amount to anything. Just a shaky kid with a twenty-two pistol. He couldn't even shoot straight."

She had a reaction of sudden anger. It was the brusque way he put her aside, the way he passed off the incident as inconsequential and none of her business. "Roy," she said, speaking slowly, beginning to breathe very hard, "you've got to leave that place. You've got to get out of there. I just can't stand this sort of thing. I'll dread it from now on. I don't care what Warren or anybody else says, you've got to leave that liquor store."

He looked at her as if he couldn't believe his ears. His eyes narrowed. "What can I do if I leave there? Where would I get another job? I don't have any experience."

"You haven't looked for anything else." Her hands were clenched tight. "You haven't really tried. You could take time off and apply at various places."

"Take time off!" He laughed without amusement. "Barney would fire me in a minute. I'm no fireball at the store. Let's face it; he's only keeping me as a favor to Warren."

"But you've got to find something else!" All these days, weeks, months were piling up inside her, seeming to mount with intolerable pressure. "You can't go on there. We'll get along somehow while you look."

"How?" His lips were a taut line, his eyes hot and bright. "You mean borrow money from Warren?" He shook his head. "I've got to stay at what I'm doing, Edie. We've got to have the money. We haven't got an inch of leeway. We're down to bedrock."

"Then let's go back home!" Her face was white. "We shouldn't be here anyway—we should never have come. You left the one thing that was right for you, the one thing you should have done! You can still do it—you've only lost a summer. It's all wrong, and you know it—you'll never be a salesman!"

He sank down slowly on the sofa. He looked shaken. "That we won't do. That we'll never do. *I* won't, anyway. I came out here to get a certain job and I'm determined to get it."

The telephone rang. For an instant they both stared at it. Then Edie reached out and picked it up.

"Edie, dear," Midge's voice cried, "we're here at the Statler. Is our dinner invitation still good?"

"Of course. Of course. We're expecting you." Mechanically she gave the street directions.

Something she could not comprehend was happening to Roy. He stood up; he looked stupefied. "Judas!" he burst out as she hung up. "Are they coming *tonight?* I forgot all about it! I made an appointment with Mr. McGonigle!"

"Oh, Roy, you didn't!"

"Yes, tonight in his office. It was the only appointment I could get. It's about an idea I want to try out."

His last words were meaningless to her. She took two steps back and caught hold of the back of the upholstered chair. The floor seemed to be sliding out from under her. "Oh, no," she said softly. "You can't do this. You knew they were coming."

"I tell you, Edie, I forgot! And if he gives me his okay I'll have to go straight on out to the Palomino."

She could feel the blood throbbing in her head. Suddenly everything seemed clear as a bell. She might have known he would do this; he had never intended to be here. "You didn't forget," she said, her voice calm. "You meant to forget. You meant to forget from the moment I told you the Crandalls were coming."

He stood still, breathing heavily. The stupefied look had gone from his face and a dark flush was in it. He moistened his lips before he spoke. "I don't know exactly what you're calling me," he said in a carefully restrained voice, "but I know that I don't like it. I told you the truth. I made an appointment with Mr. McGonigle and I can't change it. I can't be here tonight. I'm sorry, but surely the Crandalls will understand."

The whole fabric between them seemed to be tearing apart. She made a tremendous effort to get hold of herself. "Roy," she said with stark intensity, "this is something you cannot do. You can't walk out of here and leave me to meet them alone. It's too plain, it's too pointed; they'll know exactly what you're doing. There are many things you've asked me to do and I've done every one. This is a small thing I'm asking of you. You can see Mr. McGonigle some other night. You've got to be here."

"I can't see him some other night; he's going out of town." He picked up his hat. "Too bad about the Crandalls, but they'll understand. Hell, they're not coming to hold *my* hand."

He turned on his heel and was gone.

CHAPTER 6

Her heart was hammering like a drum but she could not stop to think about it; she had to rush out to the kitchen and start dinner. A kind of blindness had hold of her; swirling in front of her was the knowledge that he had deliberately left her to entertain the Crandalls alone. Yes. deliberately—it was so flagrant, that look of surprise; he must have seen the table set for four the moment he came in the door. She burned her hand on the range; she scarce-

ly felt it. She still had to change; it wouldn't take the Crandalls ten minutes to get here from the hotel.

She was brushing her hair, staring at her wild, dilated eyes in the mirror of the dressing room, when the bell rang. As she ran to press the buzzer, she cast a last look around and tried wildly to think of an excuse for Roy's absence.

"Midge!"

"Edie!"

Midge caught her in her bony arms; her clothes were, if possible, even smarter and blacker. Her beaklike nose prodded Edie's cheekbone. "Four months, Edie! It seems like years!"

Colin smiled at her over Midge's shoulder. "Hello, Colin. Let me take your coat," she said quickly. She saw how tanned he looked. His blond hair was close-cropped; he looked even more like a Viking. "Midge, the dressing room is right in there. I'm terribly sorry, but something unexpected happened—Roy was called out of town. It happened just after you called. A real emergency; his boss is sick and begged him to go."

How good was her lie? It really didn't matter, because they guessed in the first instant. She could see the startled blankness on their faces, and then the immediate and tactful smiles. "Oh, of course, Edie. We know how it is. Don't think twice about it!"

"He was terribly sorry," said Edie, struggling to get Colin's coat on a hanger. "He asked me to apologize to you and hoped you'd understand."

"Let me do that," Colin said, taking the coat from her. "Of course we understand. It's just like the emergency that happened to us—here we were counting on a leisurely vacation and I got a sudden wire to come back."

It was typically generous of Colin to put it that way, to make such a parallel and help her out. "And I'm going to lose my stay in Las Vegas!" Midge said. "I'm just heartbroken!" She turned on her spike heels. "So this is the apartment! Isn't it quaint, Colin? Where exactly did Roy have to go?"

"What a view you've got up here!" said Colin, drawing his sister to the window. "Look—you can see all Hollywood! Over that way is our hotel, Midge. I believe that's the Freeway. . . . Isn't there something we can do, Edie? Those are beautiful table decorations. What do you call these flowers?"

"They're called bird of paradise," said Edie. "My sister-in-law grows them in her garden. . . . Roy had to go to a place in the mountains. It's some special work he's been doing. Oh, excuse me, something's boiling over."

How she got through the dinner preparations she didn't know. Everything seemed to go haywire and her brain felt squeezed in a vise. But the Crandalls pitched in to help her; Colin mashed the potatoes and Midge mixed the salad dressing and made the coffee. Instead of a disaster, it was like a return to the informality of their younger days.

And the dinner was a success; the chicken was tender, the salads were crisp, and the peas that had boiled over were not in the slightest burned. Colin took the conversational load off her shoulders by telling funny stories about his practice, and every time Midge tried to sidle around to the subject of Roy he shunted her off skillfully. Even with the strain she was under, Edie noticed the contrast between brother and sister: Colin's sincerity, genuineness and consideration for her, and Midge's roundabout and somehow snide maneuvering. Thanks to the way Colin handled things, Edie was able gradually to relax. She could even smile and make a small joke about moving into the other room for coffee.

"There really is no other room," she said. "But you know what I mean—let's move away from the table. Thanks," she said as Colin drew out her chair. "Midge, I believe the upholstered chair is most comfortable. You said there were some messages from home. Anything special?"

Midge, in the act of moving from the table, seemed to catch her spike heel in the carpet. She shot a quick glance at her brother. "I . . ." she began.

"No," said Colin. His voice was abrupt. "There are no special messages," he said to Edie. "Midge was only speaking generally."

Midge crossed to the upholstered chair and sat down, her lips compressed. Her long-nosed face had a mutinous look. She revolved some ebony charms on her wrist, staring down at them while patches of color appeared on her cheeks. She looked across at her brother.

"I believe we should tell her," she said firmly. "I know if I were in her place, I would never forgive anyone for being here and saying nothing."

Edie stared from one to the other. "What is this?"

Colin was leaning toward his sister. His face was stern. "Midge, it's not your place. You promised——"

"I know I promised her mother," cut in Midge. "But what I heard this morning changes all that." She turned to Edie, her back straight, her sharp face self-righteous. "This morning Colin called his office long distance. I talked for a few minutes with his secretary, and she said something I feel sure you ought to know." At this point she seemed suddenly to lose her nerve. She pressed the flat of her hand against her chest and swallowed. "Edie, will you do this—will you call home this minute and ask if everything is all right?"

Edie, wide-eyed and bolt upright, sat gripping the cushions of the orange sofa. "Midge, what are you talking about? What did Colin's secretary say?"

Colin got up from his chair. He seemed about to intervene physically. Midge cried in a high voice: "She said, 'I understand Mr. Hill has had another heart attack.' "

Edie's whole body flinched. Her face went bloodless. Colin sprang over to her, snapping at his sister: "Can't you see she didn't even know about the first one?" He bent over Edie, saying, "Listen to me, Edie. This may be totally exaggerated news. It's just hearsay, something my secretary *heard*. Your father was perfectly all right when we left. Believe me, I am telling you the absolute truth. Since Midge has been stupid enough to blurt out this exaggerated rumor, I'll tell you what actually did happen."

He sat down on the sofa and faced her, his wind-tanned features taut with concern. "Your father had a heart attack something over a month ago. It was a slight attack, nothing critical. He recovered completely—completely, do you understand? He was back at the shop and working just as usual when we left. I'm positive there's nothing to this last report or your mother would have called you."

"There's something you've overlooked, Colin," Midge said. "This is a holiday weekend, and a lot of people will

be using the phone. They might be trying to get through to her and all the circuits might be busy."

Colin ignored his sister. "The only shred of reason for telling you," he said to Edie, "is that we're here with a car. We're available to take you back. I doubt you could get a plane on a holiday. We'll be doing continuous driving and could get you home in forty-eight hours—*if* there is any reason to go. But, as I say, I'm sure this latest thing is only rumor."

He took her hands gently. "The thing to do, the sensible thing, is to call your Aunt Peg. In that way you won't upset your parents. Your aunt's perfectly candid and will give you the straight of it."

She got unsteadily to her feet. "Thank you, Colin. I'll do that right away." As she crossed to the telephone she stopped to cup her hand on Midge's shoulder. "It's all right, Midge, don't worry about it. I'd much prefer to be told."

In spite of the holiday, the connection went through swiftly. Her mind was trying to figure the time difference; it must be nearly midnight in Crestview. There was a clicking and humming of wires. Then her aunt said, "Hello?" She sounded clear enough to be in the room. "Edie? Is this Edie? What is it, child?"

She could almost see Aunt Peg's stout, plain-featured face. "I'm calling about Dad. The Crandalls are here—they heard some rumor about Dad's having a second heart attack. Is that true, Aunt Peg?"

There was an unintelligible sound at the other end, as if her aunt were trying to clear her throat or get her breath. "Who on earth could have— Above all, we didn't want you to—" Then her voice came strongly. "It was not a second attack. Nobody could call it that. He is resting very easily. He's at home with your mother."

"Resting from what?"

"It happened yesterday. A fainting spell, that's all. At the shop. You couldn't possibly call a fainting spell a heart attack."

Edie moistened her dry lips. "Why in heaven's name, Aunt Peg, didn't you let me know about the first one?"

"We did try to telephone you, child. It happened the last weekend in May. We tried all day to get you at your apartment. There was no answer."

Edie realized it was the weekend she and Roy had been in the mountains.

"Then," said Aunt Peg, "your father improved so rapidly that we didn't feel we should alarm you. By Monday he was completely his old self. After the checkup in the hospital the doctor released him with instructions to rest. He was not supposed to climb stairs. He was not supposed to lift anything. Well—you know your father. In ten days he was back at the shop. He worked all through the busy period and was perfectly all right. Then when things slacked off, Midge felt she could take her vacation. I mean, he was that well. But now that there's been this—fainting spell, he's under strict orders to remain in bed."

She had the feeling that her aunt was circling the matter in a roundabout way. "What does the doctor say?"

"The doctor?" Aunt Peg stammered for the first time. "He uses words like 'fibrillation' and so forth that I don't understand."

Edie moistened her lips again. "Look, Aunt Peg, the Crandalls are here with me and have offered to drive me back with them. They're leaving in the morning. I could be home in forty-eight hours. Do you think I should come?"

"If I say you should come, it sounds as though—" Aunt Peg's voice stopped completely. After a moment she said, "Oh, Edie, what am I to say? He may be perfectly all right—perfectly—if he really rests. Some people make wonderful recoveries—look at the President. On the other hand, these things are unpredictable. That's what the doctor said—it's absolutely unpredictable."

Edie's knuckles were white on the telephone. "I'll come," she said.

The Crandalls left then, and only after they were gone did Edie realize she could not reach Roy. There was no possible way to reach him if he had gone on out to the Palomino. There was hardly any chance, at this late hour, that he would be in Mr. McGonigle's office, but she looked up the number of the Kracknel company in the directory and tried. The telephone rang and rang without answer. Her mind was working without coordination, and the next thing she did was to go across the hall and knock on Sally Anne's door. Sally Anne was not home; she remembered there was an enchilada supper tonight at Dallas's church. She went back in and called Warren's house in Pasadena.

"Hello," Arlene answered sleepily. "Oh, hello, Edie. I was dozing, and— No, Warren's at a sales meeting tonight. Roy? No, I haven't seen anything of him. Was he supposed to come here tonight?"

"I thought he might have stopped by on his way to the mountains," Edie said. "Arlene, I've had bad news. I was talking to my aunt on the telephone and my father has had what may be a second heart attack."

"Oh, honey, how terrible!"

"I'm going home. Some friends of mine are visiting here and they offered to drive me back. I've arranged with them to pick me up first thing in the morning. We'll be driving around the clock and expect to be in Crestview in forty-eight hours. The main thing is to tell Roy. Will you tell him when he gets back?"

"Of course, Edie! Oh, I'm so terribly sorry—can I do anything? Anything at all? Can I drive you to the plane?"

"I'm not going on the plane—these friends are driving me."

"Yes, of course, so you said. Excuse me, Edie, I'm only half awake. Of course you couldn't get a plane on a holiday. How about money? Can I help that way?"

"No, thanks, Arlene, I'll be all right." She had exactly twenty-three dollars. "The main thing is to let Roy know—he's in the Palomino area."

"Maybe Warren will know some way to reach him. We'll get hold of him some way—don't worry about it. Edie, honey, I pray everything will be all right. . . ."

She came back from the telephone and sat down in the kitchen to write a note to Roy: "Roy, dearest, if you were only here . . ."

Her pen stopped. Actually, her anger at him had been knocked out of her by what had happened. Her own words now brought it back: "If you were only here . . ." Why wasn't he here? She sat with her hands pressed against her face. If he had only stayed with her this one evening—this one evening that was turning out to be the worst of her life.

She tore the note into small scraps and began another:

"My father has had what may be a second heart attack and I am leaving for home with the Crandalls. They are driving back around the clock and I expect to be in Crestview by Monday."

She was considering what else to say when the telephone rang.

Her whole heart leaped up. Thank heaven, it was Roy! A tremendous wave of forgiveness swept through her. She plunged to answer it.

"Hello, Edie," said Midge's voice, "we're back here at the hotel and the idea struck me just this minute: Why don't we leave tonight? None of us will probably sleep anyway, so we might as well use the time driving. There won't be so much traffic getting out of the city, and we'll be home quicker."

"But I—I'm not packed."

"Well, it won't take you long, will it? Let's say we stop by for you in an hour. Do you think you can make it?"

"Why"—she felt witless and blank, unable to think—"of course."

Coming back from the telephone, she looked at her unfinished note. It had only two sentences. She signed her name hurriedly and ran into the dressing room to pack.

Warren and Arlene did their best to reach Roy, driving out to the limits of the farthest passable road and trying to hire a guide to go into the back country. But no mountaineer was available on the holiday and it was Sunday night before Roy came out. Exhausted, gray with rock dust, his clothes torn by brambles and underbrush, he sat in the jeep and listened to the news in silent stupefaction. He breathed heavily and kept swallowing deep in his throat.

"Roy, the poor kid was in a terrible spot," said Arlene. "I gather they must have just called her from home and told her her father had had a second attack. The attacks must have come in rapid succession because I'm sure she had no idea he'd had a first one. You should have heard the way her voice was shaking. I was groggy from sleeping and all I could think of to do was to drive her to the airport. What sense would that have been, when she couldn't even have got a reservation on the holiday?"

"Arlene called me at the sales meeting," said Warren. "I tried to get hold of Edie because I thought I could wangle plane space, but she wasn't in the apartment. She must have spent the night with these friends."

"They were going to drive around the clock to get her home," said Arlene. "Do you know who they are, Roy?"

"Yes," said Roy. He stared at his clenched fists. He said in a dull way, "God, if I'd only been there. The worst thing was, Edie and I had—some trouble before I left. I haven't been in touch with her for forty-eight hours." He started the jeep. "I'll telephone her folks right away."

"Wait a minute," Warren said quickly. "You can't call them at this hour! By the time you get to a phone it'll be two thirty in the morning, their time. If they can get any sleep in an emergency like this, for the love of heaven let them get it. Wait until morning."

"Besides," added Arlene, "Edie won't get there until tomorrow morning. She said with continuous driving it would take forty-eight hours, and that would get her in early tomorrow."

"What were you doing out here Friday night?" demanded Warren. "You can't do surveying in the dark. What the blazes were you doing back in there?"

Roy made a gesture. "An idea I had. Forget it." He rubbed his hand hard across his face. "Her father may be dying. He's the world's best—he was wonderful to me." He looked at the steering wheel in a dazed way. "I'd better get back to the apartment and see if there's any message."

When he reached the apartment there was only her two-sentence note on the kitchen table. He didn't blame her for its shortness or curt sound. He was in the absolute depths of self-condemnation. It wasn't that he had lied to her on Friday night. He *had* had an appointment with Mr. McGonigle and he *had* forgotten the date with the Crandalls. It had been that damn-fool idea he had, that crazy idea about the old Spanish mine, that had made him forget. If he had only called her later that night! But he had been miles away from any telephone, and if he had turned around and come all the way back out . . . Well, he just hadn't done it. He'd been too pigheaded, that was all. He'd been too burned up by that broadside she'd fired at him—his inability to become a salesman, her complete lack of faith in him.

How had it all started? The quarrel went around in hazy circles in his mind. It hadn't been the actual argument but the awful strain inside him, heaped up like a pile of blasting powder that the argument had simply triggered off.

Alone, racked by remorse, he thought of how Edie had looked on Friday night when he walked out, strained and pale. He thought of how she must look now, facing this crisis. He thought of her father, his frailness, his cheerfulness, his bulldog pipe and winning smile. Roy's own parents had died too young for him to have known them. Now for the first time he saw what it must be like to have someone who has loved you since the beginning . . . and then to lose him.

When the telephone jangled, Roy sprang to it like a man berserk. It was a long-distance operator. She spoke so rapidly he did not hear the origin of the call. What he could hear, incongruously, were strains of music over the buzzing of the connection.

Then another voice came through, high and thin. "Hello, Roy? This is Midge Crandall. I've had the operator trying to get you all day."

"I just got back tonight." He began to perspire. His first thought was of a car accident. "Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, no!" Her laugh, nasal and reedy, made an unpleasant sound over the telephone. "Nothing's wrong except I've lost about twelve dollars! My friends have lost thirty but I'm no plunger. I'm having the time of my life. I'm at the Sahara on the Strip."

He was completely at sea. Sahara. The Strip. Now there was no mistaking the sound of music in the background. "You mean you're at Las Vegas?"

"That's right. Good old Vegas—the 'biggest little city'—what do they call it?" She sounded slightly high. "We were so *desolated* to miss you the other night!"

Music—drinking—the proper and prissy Midge gambling, laughing, tossing off edged pleasantries—it all seemed to Roy fantastically out of keeping, impossible. It seemed even more impossible that they had only got as far as Las Vegas. His voice was sharp. "Let me talk to Edie."

"Oh," she said, suddenly crisp, sober-sounding, "Edie's not here."

"Not there?"

"No, she must be almost to Crestview by now. I said I'd try to reach you for her. She tried to call you herself the first time we stopped, but there was no answer."

"No, I was—" An impossible notion was forming in him. "How is she getting to Crestview?"

"She and Colin are driving together." She laughed. "You know, they can change off, and lean against each other when they're sleepy."

He stood holding the telephone and not saying anything. In the silence her reedy laugh sounded again. "Really, it was a terrific break for me. These friends of mine had invited me to stay here and I thought I was going to have to pass it up. But two drivers were all that were needed, really. Wasn't it thoughtful of them to think of that, and let me stop off here with my friends?"

He still stood motionless, gripping the telephone, unable to speak. The music kept coming from the background, the click of chips, the voice of a change girl.

"Well, mainly I wanted to tell you, Roy, what happened about her father. She doesn't want you to be worried or anything like that. There's nothing seriously wrong with him. Oh, he had a mild heart attack—but that happened over a month ago. He recovered completely and was back at the shop long before I left. So you see, there's nothing to worry about."

He was hardly able to articulate. "I understood there were two attacks."

"Oh, no. What he had the other day was just a little fainting spell. It wasn't even enough for them to call her about."

"They didn't call her from home?"

"Oh, good heavens, no. She called *them*. You see, it was mainly—well, Roy, I've had a couple of Martinis, but you know, as the Romans say, in wine is truth. So I'll tell you the truth. It was the homesickness, Roy. And the sight of us. I mean, the moment we walked in the door we could see the homesickness written all over her. We could see she was about at the end of her rope and dying to come back with us. And when we told her her father wasn't up to par—well, she was just ready to grab any legitimate excuse. She snatched up the phone and called her folks. I don't know what they told her, but she felt her father wasn't well and so we told her she could go back with us. You've heard about the last straw? Well, seeing us and talking about home was the last straw."

Something interrupted the circuit on her side and she said: "Just a minute." The connection resumed once more and she said: "You're not a Victorian, are you, Roy?" Her laugh sounded again. "I mean, the two of them driving together? After all, they've known each other all their lives. Well, that was the operator so I'll sign off. Good-by and the best of luck, Roy."

He hung up and began to walk the floor. He had to get hold of himself. There was a crashing in his ears and his brain seemed bursting with conflicting pressures. The main thing was to keep calm. He would not believe Midge. In the first place she was tight. In the second place he wouldn't believe her even if she were sober.

He knew she was a malicious busybody, much too protective of her brother. All she wanted was to break up the marriage so as to get Edie back to Colin. It was all she wanted, to please her darling brother, the apple of her eye. And it wasn't only the doting on her brother, Roy realized. Midge had another string to her bow: She had her eye on the gift shop. She wanted to climb aboard a good thing, inch her way into control. Hadn't Edie herself once said Midge wanted to marry off her brother to the boss's daughter?

He wouldn't believe her on a stack of Bibles, he told himself. Her story was pure fabrication, the invention of a tongue loosened by unaccustomed drink—her hatred of him coming out, her malignancy coming to the fore. She had hated him ever since she met him; he had broken up her little dream. So this was just an attempt to drive a wedge between him and Edie. He wouldn't believe it.

He would believe Arlene's story. Hadn't Arlene talked to Edie herself? Arlene's version was the truth. There had been an emergency and that was the only reason Edie had gone. Her folks had called her, summoned her home because of a critical emergency. Wasn't that what Arlene had said?

It *had* to be that way. He would not allow himself to think of any other alternative. The only other alternative was that Edie had walked out of her own accord.

He picked up her note and read it again. Two lines, as curt and brief as if written to a stranger. Was it possible that he was a stranger to her now?

With a violent movement he threw all this off. He would believe the truth. The truth was Arlene's version. It had come from Edie herself. If she didn't have faith in him, he'd have faith in her. She had gone home only because of a desperate summons—because her father might be dying.

CHAPTER 7

The fragrance of wistaria, blowing through from the porch, scented the living room and even the bedroom, but otherwise everything seemed different. Maybe it was because they had moved her father into the guest room downstairs. He lay smiling up at her with his unnaturally bright eyes, so intensely blue, so intensely cheerful in his thin face. "I'm perfectly all right," he said. "There's nothing really the matter with me. It's just that I got a little tired." He grinned at her. "Can't a man get a little tired without you rushing all the way from California?"

"Oh, Dad," she said, stroking his hand, "don't think it was *that*. I just happened to have the chance to come. The Crandalls were driving through, so I thumbed a ride."

"It was pure luck," her mother corroborated, exchanging a glance with Edie as she straightened his pillows. "Now, Dan, you've been talking with her for two hours and Edie's got to get some breakfast."

"But don't you think I look all right?" her father demanded.

"Sure, Dad," she lied, "but you're run-down and need rest. You've got to follow the doctor's orders."

Aunt Peg bustled in. "Edie, how many times do I have to rewarm your coffee?"

"One more thing," said her father, struggling to his elbows. "Will you have time to help your mother with the buying for the shop? I trust your taste."

"Yes, of course." She put her cheek against his. "Now try to sleep; you've been up since half past four."

It was at that early hour that she had arrived, stopping first at her aunt's for a briefing on the situation. Aunt Peg had come on with her to the house. Why it was that everything seemed different, she did not know. It was the same town, the same trees and buildings, but a peculiar foreshortening of the streets seemed to have occurred. Even the rambling white house seemed diminished somehow, the rooms not quite so large.

In the kitchen she and her mother and Aunt Peg talked in lowered voices.

"We had to have the telephone moved out of the hall into his bedroom."

"Yes, I noticed."

"It was because otherwise he'd get up to answer it. He's very worried about the shop."

Something was different about her mother too. The serenity, the look of grave calm, was gone. There was an uncertainty about her mouth, and the tips of her fingers trembled. Edie put an arm around her shoulders. "Who's taking care of the shop now?"

"Peg and I have been taking turns." Her mother looked at her beseechingly. "Do you mind helping me with the buying?"

"Not at all. I'll come down to the shop today."

"It's my turn to stay with your father," said Aunt Peg. "Do you think there's anything particular I should do?"

"It looks to me as though you're doing everything possible," said Edie.

Perhaps this was what was causing her strange feeling, Edie realized in wonder. They were asking her what to do. They were consulting her, turning to her for advice. There had been some subtle but complete shift in the balance of things. They were suddenly looking to her, instead of her looking to them.

"I keep forgetting you came with the Crandalls," said her mother. "Having Midge back will relieve us a great deal."

"Oh, but Midge isn't back. She stopped off in Las Vegas."

Her mother's brows came together. "But I thought . . ." She turned completely around to look at Edie. "You mean you came back with Colin?"

"Yes." Edie's mouth twitched wryly. "I had no choice. I was railroaded into it. Midge had an invitation from friends in Las Vegas, and when we got there she simply announced she was going to stay. What could I do? I didn't have the money to take a plane. Besides, it would have been silly. Colin and I weren't going to stay overnight anywhere; we were driving straight through. And that's what we did—except that Colin was so burned up at Midge he insisted on doing at least two-thirds of the driving."

The telephone rang in the bedroom. They heard Mr. Hill pick it up. "Hello," said his cheerful voice. "Who? Oh, hello, Roy! How are you? Me? I'm fine. Couldn't be better. Just being lazy—taking a little holiday over the Fourth. Yes, Edie's here. Just a second—I'll call her."

Edie was already on her way down the hall. Her aunt, at her heels, came into the bedroom behind her and picked up the phone cord. Edie realized she was trying to pull the cord to its full length so she could talk in private. But the cord would hardly reach beyond the bedroom door. Although her aunt closed the door, Edie was uncomfortably aware of her father lying within earshot.

"Hello, Roy?"

He said in a tight, harsh voice: "Your father says he's all right. He says he feels fine."

"But that's just his attitude, the way he talks . . ." She felt confused, as if he had slapped her face. It was so unexpected, this abrupt, jarring opening. She had expected almost anything else—an apology, an attempt at conciliation, at least a word of sympathy or commiseration—anything but this accusing tone that reopened the unhealed wound between them. "He's *not* all right," she said softly. "He's not at all well. He's . . ." She could not elaborate in her father's hearing. "Haven't you talked to Arlene?"

"Yes, I talked to Arlene." His tone was even more harsh. "She said there was an emergency and they called you to come home."

"No, no, she must have misunderstood." She was struggling to keep calm, equable, not to give way to the anger gathering inside her. "I thought she was a little sleepy when I talked to her. No one called me. I called Aunt Peg. The Crandalls had heard a rumor about Dad, and I . . ." Again she was checked by the presence of her father. "Look, Roy, let me call you back. I'm dead tired; I'm just about out on my feet. We got in at four thirty and— Well, you understand. I'll call you from the shop a little later. Did Midge reach you?"

"Yes, she did." His voice shook, as if he mistrusted his own senses or was fighting his way through some series of realizations that were absolutely beyond belief. "You say there was no critical emergency?"

"No, not critical. It was— Look, please let me call you back."

His peremptory, accusatory tone had torn her equilibrium. It was all back with her—her loneliness that night, his inexcusable and deliberate absence, the frantic efforts she had made to reach him, the pell-mell wave of forgiveness in which she had rushed to the telephone when it rang, only to find out it was not he.

"What I want to know," Roy said in the same tight-voiced way, "is one simple thing: If there was no emergency, why didn't you wait until I got back and discuss it with me?"

"Discuss it? You mean the kind of discussion we were having when you left?" She was at her limit too—and it was anger breeding anger. She marshaled her last resources of calm with a tremendous effort and said: "You ask me why I didn't wait until you got back. I had no notion when you were coming back. If I'd waited, the Crandalls would be gone. You said we were down to bedrock with regard to expenses. If I went with them, it wouldn't cost us any-

thing. If I'd waited for you, I'd have missed the opportunity of coming at all."

"The opportunity of driving with Colin—is that it?"

This was so unfair, so unwarranted, so grossly unjustified, that it stopped her like a blow. She could not reply.

"When are you coming back?" he asked then.

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No."

There was a silence. In the silence, some small, imploring part of herself told her to explain, to say that it all depended on her father's condition, on the progress he made. But she had been hit so hard by his remark about Colin that she could not explain. She could not drive herself to say the words. She simply and flatly did not care, at the moment, what inferences he drew from her refusal to speak.

"I see," he said flatly. "I guess I understand, all right. You don't have to make it any plainer. All you ever wanted was to get back to Crestview. Home was never here; home was never where *I* was. All you needed to make up your mind to leave was the sight of your friend Colin. I wasn't going to say anything about your driving alone with him, but I'd have to be pretty stupid to miss the way it all stacks up. Don't think I'm blaming you—who could blame you for choosing somebody on the way up instead of a two-bit liquor-store clerk? All right—I can go it alone. Don't bother to call me back. There's nothing more we have to say to each other."

The receiver clicked in her ear. Edie stood holding the telephone in pure stupefaction. Slowly she replaced it on the hook. The house was completely silent. They must all have heard the tone of the conversation, her own hot, quivering words, the abrupt termination of the call. Numbly she walked out to the kitchen, her face hot.

"It may be that I won't be going back," she said.

Her mother and Aunt Peg, sitting side by side, stared up at her; she saw the shock on their faces.

"Edie . . ."

"Please. Please don't ask me anything." Her fists were clenched; she suddenly threw her arms around them both. "Oh, what to a way to come home! Forgive me, but I can't talk about it. I *can't!*"

To be back at the shop was to have demanding, mind-occupying things to do: salesmen to see, merchandise to inspect, decisions to make, new stock to learn, her mother calling her from counter to counter—a hundred requirements of her attention every second. She plunged into it not with all her mind, for her mind was whirling blindly in some separate orbit, but with every ounce of her energy. It was strange how the central nerve could be torn from your body and still you could go on functioning—greeting customers, smiling, displaying this article and that article, wrapping purchases. How grateful she was for the well-learned routine, with nothing to mar it but the occasional plunge of her heart or the silent, sympathetic touch of her mother's hand. Nothing had been said, nothing had been asked—they had respected her request. She was no longer a child whose hurts they could heal.

And nowhere at home did the answer lie—nowhere in this place that seemed subtly different, smaller, shorn of its old security. The walls had not stood so strong as she had thought; the peace and serenity were things of the past. There was no way to reverse time and find the shelter she had once known. Remorseless change had torn it away. The roles, the proportions of things, were turned around, and she was the one they looked to for strength.

What was before her? She felt only blindness, confusion. Out of the chaos came stabs and shafts of thought. It was no childish quarrel she had had with Roy. Something else was involved—a principle of some sort.

She was groping her own way now, alone as she had never been before. She felt lost. She felt frightened. Shouldn't she call him back? Shouldn't she give in? Shouldn't she plead with him?

In the background, behind his jealousy, something else was involved, something about his whole attitude toward her, something crippling and confining. She thought of Sally Anne's remark: "A bird in an ungilded cage."

Is this what she should plead for? Should she beg to go back to that? She thought of Arlene and her struggle for breathing room. Arlene hadn't given in. But what if your whole life split apart and you had nothing, only disaster and wreckage?

She remembered the walls closing in on her, the hours and days of staring down at the sleazy roofs of Hollywood. Was that what Roy wanted, to stifle her life, dry up all her friendships? Ownership. Possessiveness. He wanted to own her like a chattel; she might as well be a hi-fi set, to be turned on and off when he wanted.

Oh, surely he would realize this, she told herself. Surely he would see the lengths to which his jealousy, his crippling possessiveness, had driven him. Once he had had a chance to think about it and his hotheadedness had cooled, surely he would call her. He *must*, because his own hand was destroying their marriage. She had told him she would be at the shop; he might call during his lunch hour. That was why, about eleven thirty when the telephone rang, she ran to it swiftly.

"Edie . . ." It was Aunt Peg.

And she knew, she knew with stabbing certainty, even before her aunt's faltering voice went on: "It's happened, Edie. A few minutes ago, while he was sleeping. It happened in his sleep."

From then on her single thought was for her mother—to spare her, shield her, shift to herself the trying obligations of such a time. She had no moment to think of anything else; she was beset with innumerable duties, demands, burdens, and most of all with the necessity to lead her mother, bear her up with some kind of inner strength. This was the most pressing need of all: not to founder or give way to her own grief, but to shore up the shattered household. Even Aunt Peg, as if in a single impulse with her sister, faltered somehow, lost her sturdy grip. For truly her father, in his quiet, cheerful way, had been the center of all their lives, the hub around which their small world revolved.

The shop could not close indefinitely. Customers from out of town had no way of knowing, as local people did; their cars kept stopping and the doors could not stay locked.

The pressure on Edie was continuous. The day after the funeral, and each day thereafter, she was there, white-faced, trying to smile behind the counter. The ledgers, the system of accounts, were a complete tangle to her. Midge,

notified in Las Vegas, had not yet arrived. The crushing weight of it filled her mother with despair. She sat in the office behind the shop with her head in her hands.

"We can't handle it, Edie," she said. "You don't have the experience and my mind won't focus. It's beyond us. We'll have to make arrangements to sell."

"No, Mother." Edie took her by both shoulders. She looked gravely into her mother's grief-dimmed eyes. "We've got to go on. The shop's all we have of Dad and we're going to hang on to it. We'll get through some way."

Surely it was folly, and she could not do the impossible. She worked sixteen hours a day, her hands shook, she reeled sometimes reaching for an object on a shelf. At times in her absolute despair only one thought kept her going: Her father had trusted her taste. She asked nothing more than to be able to keep going. She was resolved to stand or fall on the feet of Edith Hill.

Her one friend and stanch ally was Colin. At night, after his own busy day, he would come to the shop and help her with the ledgers and accounts. Gradually, patiently, he was teaching her the principles of business management. He would drive her home, never broaching unsettling topics, never presuming. And his loyalty was entirely toward her. He even warned her about his sister.

"You must be careful about Midge," he said. "She'll try to take over when she comes back."

At home there was her bedroom and loneliness. It was thousands of miles through the night to Los Angeles—and out of that darkness had come no word. Had it been wrong not to notify Roy? Her mother and her aunt had argued with her, strongly disapproving.

"It's necessary. It's what you must do. You must let him know."

"No," she said. "I don't want him coming to me out of sympathy."

Perhaps her decision was wrong. But she had given it much thought. The issue between them could not be resolved by an overwhelming rush of sympathy. That would be to solve things on a false ground. To have her father's death *impel* a reconciliation—there was something counterfeit, and temporary, about that.

The trouble had to be worked out in its own terms—by Roy's own decision and volition—or else it would not be worked out at all.

CHAPTER 8

For Roy, the days passed in slow, miserable torment. Would Edie call? Why *should* she call? Hadn't he told her not to? Still, his whole life was centered on the telephone—on the unreasoning hope that the bell would jangle and he would hear her loved voice say, "Roy, I'm coming home."

No, not home—she would never say "home" for any place not connected with Crestview. Again the bitter flood of realization would surge through him. She had gone of her own free will, impulsively, when there was no emergency—nothing, in fact—to summon her back. The incontestable fact, as Roy saw it, was that her father had been up on his feet and able to answer the telephone himself.

In the wastebasket he had found scraps of a note, undecipherable except for the name "Roy." They seemed mute evidence of the struggle she had gone through trying to write to him. Why so much redoing and rephrasing over a simple matter of information? It was because the note was not just information, he decided; it was a "Dear John" letter. What it *didn't* say was the important thing. When you were softhearted, like Edie, you couldn't bring yourself to deal a cruel, hard blow. She had tried to avoid it, figured he would understand without the flat statement. She had tried to ease away, say a few noncommittal words, leave, and let events speak for themselves.

Or perhaps, he thought, her spokesman had been Midge Crandall. Midge's version had been the true version. Edie had not denied it. She had corroborated it.

He had been through a horrible psychological battering. First he had been keyed up to a sense of desperate emergency. Then Midge had called him and torn all this away. He had struggled with all his might to dismiss what Midge had said, to keep faith in Edie. Then Edie herself, coolly and without embarrassment, had substantiated Midge's story.

Now he had only one way to go—back to being the lone wolf he had been. It was no novelty to be cast out. He had been cast out before; he knew what it was like. She hadn't done anything more to him than her home town had done—rejected him. Well, he could go it alone. He could be self-sufficient again. . . .

He shut the door on the world. He had one conversation over the telephone with Arlene. "Let me alone," he said. "When I want you or Warren I'll let you know. Edie's gone. She's left me. I don't want any interference. I don't want any telephone calls to her. I don't want any begging or pleading with her or anything like that. I'll handle my own affairs. Is that clear?"

"Roy," she cried, "what on earth has happened? What have you done? She'd never have left you of her own volition!"

"But she did," he said. "She did when Mr. Right came along. He was one of the friends who drove her back. Friend, hell—he was the one she had intended to marry since high school. This with me was just an interlude. When she saw him again—it was over."

"I don't believe it," Arlene said. "I think you forced her to do it. You're worse than Warren—you wanted to handcuff her in that apartment. What has happened to her father?"

"Nothing," he said bitterly. "He answered the telephone himself and told me he felt fine."

"But, Roy——"

"I don't want to talk about it. I know when I've had it, so don't come over to argue with me. I'll be gone to the Palomino."

He would go directly from the liquor store to the mountains, he decided. Only up there did he find any

solace from his wretchedness. He would sit staring at the old abandoned mine. On the brush-choked hill alongside it a small area had been cleared. He had done that himself on the weekend that had started all the trouble. It had been an idea, the fatal idea that had made him forget the Crandalls' visit. McGonigle had given him permission to go ahead with it, but now the project seemed meaningless and futile.

The idea did not concern the mine itself. The mine was long ago worked out. It concerned the hill alongside it, the hill of tailings—the small mountain of rock and rubble that the original miners had dug out of the mine, worked for gold and thrown away.

Was it possible that that hill of tailings contained profitable amounts of gold that the original miners had missed? Their equipment had been crude, their processing methods primitive, and a lot of gold might have slipped through their fingers. There might also be, in what they had thrown away, other metals of great value in modern industry—with uses that those old-time miners had never dreamed of.

Doggedly he forced himself to go ahead with his project. It was back-breaking, laborious work to clear away the debris piled by the recent landslide, cut through a hundred years of undergrowth and expose the original surface of the hill of tailings. Once he got it exposed, he had to bore a hole, plant a charge of dynamite and blast loose the solidified gravel. Then he had to collect a sizable sample and ship it to the assay office for analysis.

He tried to fill all his waking hours with work. But the nights without her were miserable—to wake in the darkness out of tormented sleep, to reach for her and find her gone. There was no warmth, no softness in his arms—only emptiness, and an unmarked pillow.

In the mornings he woke to the stark silence of the apartment. He would blunder into the dressing room where her robe hung and see it swaying a little, as if she had just put it on the hanger. Once he found a strand of her brown hair twisted on a hook in the clothes closet. How had it come there? Had she reached for a hanger in a hurry and caught her hair, that night she was packing to go? He sat feeling its smoothness between his fingers. A strand of her hair, silky and alive—why did his hands shake so? Was he as strong as he thought? Could he go it alone? It wasn't merely that a girl with a ponytail and hazel eyes was missing; a part of himself was gone too.

In the apartment cigarette stubs, old newspapers, unwashed dishes piled up. He came home one night from the Palomino to find Sally Anne Crawford waiting at the door for him.

"I took the liberty," she said, "of getting the key from the manager and cleaning up for you. Is there anything else I can do?"

He stared at her, grimy-faced, his eyes red-rimmed. She thought he might be about to order her out.

"Thanks," he said laboriously. "There is something you can do. Will you pack Edie's clothes for me?"

Her eyes went wide and her mouth tightened. "You're going to send them to her?"

"I should have done it before this." He sat down and stared at his clenched hands. "I—just can't—do it myself."

It hurt her in a way she could not express. She pressed her fingertips to her forehead and closed her eyes. "Your brother and his wife have been here many times, Roy. They know that I know you and Edie, and we've—talked about things. Why don't you talk to them about it? Get their advice?"

He made an abrupt gesture. "It's over. It's finished. I don't need anyone's advice."

"Roy, you're so obstinate, so much a lone wolf! You seem to have prejudged and decided this thing all by yourself. How do you know Edie's feelings? She may be waiting for a sign from you."

"A sign from me?" Something in his face broke; for an instant she saw the agony, the torment of loneliness his life had become. "Every day I gave her everything I was—my life in my two hands. . . . It wasn't a sign from me she was waiting for, but a sign from somebody else."

Sally Anne could hardly believe her ears. "You mean another man?"

"They didn't tell you that? She left with him. Let's not talk about it. Will you take care of her clothes?"

"I will if you insist." She hesitated. "Would you do one thing for me, Roy? Would you talk to Dallas Green?"

He stiffened. "Why should I talk to him?"

"Because he's such a fine man, so helpful, so understanding."

"Yeah, I know all about that," he said. "Sometimes I'd come home from the liquor store and see him just leaving the building—but Edie would never tell me he'd been here."

She stared at him in blank amazement. "But he came to see *me!* That's what he was doing here—he came to see me. He never asked Edie for anything after she dropped her Sunday-school class. I'm the one he came to see!" A kind of illumination was on her face. "It's jealousy! That's why you dislike Dallas! How could anyone mistrust such a wonderful man? How could you possibly have got such a notion into your head?"

She leaned toward him earnestly.

"If you made one mistake, couldn't you make another? I just can't believe Edie would go off with another man. It's not in her character. I never met a more loyal wife. She was always on your side, your stanchest defender. Even when you wouldn't let her work, cut off her friendships, she stood up for you. This is something in your mind, Roy—something all out of proportion. You seem to be suspicious of every contact with people she makes. Why, even I—when I'd come in here sometimes—I'd feel your hostility, as much as if you were saying: 'What right have you to some portion of my wife's life?' "

She looked at him angrily, and then her eyes softened. "Roy—there's so little time, when you love someone," she said. "Try to face this thing in yourself. The world isn't trying to take your wife away from you. But you yourself could drive her away. I don't know what it is that's bothering you—you'll have to find out for yourself."

Sally Anne paused a moment. When Roy made no reply she went on resolutely: "Maybe you'll never want to speak to me again, but I think your attitude is infantile! You can't hold someone so hard that you stifle the life in them. Jealousy and suspicion are not love. They wreck the one thing—trust—that has to be in every lasting marriage!"

When her clothes arrived, it seemed to Edie the end of her marriage. It was as if he had cast her out for good—the final closing of the door. She hung them slowly and silently in her bedroom closet. He had not packed them—they were too neatly and deftly folded. Arlene had probably done it for him, or Sally Anne.

The white blazer, which she had worn so often in California, she could not bear to put on. She hung it far back in the closet, out of sight.

In these days her life had no horizon, no goal or meaning but the shop. Her struggle had gradually brought some results. She had tided things over; the downhill course of sales after her father's death was now slowly turning in the other direction. But her mother had not made any parallel recovery. She was listless and dispirited. Aunt Peg had decided to take her to Florida for a rest and change.

"Why don't you come with us?" said her aunt. "Now that you've had your set-to with Midge, you can rely on her to take care of things."

The set-to with Midge had begun on the day of Midge's return from Las Vegas. She swept into the shop, chic and svelte and self-important, stripped off her gloves and deposited them on Mr. Hill's desk. "You don't have to bother any more, Edie," she said. "Your mother needs you and I know you have a thousand things to do at home. You can leave with a free mind and I'll take care of everything at the shop."

"Thanks," said Edie, "but I'll keep going. There's enough work for both of us. I'm expecting a salesman from St. Louis. Suppose you take the shop."

In a pained way Midge carried on in the shop while Edie was closeted with the salesman. At the first opportunity she came from the counter into the office. "I don't believe this is quite the thing," she said of a French clock Edie had selected. "We've had no sales on that item for a year. We've still got one in storage."

She went promptly to the right cubbyhole in the storeroom and found it.

"I see," said Edie. She turned to the salesman. "All right; we don't want another."

She was willing to learn from Midge's experience, but she did not intend to be superseded in the essential things. With this incident behind her, Midge began extending her reach. A week later came the matter of the Swedish epergne. This was new merchandise, of a stark modern design they had never carried, and several days after Edie had selected it the salesman telephoned to tell her the order had been countermanded.

"Hold the line a minute," she said, and went out to Midge. "Did you cancel my order on that epergne?"

"Well, Edie," said Midge with a patient smile, "we simply couldn't order anything like that. It's too extreme. We'd never sell it."

"That isn't what I asked."

Red patches appeared in Midge's cheeks. "Certainly I canceled it. It's nothing we want."

"The salesman's on the phone," said Edie. "You go in and tell him to send the epergne."

Midge drew herself up. "Really! Don't presume to issue me orders. I've been manager here for six years."

"Just as you like," said Edie. "But I'd hate it to be just six years. Let's not forget one thing: I'm not working for you; you're working for me."

It was not easy to do, and Edie's heart was battering inside her. But Midge went to the telephone, and after that there was no more trouble.

It was peculiar about Midge, Edie thought. She could smother you from the side, inching in until she had throttled you like bindweed; but she collapsed before a frontal attack. Her devotion to the shop was like a passion, and this was what had helped Edie win the contest. Midge's one besetting fright was that she might be separated from the shop; once Edie was aware of this weakness, she had control of her manager. Midge's acumen and business efficiency were excellent, but even without them, Edie would have wanted to keep her out of gratitude to Colin.

Faithful, indefatigable, Colin was still helping her at night. He wanted her to understand the whole accounting structure so that she, not Midge, would hold the exclusive reins of control. They were often in the office until midnight. Bent over a ledger, some trick of memory would catch her. The hush outside, the summer stars, would call back the Palomino and Roy—their one glorious weekend in the primitive silence.

The memory would stab her intolerably. What chance did we have? she would think. Roy was driving himself to death in a blind alley. I was holding out one hand to him, with the other stretched back toward home. From her vantage point now she could understand some things better. He had not been jealous of her parents; he had wanted to get her away from her spineless dependence on them. The trouble was, she thought, he had too much self-reliance and I didn't have enough.

"What are you thinking of?" Colin would ask.

"Nothing."

It was an open secret that her marriage had faltered. The fact that Roy had not come for the funeral, that she had not gone back, that she was in fact considering going to Florida with her mother and aunt, made the breakup evident. Still Colin did not presume. He was no exploiter of opportunities like his sister. Among the other things she owed him, this was one of her deepest gratitudes, that he did not press her.

But there came the night when they were searching the office for a particular invoice. He was looking in the file cabinet and she was looking in the desk.

"Here it is," she said, and unearthed it from an unused drawer. Her movement dislodged an object she had not seen before. It rolled, cold and useless, in the bottom of the drawer: her father's bulldog pipe.

The unexpected small shocks are the worst of all. Never, in the worst days of her ordeal, had she broken; now she snapped like a wheatstraw.

Colin ran to her. "Edie! What is it?"

The wildness of her weeping was unmanageable. He caught her in his arms. Then he saw the pipe.

"Edie! Edie! Please—you can't. It's all over!" He held her close, begging, pleading. "No! Edie, don't. Listen to me, Edie. Listen. I love you, Edie, I love you. I love you so much!"

After a time she quieted. As from far away his voice came to her, his endearments, his words of love. She felt his kisses on her cheek, her hair, her mouth; she did not move from his arms.

CHAPTER 9

About six o'clock one night in his cluttered apartment above the grocery, Dallas Green opened the door to an unexpected visitor. "Roy Gavin!" Dallas exclaimed. "Come in, man, come in!"

Roy went in somewhat awkwardly, trying to smile, his black brows contracted. "How are you, Dallas? I happened to be in the neighborhood and—well, I wondered if you'd had dinner."

"Why, no, as a matter of fact," Dallas said, hastily throwing one of several garments over a bowl of chili he had intended to eat. "It'd be a pleasure to get out of this place—it roasts after six o'clock. I know some Taxco Indians down here who roast their own coffee. Their restaurant is in a nice cool cellar. Have you ever eaten chicken enchiladas?"

"No, I haven't," said Roy. He didn't look as if he'd eaten much for the last few days. "That'd be a real treat. A privilege, in fact. After the way I've acted——"

"Oh, forget it," Dallas said. "We all have to get past a certain crust we carry on the outside. We're like armadillos; we curl up inside our armor." He grinned and changed the subject. "I was at this restaurant with Sally Anne last night. It was her birthday. As a matter of fact, we were talking about you."

"I'm sorry I didn't know about her birthday," Roy said. "Sally Anne is a wonderful person."

"That's not exactly news to me," Dallas said wryly as they went down the rickety stairs. "I find out every day some new quality in her. I can never thank Edie enough for—" He broke off.

"It's all right," said Roy. "I know you know what's happened. I don't suppose, in any roundabout way, you've heard any news from Crestview?"

"No, I'm sorry to say I'm pretty much out of touch with Crestview." His brows came together. "There's one thing I'd like to tell you, though, for what it's worth," he said musingly. "I'm heartily glad she never married Colin Crandall. It's not that I have anything against him—it's just that the combination didn't seem good, somehow. Edie has so much vitality, and Colin's such a cautious conservative. . . . Well, here we are. It isn't far, you see. Three steps down and watch your head. If you'll excuse me a minute, I'll talk Spanish to our hosts."

It was a curious place with paper ornaments on the walls. The stern, copper-colored faces of the waiters broke into smiles at the sight of Dallas. He talked rapidly to a fiercely handsome man who bowed as he shook Roy's hand. They were led to a table in a corner, where a brick wall sweated beside them. "There's no difficulty ordering," said Dallas, "since they have only one thing. Tonight it's tacos. My Indian friend says you look very much like an Indian yourself."

"Maybe it's my fierce expression," Roy said, grinning. "I seem to have learned a lot of unfriendliness that I've got to unlearn. Even my own brother has spoken of it. I guess it mostly comes from believing I was born behind the eight ball. Now I'm coming to think that was a lot of self-pity."

"Well, I guess everybody's born behind some kind of eight ball," Dallas said, "and it's usually ourselves, in some shape or other—our timidity or pride or self-distrust. Speaking of your brother—Sally Anne is very much taken with your sister-in-law."

"Arlene's first class," Roy agreed. "I've been pretty rough on her and Warren, but being the good sports they are, they've forgiven me. In fact, they're pulling hard for my chances tonight. I've got an appointment at eight o'clock that could make or break me."

He told Dallas about Jack McGonigle, the piece of wilderness property he owned, and the long job of surveying which had just been completed. "Warren doesn't know," he went on, "that my appointment with Mr. McGonigle tonight is about a much more important matter than the surveying. There's a project up there"—his face grew tense—"that's hanging in the balance."

He explained about the old abandoned mine, his idea of reworking the hill of tailings. The sample he had blasted loose and sent to be assayed looked promising. But McGonigle wanted a second opinion. After checking the mineral rights he had called in a consulting engineer, whose report was now in. McGonigle was reading the report and was to give Roy the verdict tonight.

What mainly struck Dallas was how desperately important this seemed to Roy. His absorption with the Palomino project seemed about all that was holding him together. Casually Dallas tried to ease him down, to relax his tension. He succeeded so well that Roy ate his first complete meal in a week. He felt more than fortified when he left for his appointment with McGonigle—he felt he had begun a friendship.

McGonigle was alone in his high-ceilinged office. In his deep leather chair he looked more inconspicuous and mouse-gray than ever. Smoke curled from a thin cigar in his precise fingers. On his desk were the outspread pages of the consulting engineer's report.

"Sit down, Roy," he said in a noncommittal voice.

Roy sat down with the briefcase he had brought from his car. McGonigle's unenthusiastic tone made his stomach contract. Still, he had learned that the man's manner was deceiving. There was a genuinely good heart underneath.

McGonigle rose from his chair and took a turn up and down the thick rug. "This is all a little difficult for me," he said. He stroked the back of his gray head.

Roy's body grew rigid as McGonigle picked up the consulting engineer's report. "I don't mean this," he said. "It's a highly favorable report. It substantiates your findings, and more. There's a good gold yield and even traces of molybdenum in the second sample."

"Molybdenum!" Roy got up with a tremendous breath; it seemed the first full breath he had drawn in a week. "I was hoping there'd be rare metals. That's wonderful, Mr. McGonigle!" His hands were shaking with excitement as he drew sheets of paper from his briefcase. "We've got

one more problem—transportation from that inaccessible place. But I believe I've got it licked. If you'll just look over these plans and approve them, I can get in there tomorrow with men and equipment."

"There's no big hurry," McGonigle said slowly. He sat down again and placed his fingertips together. "It's not exactly the moment for expansion, and it's even possible that continued inflation might advance the price of gold. The difficulty is—you're not an engineer."

Roy swallowed. Slow color mounted in his cheeks. "I've had better than two years at the Missouri School of Mines."

"Yes, so I understand; but two years is not an engineering course. I don't mean to make any reflection on you, because you've done me an outstanding service, but surely you see my position. It's a considerable project. I'd feel more confidence by putting it in the hands of a fully trained man. Besides, you didn't come out here to do engineering work. You came out, if I understand your brother correctly, for a job as a Kracknel salesman."

He looked down at his cigar.

"I must say I wasn't overly impressed with you at first," McGonigle went on. "But you've proved you have imagination and initiative, and I know Warren has confidence in your selling potential. As you know, our salesmen are a picked lot and make big money. But I'm going to break a rule in your case and reverse my own policy and open a new territory for you." He handed Roy a check for fifteen hundred dollars. "This will help show my appreciation. But before anything else, I want you to have a vacation. You've worked long and hard. Take a week, get a change and rest, and report to your brother on Monday."

How Roy got back to the apartment he didn't exactly know. The irony of what had happened had drained all emotion from him. His long, grueling, backbreaking effort had paid off, finally—and he had won the wrong job.

Now he knew it was the wrong job. Never in his life had he wanted anything so much as to handle the Palomino project. To bite with big machinery into that hill of tailings, to make it give up its hidden wealth, to ride the project from inception to completion—this had been his dream.

He didn't blame Mr. McGonigle; he would have done the same thing, in McGonigle's place. A half-trained engineer was no engineer at all. Actually the gray-haired man had leaned over backward to be generous—swallowed his own misgivings, probably, to hire him as a salesman.

Gradually, with growing clarity, Roy saw that he had struck bottom. He saw how wrongheaded, how stubbornly adolescent he had been. It had been adolescent to make a grab for the quick money and lose himself on the way. How right Edie had been!

He sat for a long time looking at the true picture of himself. He saw his obstinacy and stubbornness, his shortsighted way of doing things, his unilateral decisions that never considered anybody else. How much consideration had he shown Edie? Had he helped her toward the independence he had seen she needed? Had he helped her by cutting her off from her friends, by wrapping her in a more stifling cotton wool than her parents ever had?

It was his own fear and insecurity that had driven him along that path, he realized at last—an old insecurity stemming from his orphaned childhood. But was he always going to let that overshadow him, drive him to sullenness, jealousy, suspicion? What if he had been wrong about Colin Crandall? Dallas Green certainly didn't think he was right for Edie. Was his own automatic assumption that Edie preferred Colin based on his absurd feeling of being the outsider, of being continually behind the eight ball?

He had a great deal to learn from Edie: to be natural, spontaneous, to trust people, to be open and giving. What he had lost, in losing her, was really the part of himself that was lacking, the part that reached toward the sun.

And what was he to do now, now that he had a free week and some beginning knowledge of himself and a clear view for the first time of what a shared life should be? Should he sit here on the sidelines, like a sulking adolescent, while he lost his wife by default?

A fist hammered on the unlatched door. "Roy! Roy!" The knob turned and Warren came in. "So you're back!" His brother's big face was tense with anxiety. "How did you make out? What did he say?"

Roy rubbed his hand several times across his mouth. "He gave me fifteen hundred dollars, a week's vacation, and a job as a salesman."

"Marvelous! Wonderful!" Warren's face was transformed with delight. "Man, you made it! You're in! He gave you the job!"

"I don't want it."

"What's that?"

"I don't want the job."

Warren's black eyebrows shot up; his powerful jaw went slack. "Are you out of your mind?"

"Maybe I'm in it for the first time," Roy said evenly. He crossed to the orange sofa. What he was about to say to Warren was going to be difficult, and Roy tried to keep his voice calm. "I should have told you that there was a more important project than the surveying. There's a worked-out gold mine up there, and I got the idea of reworking the tailings. The assay looked good, and McGonigle had a consulting engineer reappraise my findings. He corroborated the fact that it will be a really profitable venture. So the project is going ahead—but somebody else will be doing it."

Warren passed his hand over his bald head. He looked incredulous and bewildered. "Is this what you've been doing up there all these days and nights?"

"That's right. I worked out every detail, solved every problem. The Palomino project was the one job I wanted. I didn't get it because I didn't have the training."

"Well, thank God for that!" Warren cried. "Why, you'll make three times the money as a Kracknel salesman! I thought you were over that nonsense about engineering." He caught Roy by the shoulders in an explosion of happiness. "You're kidding me! You're in! You're sitting in the big gun's lap! You're his fair-haired boy! You'll go up like a shot!"

"I'm not kidding you, Warren. I'm really telling him no."

Warren's hands dropped and his face, suffused with dark color, looked like a thundercloud. "Am I going to have to beat sense into you? You always were a stubborn, mule-headed kid. Don't sit there sulking like a two-year-old and throw away the biggest break you'll ever have.

You've got a wife to think about. You haven't done so well with her either!"

Roy sat staring at his calloused, cracked, rock-torn hands. His own temper, so ready to boil up, was another thing he was going to have to learn to discipline. "Warren," he said slowly, "whatever you say to me I deserve. I misled you and I misled myself. I'm no salesman. Deep down, I don't believe you think I'm one either—because certainly Barney must have given you reports on me. But you're generous enough to be willing to carry me on your back—just to have me with you, coming along in the same path as yourself."

He paused, took a deep breath, and then went on: "But I can't go in the same path, Warren. I'm aimed in another direction, and I finally see that direction now. It's not primarily making money; it's seeing a problem, trying to answer it, slaving at it, dreaming of it, killing yourself to solve it—and maybe having it snatched away when you've found the solution. But it's being an engineer. It's what I've got to be. This isn't just a whim—it's the one important job there is for me. You could offer me anything in the world—even your success, your position, all the money you make—and still I wouldn't want a single bit of it."

Warren said nothing for a moment. Then, in a strangely shaken voice, he asked, "Engineering means that much to you?"

"It means everything, Warren, except—Edie. You were right about my failing with her. But I'm going to go back and see if I have a chance. I'm leaving on the first plane I can get." He got up, opened the closet, pulled out a bag, began to stuff clothes into it.

Warren walked up and down the living room, his teeth clamped on an unlighted cigar. Several changes of expression registered on his face—bitterness, sorrow, a kind of wonder, deep and searching thought. As Roy turned with his packed bag, Warren put a massive hand on his shoulder. "Listen, boy," he said gruffly, "I'm sorry I let loose like that. It just hit me hard—right in the pit of the stomach. I don't like to make mistakes. But I've made one in your case. Unconsciously, I guess, I've always looked on you as a sort of junior model of me. That was pretty stupid."

He wrinkled his bald forehead; it gave him a shamefaced look. "Now I could kick myself all over the lot for never helping you in school. Maybe way in the back of my mind I was a little jealous of you for getting the kind of education I never had. Anyway, something's finally been driven through my thick head that maybe will help me with my own kid." He shook his head and smiled. "I won't be expecting him to be a carbon copy of me, and I won't be riding his tail because he's not turning out like his fatheaded old man."

He gripped Roy's hand in his powerful clasp. "You go on back and bring Edie home. I'll see Jack McGonigle." He shot a look at his wristwatch. "By damn, I'll go over there now!"

McGonigle was just putting on his hat when Warren burst into his office. "Listen, Jack, you can't do this!"

The mouse-gray man stared at him in amazement. "What are you talking about?"

"About Roy! He just told me you hired him!" He struck the desk with the flat of his hand. "You can't do this to me! I won't stand for it."

McGonigle stood blinking. "Listen, Warren," he snapped, "if this is your notion of humor, it's misplaced. Don't come plunging in here with your elephantine effervescence at this hour. It's been a difficult decision and I'm tired. Save your pranks of gratitude for the morning."

"Gratitude!" Warren said. "That's the last thing I could possibly feel. I was never more serious in my life. I don't want hide or hair of him."

McGonigle sank slowly into his chair while his jaw dropped. "You don't want your own brother?"

"That's right." Warren, having to talk hard and fast, was trying to formulate his tactics as he went along. "I've spent years building up a competent sales force. It's my pride; I've screened it for only the best. If I sound crazy it's in *your* interest, Jack. Nothing can affect an organization like dead wood. It starts dry rot like a communicable disease."

"Dry rot!" McGonigle said, and snorted. "Are you speaking of your brother? The guy you maneuvered your damnedest to smuggle aboard?"

"I admit it," said Warren. "But your intuitive judgment spotted the flaw in him immediately. I could tell that, when you met him at my house. It took facts to convince me. Well, I've had a bellyful of them. He's been selling liquor for a friend of mine. What does my friend say? He says, 'Warren, this boy is dead on his feet. If he weren't your brother, I'd have sacked him long ago. The only pitch he makes is a pitch to the daily customers to try to cut down.'

"Or let's take the example of tonight," Warren went on. "Does he try to sell himself to you on this Palomino project? Not at all. He folds up when you say no; he makes no pitch, even though it's the one thing he wants in all creation. Does he talk about having conceived the whole idea himself, or the sleepless nights he's spent solving every problem involved? Does he show you his hands, torn and cut and butchered like raw meat by the slaving he's done up there? No. He just accepts your decision and walks out the door. Is this the kind of man we want as a salesman? If he can't sell you on the very thing he's shown innate ability to do, how can he sell Kracknels?"

McGonigle had been shifting uneasily in his chair through the latter part of this. "You misunderstand me, Warren," he said. "I didn't turn him down through any doubt of his ability, but because of his lack of training."

Warren sounded incredulous. "You think he could handle the Palomino project?"

"He could, but he's not a graduate engineer. It's too much of a risk. But this other matter disturbs me greatly. If you don't want him on your sales force, I'll have to renege." He reached for the telephone. "Where is he now?"

"He's left town to join his wife."

McGonigle put down the telephone in a perturbed way. "You put me in a hell of a spot. I've got to fire him after giving him a vacation. It's unfair, Warren—he's done too much for me. I've got to do something for him."

"Well, there's something you can do for him." Warren uncoiled from his chair like a gigantic spring. "You

can wait eighteen months on the Palomino project. It's his project; it belongs to him. He launched it, sweated blood over it, dreamed it every waking hour, nursed it like a baby. Nothing belongs to anyone like that project belongs to him. You can't take it away from him!

"In eighteen months he'll finish engineering school," Warren went on. "I'll see that he finishes if it's the last thing I do. He'll be equipped with everything it takes: the knowledge, the skill, the technical information. He'll know every rock and metal of that project like you and I know Kracknels. He'll kill himself for you, Jack, if you'll give him half a chance. That's all I'm asking—just give him a break. Let him have a rain check for eighteen months from now."

McGonigle, drawn back in his chair, sat staring at Warren with an incredulous expression. Then his prim face relaxed and he chuckled. "It's easy to see where the salesman is in the family," he said. "Damnation, Warren, one of these days I'm going to have to fire you. You take entirely too many liberties with me!" He took a fresh cigar from the humidor beside him. "Well, as I told Roy, there's no great hurry about the project. Tell him he can have the rain check."

CHAPTER 10

At the St. Louis airport Roy found that the first bus to Crestview would get him in soon after nine in the morning. By that time Edie would be in the gift shop, and he did not want to approach her in public. He decided to lay over and take a bus about dinnertime. . . .

Dinnertime was very early in the rambling white house that evening. It was a special occasion: Aunt Peg and Mrs. Hill were leaving for Florida. Colin and Midge were there, and throughout the meal everyone had tried to persuade Edie to accompany her mother and aunt on their trip.

"Why don't you come, Edie?" pleaded Mrs. Hill. "There'll be no trouble about a train reservation—not at this season."

"You wouldn't even have to pack," said Aunt Peg. "Midge could send your things after you."

"Of course," said Midge, smiling and patting Edie's hand. "I'd be more than happy to. Just call on me for anything."

Her almost fawning attitude lately was embarrassing to Edie. It stemmed, she well knew, from what Midge was beginning to suspect about her and Colin: something different in the air.

Edie looked across at Colin. "I just don't know," she said.

His gray eyes met hers with peculiar force, urgency, appeal. He didn't say anything, but she knew how vitally important it was to him that she go to Florida. The trip would have a particular and special meaning to both of them, if she went.

"If I decide to come," she said to her mother, "I can follow by plane. It would get me there about the same time."

"Yes, that's right," said her mother, relieved. "It worries me to think of you staying here all alone."

"Oh, but *I* can stay with her!" Midge said. "You don't have to worry about her at all."

She leaned over Edie in a sisterly way, all marmalade and honey. Colin pushed back his chair brusquely. "It's getting toward traintime," he said. "I'll go put the bags in my car."

"Now you all go along," said Midge, "and I'll take care of these dishes. When I'm through I'll put the key under the mat, Edie. Don't hurry back; you and Colin take your time."

As Edie went upstairs for her coat her mother followed into her bedroom. "Baby, will you please do something for me?"

Edie smiled as she kissed her. "You haven't called me 'Baby' in I don't know how long."

"It's because it just doesn't fit any more," said her mother somewhat sadly. "What I wanted to ask was: Will you wear that white blazer? You've never worn it, and I think your aunt may be a little offended."

"Oh . . . all right." Edie went with some reluctance to the closet, found the blazer and slipped it on. "About my going to Florida—I wanted to tell you something. If I go, it's as much as to say I've made a certain decision about Roy and me. Colin's very sensitive—he doesn't want to overstep himself—but he's let me know in a roundabout way that divorces aren't too difficult to get in Florida. He can arrange legal counsel down there and have it handled in a quiet way. So if I go, it will have this significance to him."

Her mother stared at her. "But what is the significance to *you?* A simple trip doesn't have to mean a decision. You never did tell me what went wrong between you and Roy."

Edie looked away from her. "Sometimes I hardly know." A horn sounded downstairs and she said: "That's Colin, Mother. We'd better get going. I'll tell you sometime—maybe in Florida."

Left alone in the house, Midge washed the dishes, humming cheerfully. It was all working out; maybe tonight it would be settled. There was that look about them that spoke of something significant and private going on, maybe arrangements about the divorce. Beyond that, she could see a rosy future. As a lawyer's wife, Edie would be too busy with social obligations, civic affairs, her household, and no doubt a family, to interfere in the shop. At last it would be in the proper hands. She could see herself, slim and stately, rising from Mr. Hill's desk, giving her hand graciously to a salesman, issuing crisp orders, making decisions. . . .

There was a ring at the door. Had they forgotten something? She ran to answer it.

Clear in the flooding moonlight stood Roy Gavin. Both stood wordless, checked by the same incredulous distaste.

"Where's Edie?" he asked, edging toward the door.

"She's not here."

"Not here?" He tried to look past her. "Let me speak to Mr. Hill."

"Mr. Hill is dead."

She could see his shock in his face, in the tensing of his whole body. He opened his mouth twice before he could speak. "When did this happen?"

"Quite a while ago—before I got back from Las Vegas." She took a long breath and a quick swallow and said: "The rest of the family is going to Florida. They're on their way to the—to the—plane."

He stood confused; his throat contracted. "Edie's with them?"

"Oh, yes. Colin's driving them to St. Louis. They left fifteen minutes ago."

Without a word or a look he swung on his heel and was gone. She went back in with her heart hammering. The clock said two minutes past traintime. What she must do was get to the station and warn Colin. He must get Edie away from Crestview at any cost. The telephone began ringing—the protracted rings that signified long distance. She ran out of the house without bothering to answer.

Edie and Colin had already left the station. The parting had been suddenly hard for Mrs. Hill. And Colin, seeing Edie distressed by her mother's distress, had taken her quickly back to his car. They drove for a while at random, saying nothing.

A shower had cooled the air at twilight and the midsummer sky was washed clean. The Milky Way arched through the darkness above them, paled only at the horizon by the rising moon. Starlight and moonlight seemed competing to make the world magical; the trees were lace, the fences spiderwebs, the church steeple a castle tower. The illusion of her childhood seemed real: her home town was an enchanted place. Where else need you look for the end of the rainbow? The only enduring beauty was at home. The old familiar things were calling to her with all their power: You were born here; your roots are here; only here will you find what is faithful and constant—can you be true to yourself.

Colin put his hand on hers a moment. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," she said.

She closed her eyes to put away the spell of the night. After a time she said: "I know how much Mother wants me with her."

"Yes," Colin said gently. "She's not recovered by any means. I know your aunt is wonderful with her, but she'll pine for you."

An unutterable weariness had hold of her. What was the use of waiting, of listening always for a voice that never came? Ahead of her, where her life led, was only a desert, a bleakness that stretched on endless and sterile, in which she would have to walk by herself, without the guidance of aim or reason.

"I think you're at a lower ebb than you realize," Colin said. "It hurts me to see how tired and listless your eyes are. A change of place would give you a different outlook. It's a sort of treadmill you're on here."

A treadmill. Yes, that's what it was. Her existence had no purpose now but the shop. Could you make business a substitute for life? That would be to become something like Midge. And truly, as the months and years wore on, Edie realized, her life would become as meager as Midge's. Only she would have no one—not even a brother.

Colin took her hand again. "You spoke of taking a plane," he said. "Think how it would cheer up your mother if she knew you were coming. We could stop and wire the train; it would give her a lot of comfort to hear from you tonight."

She felt the pressure of his fingers. Why not go? Why not? She would not really commit herself to anything by going to Florida. As her mother said, it was just a holiday. Her mother had said: *What is the significance to you?*

The significance to her was that something intangible would be forever broken—something that had once held all life's possibility, her heart's throbbing joy. But wasn't it already gone beyond redemption? Hadn't hope paled and died as the stars were paling now? Everything changed in the world, she knew; nothing remained the same for long. Patterns, lives and people changed; wasn't it better to form a new pattern than to go on like this? Wasn't it infinitely wiser to tear herself free with one wrench than to go on endlessly into limbo?

"Edie," Colin said, "you can't go on with half a mind, leading half a life. There's a door ahead of you and you've got to step through it. You can't decide everything at once, but you can take the first step now. A plane ticket, your mother waiting in Florida—you don't even have to think beyond that."

She was surprised how cold her hands were. She put her free hand in her blazer pocket. Her fingers touched something: a slip of paper. She drew it out under the dashlight.

"Sweetie: No one could ever miss you as he does. He's terribly lost without you."

It was like hearing Sally Anne's voice across two thousand miles, speaking to her out of the black night. The words pierced her in an indescribable way. Sally Anne had packed her clothes and put the note in her pocket, assuming she would wear the blazer soon.

Colin was bending forward to see what was in her hand. "What have you got there?"

"It's just—" She freed her other hand from his grasp. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, she straightened in the seat and looked out ahead. The street lights were all on; the mystery had gone out of the night. "Colin," she said, "I'm not going to Florida. Maybe I'm stupid—I know I'm hurting you in an unforgivable way—but I can't take that step through the door. There's no real reason I can give, except that I'd feel the same six months from now, or a year, or two years. It's just something in me that's committed to Roy. . . ."

She looked at him, her eyes full of pain. "Don't think I don't know what I'm doing to you. Perhaps it's unfair after that night in the shop. But you have to realize I was totally blind and lost that night. I know I gave you grounds for believing—" She stopped and began again. "Now I'm taking it all away. I can never tell you what

you mean to me. I can never tell you what you've done for me. Without you I don't think I could have pulled through. But what I felt for you—in that way—isn't enough. You spoke of having half a mind and half a life. That's all it could be for me; that's all I could give you. It's not enough for a man as fine and straighthearted as you."

She recognized the street they were on and said: "There's no use dragging it out for either of us. You'd better take me back now."

He didn't say anything. In front of her house he got out and came around to help her out of the car and walked with her to her door. She couldn't avoid looking at his face; it was stricken and almost gray. She gazed at him gravely for a moment and then put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

He didn't look back once as he drove away. She fumbled in her handbag for her door key and couldn't find it. She had just discovered that the door was unlocked when she glanced aside and saw Roy, standing in the yard not five feet from her.

He stepped out of the shadow of the wistaria vine. "Edie," he said.

It was as if lightning had torn through her body. But beyond the immediate, paralyzing shock of seeing him there, something else went through her. Roy had seen her and Colin. He had seen her kiss him. He couldn't have missed it.

He spoke haltingly. "I—I was here earlier. Midge said you'd flown to Florida. I called the St. Louis airport, but there were no such flights tonight. So I came back here."

His words were meaningless to her. She was aware only of his gaunt brown face and of the pounding inside her. He was here. And he had seen her kiss Colin.

"I heard about your father. Edie, what can I say?"

"Is that why you came back?"

"No—I only heard about it fifteen minutes ago." His voice had sunk lower and lower, almost to a whisper. "I came back because—you're all there is, Edie."

She was shaking from head to foot. She could feel the trembling in her hands. "You saw what just happened?"

"Yes."

"What do you think it means?"

She could hear his ragged, uneven breathing. "I don't own you, Edie. I guess I never did. That's how I lost you. I don't have any rights or priorities—nothing but a love for you that I can't lose. Maybe it's useless to think I have a chance, but I've come back to try."

"Well, I'll tell you what it means," she said, and her voice was quivering. "It means that Colin is very real in my life, and very dear to me. I've hurt him as nobody else could. For all he's done for me—the help, the loyalty, the standing by through thick and thin—I've given him the sorriest, meanest answer there is: that there can never be anything more than friendship between us. Because I could no more feel—that way about him than I could about—oh, Dallas Green. My love is all taken up by one foolish, stubborn, hotheaded man—and he's the only one who'll ever have it."

"Edie!"

One word, one step, and they were in each other's arms, heart on heart, body fused with body. And only one wild, wonderful thought was hammering in her: Home. I'm home.

"Edie, Edie, I nearly went out of my mind!"

"Oh, if you only knew what I went through! Let's go home—I mean *our* home—the apartment!"

"You don't have to go back. They offered me the Kracknel job but I don't want it. I want to finish school. I've got fifteen hundred dollars and eighteen months to go. Will you help me?"

"Oh, Roy—do you realize that's the first time you ever said that: 'Will you help me?' It's not for you, Roy, it's for us—our lives, our dreams, our children, everything!"

Rapt as they were in each other it was a long time before they heard the ringing of the telephone inside—long, insistent rings that meant long-distance. At the other end of that line Warren was saying in his booming voice: "Keep ringing, operator. I don't care how long you have to try. A man's whole future is trying to catch up with him. Hello . . . is this Edie?" . . . THE END

Next Month: In October Redbook

FLIGHT FROM LOVE

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY OTIS CARNEY

His marriage crashed as suddenly as his beloved plane. Then, fighting for survival, Rip saw that pride had been his weakness; Kitty's love was his strength—if he could have a second chance

It's Foolproof! Its Fabulous!

NO-BAKE ALASKA

Quick! Easy! Can't fail! You make it with

MY-T-FINE CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Fall's here . . . time to surprise your family with a heartwarming dessert that tells them a whole season of your good cooking is beginning! Our new No-Bake Alaska brings a "special-occasion" atmosphere to your family meals . . . and it's so quick . . . so easy . . . so good . . . you'll wish you'd known about it before! Just follow the 1-2-3 recipe at the right!

Your best desserts are

MY-T-FINE

. . . and easy!

Here's your NO-BAKE ALASKA Recipe . . .

1 Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatine in ½ cup cold water. Cook 2 packages MY-T-FINE Chocolate Pudding according to package directions. Add gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Pour into lightly oiled 8¼ x 4¾ x 2½-inch loaf pan. Chill at least 4 hours.

2 Trim 1 sponge cake layer to loaf shape (about ½" larger than pan size). Whip ½ pint heavy cream with ¼ cup sugar until stiff.

3 Spread thin layer of cream over cake. Turn pudding onto cake. Frost with remaining cream.

Your shopping list: Gelatine • Heavy Cream • Sponge Cake • MY-T-FINE Chocolate Pudding

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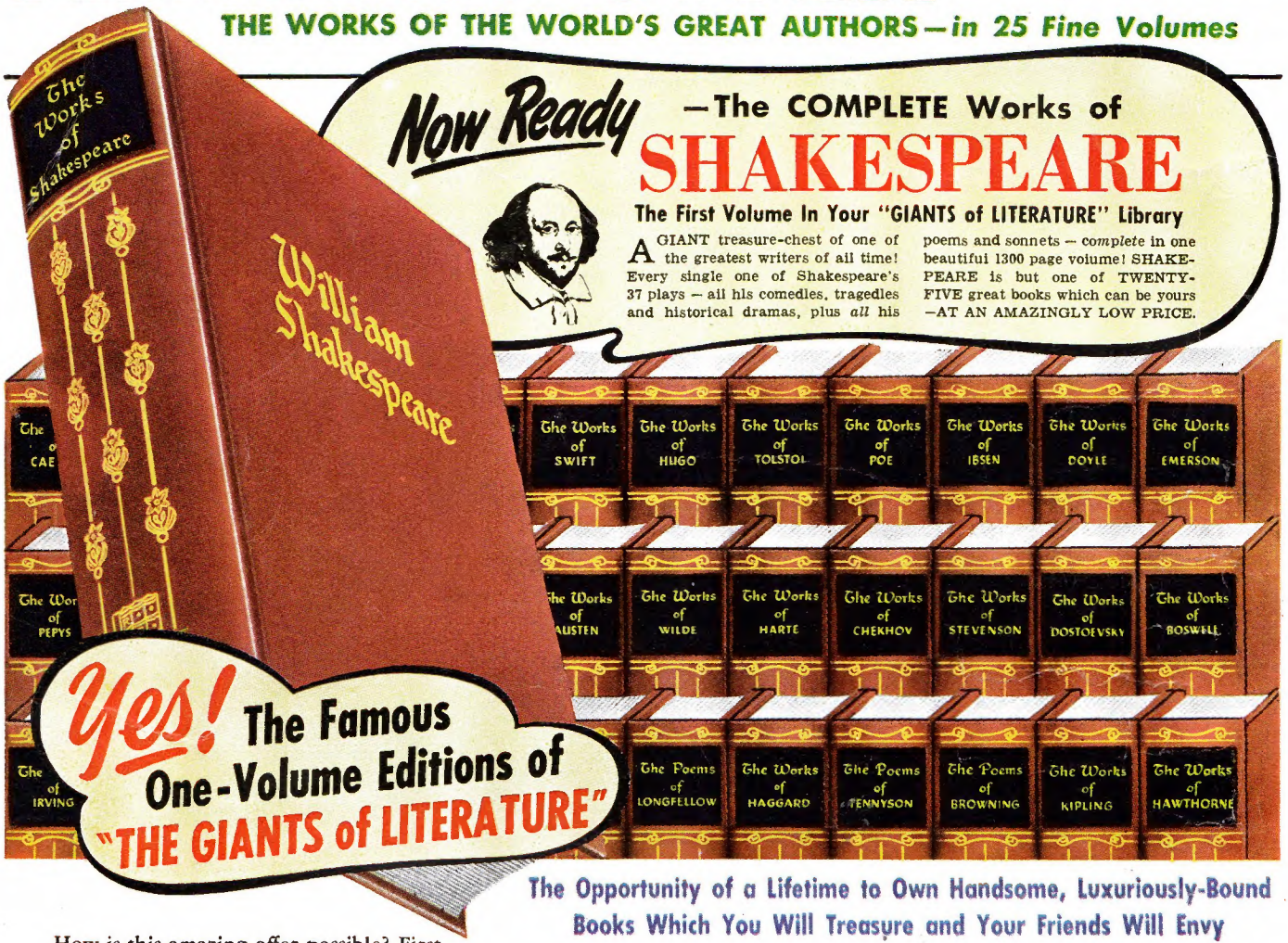

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